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THE EAGLE.

ENGLISH CHARACTER AND THE SEA.

NY attempt at describing the characteristics of a great people must necessarily be very imperfect. At the very outset of a nation's history, so many elements contribute to form the national character, that unless we were to possess the comprehensive view of a Shakespeare, we should be unable to form anything like an accurate opinion of their individuality. We must know not only the political and the social history of the early founders of a state, the nations or families of men with which they have come into contact, the myths and popular superstitions which presided over their infancy; but we must, moreover, consider the natural agencies of climate and geographical position which have contributed their streams to the vast river of national character. But if the task is one of great difficulty in the early infancy of a state, it is much more so, when that state has arrived at the full strength of manhood. A state is not different in this respect from an individual. The actions of a child are far more simple, and far more in accordance with fixed principles than those of a man. But when he has grown up and become more intimate with life and those around him, new knowledge is added to his little store, his actions become more and more complicated, and whatever he does is not so much a direct result emanating from his inner consciousness, as a com-

promise between it and outward circumstances. A glance at the history of any European state, or indeed at the general fact of civilization, will show that this rule applies to states as well. If we ask what it was that characterises the civilization of the ancient world, M. Guizot will tell us, it was simplicity and unity. This simplicity sometimes led them to a marvellously rapid development as in Ancient Greece, and then its creative force became exhausted, and none was left to renew its life; or else, as in India, it threw society into a lethargic and stationary state: and by its monotony, froze up the very springs of all progress. But, howsoever it ended, this unity of civilization was strongly marked; and it stamped itself upon literature and works of art no less than upon the social and political fabric. We turn now to modern civilization. Uniformity and simplicity are gone, and complexity takes their place. The souls of men are agitated by many principles and many desires; and amid all the confusion that is caused by this multiplicity of agents, it is hard to generalize the broad lines of difference which separate people from people. This is why all attempts to describe national characters of modern people must be fraught with so much difficulty, and would require far more time and space than this magazine could afford. I shall therefore limit my view to one particular point in our national character, and endeavour to shew how far our present policy and our modern history have been the result of our geographical position. In short, what our character owes to the Sea.

I presume that there are now few to be found, who would deny that climate and geographical position have played important parts in the formation of national characters. Yet, inasmuch as this point is the very foundation of the subject which we are considering, I must say a few words upon it. This question was one which attracted a good deal of discussion in the 18th century, especially among the economists

and the devotees of *La raison Encyclopédique*. The latter seem, however, in their ardour for the New Philosophy, to have laid too much stress on external objects, and not to have recognized individual mind, or force of character, as exercising any perceptible influence on a people's history. Plato on the other hand lays all the stress on individual strength of character, and leaves out physical organization altogether. In a well known passage of the fourth book of his Republic, occur the following words: "There exist in each of us the same generic parts—characteristics that are to be found in the state. For I presume it has not received them from any other influence. It would be ridiculous to imagine that the presence of the spirited element in cities is not to be traced to individuals, as in Thrace, or Scythia, and most northern countries; or the love of knowledge, as in our own country, or the love of riches, which characterises the Phœnicians and the Egyptians." Let us compare this with a passage in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. In the first book of this celebrated work, he says: "The difference of natural talents in different men is, in reality, very small; and the apparent difference between the most dissimilar characters, between a philosopher and a common street porter for example, arises not so much from nature as from habit, custom, and education." No one can help being struck by the differences between these two opinions. They are both extreme, and as usual, the truth lies in the golden mean. It is quite true that nations quâ nations have different characteristics; and the elements of these are, no doubt, originally drawn from individual force. But after a certain time the influence of the individual character is hardly felt; and the policy becomes a national one. For example, the Italian character of diplomatic finesse is not so much to be attributed to individual character, as to a national policy, which, in its turn, reacts upon the individual. Unless other agencies, both physical and social, were to have combined

to keep this policy alive, it would long have perished. Thus Plato's statement about national character must be received with certain reservations; and, indeed, there are two considerations which will prove to us that his authority on this subject may be called in question. In the first place, we must remember that Plato was speaking in the time of the old civilization, when the history of a people seemed to march along with that simplicity and regularity which characterise the actions of an individual. The world was in its childhood; and manhood, with all its complexity and combination of motives, was far in the future. But this is not all. Plato's knowledge of national characters was confined to the petty states around him. In the history of countries like Athens, Sparta, and Thrace, individual force of character was able to effect far more and far greater results than in modern days. The political stage, upon which great men played their parts, was limited; while they were backed up by sympathetic countrymen bound to them by ties of relationship. For these two reasons we need not attach so much importance to Plato's words, as they would at first seem to demand.

Nor, on the other hand, is Adam Smith altogether free from error. The physical capacities and talents of men differ no less than the circumstances under which they are placed; and nothing can be more natural than that each individual should only apply himself to those occupations which, all things considered, he believes to be most suitable to himself. It is as absurd to say that every street porter would have become a philosopher, if he had been brought up suitably, as it is to say that all philosophers are actually equal. *Poeta nascitur non fit*—though not absolutely true, is partially true in the case of every profession and every nation.

I shall therefore assume, as my starting point, that our national character, though originally receiving a certain impress from individual force, is yet in the main

moulded and shaped by external circumstances, and natural agents. Of these latter, climate and position are the most important. Plato, indeed, had remarked that northern countries were remarkable for the spirited element. This he attributed to the courage of individuals: but he carried his enquiries no further. Is it too much to suppose that the keen clear air of northern latitudes has contributed to form this result? All northern nations being, from very infancy, subjected to the inclemencies of cold and wet, have naturally acquired a greater proportion of strength and energy; while, on the other hand, southern countries living beneath the enervating influence of a tropical sun have been distinguished for inactivity and inferiority in the arts of war. Again, the influence of the sea has been no less conspicuous in the characters of nations living near to it. I shall now endeavour to point out the way in which we ourselves have been influenced by our insular character; and, if I mistake not, we shall find that the political history of the last few years is strictly in accordance with the influence which we should have expected it to exert.

In the first place it may be said that, as a rule, proximity to the sea inspires a love of liberty and independence. There is something supremely grand and untameable in the "*Oceani vis*," which cannot help exerting its influence on those who live in sight of it. The same may be said about mountainous countries. There, too, everything seems to inspire a love of freedom. The unbroken solitude of the mountains, the rough rugged precipices untrod by human foot, the many winding caves, and thick forests cannot but speak to our souls in a still small voice. I cannot think that this is mere imagination. Anyone who has lived in the midst of mountain scenery, or who has watched the vast Atlantic as it swells irresistibly towards the shore, and covers all the rocks that bar its passage, must have felt how glorious it is to be free. Nature, too, has its asso-

ciations which can speak to our inner selves. There are nations which have so long been tied by the bonds of servitude, that they do not know what freedom means, and so they care not to enjoy it. But if these nations were so situated as to live within the influence of mountain scenery, or the sea, they could not fail to catch sometime the spirit of freedom.

Nature would need for them no interpreter; and from her they could learn a lesson which others, sunk like them in servitude, could never teach themselves. Wordsworth himself, one of England's greatest poets, bears testimony to this influence, when he says :

Two voices are there : one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from time to time thou didst rejoice.
They were thy chosen seat, O Liberty !

Greece herself is no exception to this rule. For though the severity of the modern Greek was, even in the time of Juvenal, a notorious fact—

Græculus esuriens in coelo, jusseris, ibit ;

yet we must remember that after her frantic struggles with the rest of Greece her chivalry was destroyed, her spirit cowed ; and, for a time, no life or vital spark was left within her. In fact, after the time of Augustus, Greece gradually sinks from our notice. But when, again, we see her held firmly in the grasp of the Turk, she does not quietly acquiesce in slavery. For, now unaided, and now, with the help of Russia, she is perpetually engaged in insurrections ; till at last, in the enthusiasm which rallies round the standard of the Cross, we recognize some of the old spirit which animated Ancient Greece.

But if the spirit of the sea exercises such a glorious influence over those who dwell near it, as to imprint its own character upon that of the nation ; the material element itself adds much to the maintenance and fostering of this spirit. Nothing adds so much strength to a love of liberty as an unsuccessful attack upon it.

When men are in a danger of losing what they possess, and their energies are roused to defend it, then only do they understand its value and its worth. Now the sea, acting as a physical barrier, has often saved English liberty from internal no less than external attacks. The occasions upon which our insular position has saved us from a foreign foe are so numerous, that I need not speak about them; but it has done more than this. It has saved our liberties from the kingly power at home. At a time when a silent revolution was going on throughout Europe; when the power of Royalty was daily increasing, and the subjects were chafing under the heavier burdens imposed upon them, England alone was able to preserve her freedom in all its integrity. The reason of this was, not that England alone possessed a Pym and a Cromwell. Spain, too, had had her Egmont, and France her Frondeurs; but all attempts to regain liberty were crushed in both. They had to contend against a difficulty, which English citizens knew not of. The continental powers had been all forced, since the balance of power was introduced into Europe, to maintain standing armies, with which they at once crushed any insurrection. England alone separated by the sea from her warlike neighbours, had not been forced to take this step; and thus it was that the voice of the people made itself heard. Had Strafford's policy of the Thorough been carried out in England as he tried it in Ireland, we too might have lost for a period our hard-won liberties.

Thus we may fairly ascribe our national love of liberty, in a large measure to our insular position. But there is a second influence which it has exerted upon our character, and which is not altogether unmixed with evil.

England, the land of liberty, is also a land of stoicism and indifference. There is one subject on which French journalists are never tired of touching. It is the "*brutalité des Anglais*." By this, they mean our bluff and

rude way of dealing with questions: a certain stoical indifference to what others may feel, far removed from continental urbanity. This is just what one would expect from John Bull, who lives perfectly content as king of his own island without caring much for foreign society. This *brutalité*, however, extends beyond our manners; and acting upon our minds, produces a mental dullness and inactivity, which is near akin to Philistinism. We are always the last nation to receive a new idea. After any idea has floated over the continent, it seems to fall dead when it reaches the sea. This evil tendency can only be cured by improved means of communication; but even then the idea, which may be engrossing every nation's attention on the continent, comes to us at last through the medium of our own countrymen: and so loses half its force. It is a long time before we adopt it as our own; and even then it is not without grave and serious misgivings. This backwardness and stoicism is due entirely to our insular character, and is strongly marked in all Englishmen. I might term the quality itself, our insularity. All the bad qualities of Englishmen may be referred to this head; and especially that quality which Americans dislike so much: I mean our suspicious coldness and reserve. This is due to our want of sympathy; and the mere fact that our own American brothers dislike it so much, seems to me a conclusive proof that it arises from our insular position.

It is quite astonishing how soon propagandism spreads an idea throughout Europe; and in proof of this, I will just call attention to the great idea of this century, and compare its movement on the continent with that in our own island. All the European history of *this century* has been shaped in accordance with the idea embodied in the French Revolution. All *our late* movements in the direction of political, ecclesiastical, and educational reform arise mainly from the same source. The difference, however, between its effect on Europe and on England, is most noteworthy.

The shock of the most Catholic revolution, that the world has yet witnessed, reverberated at once throughout Europe. Europe saw; and at once adopted the doctrines and lessons which it taught. A panic spread over every nation: without hesitation the tenets of *Egalité* and *Fraternité* were universally adopted. There was no time for reflection. The beacon-lights flashed from society to politics, from politics to literature. Rousseau, Voltaire, D'Alembert had preceded the Revolution in France; Goethe, Heinrich Heine caught up the motion in Germany, and waged their war on behalf of man's equality. But where was our England meanwhile? She, too, had heard. But what was the French Revolution to her? As long as her own vessel glided along the placid ocean, what mattered it that clouds were gathering around, and the tempest raging in a neighbouring country? Thus, for a long time, she vigorously resisted the new ideas; and it was not till within the last few decades that her literature re-echoed the notes that had long since died away on the continent. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the first of our poets who embodied in their poetry the ideas for which all France had bled. For I except Shelley; as, in his case, his hatred of deception and enthusiastic longing for perfect liberty in church and state, was more a consequence of his own peculiar character, than of the French Revolution. But though England has been so long in acquiring the great lesson of modern days, now that she has made it her own, she is following it with an enthusiasm to which years of inactivity lend additional force. As if to make up for her past apathy, our island seems bent, if I may use Mr. Carlyle's expression, on shooting Niagara right to the bottom. We have all bowed down to the idea and *δόγμα ἡμῶν τις μεταβάλλει*. Our conservatives have at once relinquished their hereditary policy; the nation cries aloud for the franchise; our reformers demand compulsory education: and others again ask for the separa-

tion of church and state. All, in short, cry for absolute freedom and equality. Thus it is that, though our insular position keeps us for a long time behind the rest of Europe, yet when once the idea has overcome the physical barriers opposed to it by nature, we bound forward with irresistible, thoughtless haste.

Yet this separation from the rest of Europe is not altogether a loss. It gives us more time for reflection; and we can choose deliberately whether we will or will not adopt any new idea. It saves us, too, from those panics which have sometimes swept over the continent, and for a moment paralyze all actions. I venture to think that this will explain much of the history of the last few years, fraught as it is with its social upheavings in Ireland; its political and ecclesiastical agitations in England. We are apt to imagine that all these movements are either due to past mistakes, or to some groundless ideas which have sprung up, we know not whence. In the busy whirl of life we forget the great lesson of 1789. Yet it is the one fact upon which all future history will hinge; and we have not hitherto felt its influence so much before, as other nations even inferior to ourselves in civilization and intelligence, merely because we live in an island.

Let us, then, not forget what our national character owes to the sea. Hence comes our love of freedom and that enterprise, both in our sports and the more serious business of life, which distinguishes us above all other nations of Europe. Hence, too, on the other hand, a certain apathy with a great want of courtesy; and a somewhat repulsive pride, so different from the effervescent froth of the Belgic race and the sturdy simplicity of the Norwegian. As a celebrated writer, who has lately passed away from us, has so well said: "The Englishman is rather an island than an islander; bluff, stormy, rude, abrupt, repulsive, and inaccessible."



THE BANDIT OF BOHEMIA; OR THE KNAVE OF HARTZ.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron Gruffon Grimm.	Baron Rudolf Grimm.
Slopenhoff.	Lady Bertha.
Houlenphunck.	Gretchen.
Schnieckenbach.	Dame Martha.
Count Shockenduffer.	

Scene I.—THE BANDIT'S RETREAT.

(Door and window in flat practicable, chairs and table with jugs and glasses, &c. Music. Door in flat gradually opens. Baron Gruffon Grimm's figure appears half-way through the door: he looks round cautiously—chord—he disappears, closing the door after him. At this moment trap C. opens, and Slopenhoff comes half-way out—chord—he disappears. Door in flat again opens, and Gruffon Grimm enters, stepping cautiously.)

GRUF. The place is empty, wherefore I surmise
I'm rather all alone than otherwise.
What ho! there, Slopenhoff! no sound? it's plain
He's not at home. I'd better *call again*.
Slopenhoff!

[Slopenhoff comes through trap C. with dark lantern.]

SLOP. Ha! who's been and let this chap in?
(seizing Gruffon Grimm) Who are you? speak!
(recognising him and touching his cap) I beg your
pardon, Cap'en.

GRUF. What are you after, stupidest of muffs?
You've crushed my *collar* with your cursed *cuffs*.

SLOP. You rather startled me.

GRUF. Bah! craven fool:
You know my form?

SLOP. *(aside)* I ought to, I'm his *(s)tool*.

I didn't mean to drop on you so hard ;
But all *good watches* should keep *on their guard*.

GRUF. Enough ! I've work in hand for you to night ;
So let's to business : per-oduce a light.

[*They sit down to table. Slopenthoff lights candle with dark lantern.*]

One night—but stay, lest some one from without
Look in upon us : keep a sharp *look out*.

[*They examine the place in a conventional manner and lock door.*]

GRUF. (*coming down R.*) 'Tis well, we're unobserved then ?

SLOP. (*coming down L.*) It's all right.

GRUF. Where had I got to ? Oh ! I know—one night.
One night a man of visage stern and grim,
Met unawares a robber band.

SLOP. (*to audience*) That's him !

GRUF. As bad a lot as one would wish to see.
Their chief, a vile ill-favoured cur.

SLOP. (*to audience*) That's me !

GRUF. "Your life or purse" they cried "this very minute."
He scorned the threat—for there was nothing in it.
And thus became the Captain of the Band—

[*Grufton Grimm in his excitement has forced Slopenthoff to the ground.*]

He who stands over you !

SLOP. I understand.

GRUF. Now for the cause that's brought me here to-day.
Your work I mean—the subject of the play.
I have a friend ; you know him, p'raps, by name,
Count Shockenduffer.

SLOP. Stout old cove ?

GRUF. The same.

SLOP. (*drawing knife and sharpening it on the ground*)
Within an hour a reeking corpse he lies !

GRUF. No ! No ! not that : his daughter—

SLOP. Good ! she dies !

GRUF. Not in this instance, Slopenthoff ; you musn't
Kill the young lady.

SLOP. (*putting up knife*) Very well ! she doesn't.

GRUF. Once, when the count was rather out of cash,
Through some joint-stock bank which had gone
to smash,

My father found him a supply of pelf,
And set him up by coming down himself.
When asked for payment, he no notice took of it;
But gave a *bill* and tried to make a *hook* of it.
That note of hand I hold in my possession.

SLOP. What will you do with it?

GRUF. Aye! that's the question.
I love his che-ild.

[Slopenhoff laughs explosively, then looks unconscious.

Was that you who laughed?
(*looking round*) The wind, p'raps.

SLOP. Blow it! how about the draft?

GRUF. Why, thanks to that, for many years he's lingered
Under my thumb.

SLOP. Nice, that; he's so *light fingered*.

GRUF. Now for a long time I have had my eye
Upon his daughter, whom I——

SLOP. There! don't fly
Off to the sentimental—draw it mild.

GRUF. Pardon the weakness, but I love his che-ild.

I saw her once; 'twas in her father's hall
By the umbrella stand—I'd made a call
To take some interest: but, as I've said,
I took an interest in her instead.
And soon, Oh! joy, shall be her lord and master.—

SLOP. What does the lady say?

GRUF. (*suddenly remembering the fact*) I haven't asked her.

SLOP. P'raps she'll refuse you, and may cut up rough.

GRUF. I've her papa's *acceptance*, that's enough.
If fair play won't do, I'll go the whole hog,
And try foul means.

SLOP. (*à la* Wordley in "*Ethel*") Ho! ho! sly dog, sly dog.

GRUF. This very day I've sent to tell her so;
My brother's started with a message—

SLOP. Oh!

Your brother?

GRUF. Aye! discern'st thou aught in that?

[Slopenhoff starts and looks round.

Wherefore that start ?

SLOP. (*laughing*) Oh ! nothing, 'twas the cat.

GRUF. Nothing ? my brother ? Ha ! what can the fellow see
To laugh at there ?

SLOP. (*à la* Iago) Beware, my lord, of jealousy :
It is a green-eyed monster.

GRUF. Hang the fellow !

I know it is.

SLOP. A green——

GRUF. Shut up !

SLOP. (*impressively to audience*) Othello.

GRUF. What of my brother ? speak ! I'm growing faint.

SLOP. He's very handsome.

GRUF. What of that ?

SLOP. You aint.

GRUF. I see it all ; I've made a lucky hit of it.

(*à la* Othello)

"Farewell the tranquil mind !"—he'll get a bit of it
When he comes back. Fool, fool, to be so weak.
Confound his pretty face, and cursed cheek :
I should have sent some hideous base-born elf,
Some ugly knave.

SLOP. Then why not go yourself ?

GRUF. Too true, too true. Perhaps it's not too late
To mend the matter—YOU repair there straight.
Follow him, dog him, keep a careful eye on him.
Come ! make a start.—

SLOP. *A start*, I'll be *as spy* on him.

Duet.—GRUFFON GRIMM AND SLOPENHOFF.

Air.—"Nix my dolly."

GRUF. Here's a fellow to woo my love has gone,
He'll attempt to win her, and I forlorn
Shake away.

SLOP. No ! no ! my master, the spy I'll play
And the lady myself I'll take away.
Quick, the jolly gal fake away,
Quick, the jolly gal fake away. (*repeat chorus.*)
On the young couple I'll keep my eye,
And into the house when there's nobody by
Make a way.

GRUF. If he discover you, straight away stick
A knife in his jugular vein, and quick,
Quick, the jolly gal fake away,
Quick, the jolly gal fake away. (*repeat chorus*).

GRUF. Now show me how you'll act when you get there.
Put on a bland insinuating air.
[*Slopenhoff takes off his hat and does so.*
Hum! captivating!

SLOP. Dont! you'll make me vain.
[*Putting his hand through the crown of his hat.*
That's a nice *cap to wait in* in the rain.

GRUF. When on the grounds they'll ask, perhaps, why
you're lurking on 'em;
How shall you answer, eh?

SLOP. How? why by burking on 'em.

GRUF. Are you well armed in case of any quarrels?

SLOP. I've a revolver here with sixteen barrels.

GRUF. It is a pretty toy, but such a one [*produces it.*
Is needless; you should have a needle-gun:
No other weapon now is worth a pin.
Where are the boys gone? aren't they coming in?
You'll need *companions*.

SLOP. Yes a *lad or two*.
They're not so far off.

[*Window in flat opens, and Houlenphunck's head appears.*

HOU. Give the *gang way*, do!
Make haste and let us in, the wind does blow so.

GRUF. (*to band*)
Bandits are coming—something tremoloso.

[*Music, "The Campbell's are coming;" slow and tremoloso. Slopenhoff goes to the door, and unlocking it, admits the bandits one by one, peering into their faces with the dark lantern; when they have all entered he comes forward, and they range themselves round the stage.*

GRUF. Boys, I require of you a trifling service.

ALL (*sharpening their knives on the stage*) Good!

SLOP. Don't do that, the Captain's rather *nervis*.

This case there's no one to be stabbed or shot in.

GRUF. No! it's a delicate affair.

HOU. (*sagaciously to the bandits*) Garottin'.

GRUF. Slopenthoff, choose at once two trusty knaves
To go with you.

ALL. (*rushing forward*) Take me!

GRUF. Back, caitiff slaves!

(*Business of Slopenthoff choosing two bandits.*)

(*pointing to Hou.*) I like yon heavy brow, so black and horrid.

SLOP. You with the *heavy brow* we'll *hev ye for'ard*.

(*to Schnieckenbach*) Here, let us have a look at you, my hearty;

(*leading him forward*) A nice young man, that, for a small tea-party.

GRUF. (*slily*) Aye, but no *muff-in struggles*—don't you see?

SLOP. (*vaguely*) No *muff-in strug*—(*seeing joke and digging Gruffon in ribs*) Ho! ho!

GRUF. (*digging Slopenthoff in the ribs*) Ha! ha!

ALL. (*digging each other in the ribs*) He! he!

GRUF. I think the two you've chosen are the best.

Go! you're the band on which my hopes now rest.

HOU. We'd like to drink your health before we—

GRUF. Slope!

You can't want liquor, you're a Band of Hope.

[*Slopenthoff whispers in Gruffon's ear.*]

Exactly so: I see that I was wrong

To close the scene, we want a drinking song,

So boys fill up, and mind you keep in tune,

There's the stone jar, you'll get the stone jug soon.

[*The band strike up the symphony of the "Rhein Wine," during which the Bandits all fill their glasses, and range themselves behind the first grooves.*]

Song and Chorus. Air.—"The Rhein Wine."

GRUF. Pour out the Rhein Wine, boys, but no!

That sour stuff makes one shiver,

So lads to the nearest public go

And let your cry be "Bass for ever."

For a quart of Beer is a tippie fine,

They may keep the stuff they call Rhein Wine.

(*Chorus*) For a quart of Beer, &c.

Scene II.—ROAD NEAR THE BANDIT'S RETREAT.

Enter Dame Martha L. She carries a basket as if she had been to market.

MAR. The place ain't safe, go where you will, you meet
Policemen running loose about the street,
This comes of house-keeping for robber bands :
I almost wish I'd got them off my hands,
They've run me off my legs with this long walk.
This I call *doublin'* work.

[Sits down on basket L, and uncorks bottle.

Oh, drat the cork !

(listens) Whose footstep's that ? I'd best before
they come

Put up this bottle, they might think it rum.

Enter Baron Gruffon Grimm, R.

GRUF. Alone once more with these distracting thoughts,
I feel, I must say, rather out of sorts,
(sees Martha) Hulloo, old hag—pray why are you
here waiting ?

MAR. Old hag, indeed, don't be so *(h)*aggravating,
But what's the matter, you seem in the blues ?

GRUF. I've played the fool !

MAR. Is that all ? that's no news.

GRUF. I've sent my brother Rudolf on ahead of me,
To my young lady, to make love instead of me ;
And jealousy with softer passion warring,
Feeds on my vitals—oh, it is *a-gnawing*.

MAR. True, it's a green-eyed monster.

GRUF. Ha ! I fear
There's a much brighter green in this eye here,
But I've sent Slopenthoff to see about it,
He'll put a stopper on their game.

MAR. I doubt it.

He'll only go off on the cadge.

GRUF. Oh, drat it !

He on the cadge ? I'd like to *cadge* him at it.

MAR. You've played the fool to *some tune* I must say,
Now you had better try *another lay*.

Go there yourself.

GRUF.

And be refused ?

MAR.

Absurd !

You're a fine bandit : why, whoever heard
Of one who leads a German band, content
With being said "no" ? That's not what I meant.
A Baron and a bandit should of course
Seize on a girl and take her off by force.

GRUF. I'll go at once and your directions follow.

MAR. You'll want a clean shirt and a tidy collar,
I'll pack them up for you.

GRUF.

There, get along,

[Exit Martha, R.]

I'll come directly when I've done my song.

Descriptive Song.—BARON GRUFFON GRIMM.*Air, "Friar of Orders Grey."*

I am a chief of marauders gay,
A downy pal as the fakemen say,
I follow my victim, pounce on him and shout,
Ha ! stand and deliver, your pockets turn out.
And should he resist, no compunction I feel,
In letting him taste just a yard of cold steel ;
And when I've thus pinned him I collar his purse,
And derisively laugh as he feebly cries "curse,"
So every one starts, for no one in these parts,
Thieves half so well as the Knave of Hartz.

Il Balen. Trovatore.

But sometimes bad luck attends us,
Myrmidons of justice follow on our track,
Government some strangers sends us,
Wearing each a dark blue coat upon his back.
Though they with might and main assailing,
Rush on us with threats and railing,
Still the force is unavailing,
'Gainst the Bandits of the —.

Tapioca. Chorus.

Hartz, part, starts, darts, off you see the bobbies then in all directions fly,
Oh ! me, oh ! my, A—a—ah, off you see the bobbies then in all directions fly.

"Let me like a soldier fall,"

But I must like a bandit fall,
Some day it's very plain,
A gentle drop from gallows' tall,
Will put me out of pain.

And then they'll write my history,
I'll be a regular swell ;
The Newgate Calendar will say,
He like a bandit fell.

[Exit, R.]

Scene III.—ROOM IN COUNT SCHOCKENDUFFER'S CASTLE.

(Window in flat practicable. Enter Gretchen, R. Cupboard and door practicable R).

GRE. I wonder what has come to poor old master,
I fear he's fallen into some disaster.
He seems so restless, scarcely eats or drinks,
Nor after dinner takes his forty winks.
And when the bottle's set before him, moans,
And 'stead of *light w(h)ines* takes to *heavy groans*.
His breakfast eggs quite cold I've cleared away,
Though he's been brooding o'er them half the
day.

What can it mean? it's very clear to me,
There's something up as didn't ought to be.

Song.—Air. "The Ballad Singer."

Up with the lark each day,
Daily I clear away,
Tea-things and cloth I lay,
Work, work, all day long,
Secrets dark and queer,
Often meet my ear ;
Leading me to fear
Something has gone wrong.
By the door I sometimes stand,
And listen there as well,
Then with the handle in my hand,
I answer master's bell.
Up with the lark each day,
Daily I clear away
Tea-things and cloth I lay,
Work, work, all day long.
Secrets dark and queer,
Often meet my ear ;
Leading me to fear
Something has gone wrong.

Fra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Fra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Well, it's no use for this one's memory stretching,
I'll find it out, or else my name's not—

COUNT (*outside*)

Gretchen !

Enter Count, R.

Where is your mistress ? go and bring her here,
Stop though—allow me just to shed a tear.

[*Wipes his eye on Gretchen's apron.*]

Thank you. Oh Gretchen, you will hear with pain
That poor Miss Bertha—lend me that again.

[*Wipes his eye again.*]

GRE. Oh master, don't go on like that, because
You give me such a turn as never was.
Has mistress had an accident, sir, oh !
Fainted perhaps, or caught the measles ?

COUNT

No !

GRE. Or, p'raps while driving in the one-horse shay,
She's been thrown out ?

COUNT

No, only thrown away.

Her lot may well occasion you surprise,
A *sad lot* going at a sacrifice ;
May be my meaning's not quite clear as yet,
Well, then I've sold her to pay off a debt.

GRE. You don't mean what you say ?

COUNT

Alas, I do !

I've sold my child, don't think I'm selling you,
I owe a bill and have no means to pay,
So means to pay it in another way ;
My grasping creditor the Baron Grimm,
Insists upon Miss Bertha marrying him.
I must consent, or pay him the amount,
'Twill kill me though and settle up a-count.

GRE. Well, it's disgraceful, cruel, shameful, low :
Who's Baron Grimm, I should just like to know ?
Insulting of Miss Bertha in this fashion,
To treat my *pet* so puts me in a *passion*.

COUNT But Gretchen, just hear what I've got to say,
The case is *urgent*.

GRE.

Her gent, whose gent, pray ?

COUNT You quite misunderstand me, for I don't—

GRE. Miss understand you, no, I'm sure she won't.

COUNT It's no use talking to you.

GRE. That's absurd!

I've not been able to get in a word,

This sudden blow has taken away the breath o' me.

(*crying*) Miss Bertha!

COUNT Bertha! oh, she'll be the death o' me.

GRE. Poor girl, this news will break her heart, I fear.

COUNT Then break it gently.

GRE. Hush, she comes!

Enter Bertha, R.

BER.

Pa, dear,

I want a new dress.

COUNT Pooh! you've got enough.

BER. Yes, but I want a silk one.

COUNT *Silk one? stuff!*

I can't afford it.

BER. Only this one, Pa.

COUNT You look extremely pretty as you are,

Besides the bills that I already owe,

Like you, my child, a *pretty figure* show;

I've lived beyond my scanty means so far,

That I'm a pauper—

BER. Pauper? oh, *poor Pa.*

COUNT Yes, child, that state I've lately been arriving at,

By easy stages.

GRE. I know what he's driving at,

There's some old villain he would have you marry.

[*Bertha shrieks and clasps her hands.*]

Oh Miss, bear up.

COUNT (*looking from one to the other*) Miss, bear? my

plans *miscarry*.

BER. Can this be true?

COUNT I do confess with sorrow,

You must, my child.

BER. Oh, when?

COUNT Well, say to-morrow.

BER. To whom? I fear he will some horrid fright be.

COUNT Well, p'raps he's not so handsome as he might be,
But he's a Baron.

GRE. Yes, an old—

COUNT (*to Gretchen*) Have done!

GRE. The very ugliest *Baron, barrin'* none,
His face is pimply, scowling, coarse, and beery,
With such a leer.

COUNT A leer, hush, p'raps he'll *hear* ye,
He comes to-day.

BER. Oh! gracious, what a shock!

COUNT It is indeed a blow.

GRE. Hark! there's his knock.

Dance and Exit Bertha and Count, R., Gretchen, L.

(*Melo-Dramatic Music. Enter Slopenthoff mysteriously through lattice in flat, he has a large gingham umbrella.*)

SLD. I hope next time I climb them in the dark,
They'll have reformed *those railings in the park*,
Though broken glass may be an institution,
In my opinion, it's a vile delusion.
With friends I've cracked a bottle o'er and o'er,
But never sat down on the ends before;
Then that mop-handle in my wind I stuck it,
Upset the pail and nearly kicked the bucket.
But I must look out for a hiding place,
That box I'll get in (*goes up to box R, finds it*
locked). Hem! not in *this case*.
Good, here's a cupboard, that's a *safe* retreat,
And if I want to get back in the street,
That window's not too high to stop my flight, or
Else I can't *reckon height*—let's *reconnoitre*.

(*Goes up to window and looks out, and shutting it after him, leans back on it.*)

That's just the thing, so if yon cupboard fails,
I shan't get nailed—oh! bother take those nails.

[*Extricates himself from one.*]

They're always sticking into people's backs,
I thought they'd done away with *Window Tacks*,

Ha! ha! a footstep, they are coming near,
I'll just step *over there* and *over hear*.

[Exit into cupboard.]

Enter Gretchen and Rudolf, L.

GRE. I fear they kept you waiting at the wicket.
Your card, sir, please.

RUD. Card? haw, yes, that's the ticket.

[Gives card to Gretchen: she looks at it in surprise.]

GRE. The Baron Grimm! it can't be, I was wrong
To think you ugly.

RUD. Were you? (*kisses her*).

GRE. Get along! (*runs off R.*).

RUD. Haw! that young woman's lips were made for kisses,
If I am half as smitten with her missus,
I shall be very much inclined to pop
The question on my own account, but stop,
I am my brother's delegate, and so
This is a *delegate* affair you know.

Enter Bertha, R.

BER. Why he's not ugly.

RUD. Thank ye (*aside*) here's another.

Ugly? I suppose she takes me for my brother.
I'll keep it up.

BER. A fine day, this, sir?

RUD. (*vaguely*) Is it?

BER. To what am I indebted for this visit?

RUD. I beg your pardon—but you see, miss, really,
The fact is—haw! (*aside*) here goes—
(*dropping on his knees*) I love you dearly!
(*ardently*) Start not that such a sudden declaration
Should follow a two minutes' conversation.
Let not time measure Cupid's boundless powers,
For what are *minutes* to a love like *'ours*.
Oh when just now your beauteous graceful form
Came *gliding* in, then *glowed* this waistcoat warm.
My thirsting heart through eager eyeballs drank
Say wilt thou love me? [ye.]

BER. (*modestly yielding*) Yes, I will.

RUD. (*rising*) Haw! thank ye.

*The Bandit of Bohemia ;**Duet.*—RUDOLF AND BERTHA.*Air adapted from Mozart's Pianoforte Duet, No. .*

- RUD. People then it seems have slandered me.
Saying I was old and seedy,
But Gruffon Grimm is not my name you see,
For I'm a younger brother poor and needy.
- BER. What ? not Gruffon Grimm ?
- RUD. No, not Gruffon Grimm,
But a younger brother poor and needy.
- BER. Really, not old Grimm.
- RUD. No dear, not old Grimm,
But a younger brother poor and needy.
Then fly with me.
We'll married be.
- RUD. } People then it seems have slandered { me }
BER. } { he } ,
Saying { I }
{ he } was old and seedy.
But Gruffon Grimm is not { my }
{ his } name, you see,
For { I'm }
{ he's } a younger brother poor and needy.
- BER. Well this is a nice surprise for me,
But if Pa should know you're poor and needy,
In a horrid state of rage he'd be,
And out of doors he'd turn you pretty speedy.
- RUD. Turn me out of doors ?
- BER. Yes, dear, out of doors,
Out of doors he'd turn you pretty speedy.
- RUD. Horridest of bores.
- BER. Yes, but out of doors,
Out of doors he'd turn you pretty speedy.
- RUD. Then fly with me,
We'll married be.
- RUD. } For people then it seems, &c.
BER. }
- BER. Well this surprise is really most delightful,
They painted you to me as something frightful.
Oh in the darkest colours.
- RUD. That was bosh,
You see my dear that colour wouldn't wash,
You can look on that hue and smile.
- BER. But I
Thought I should see you in that *hue and cry*.
- RUD. And will you always love me then the same ?
My own dear—Haw! excuse me what's your name?

BER. Bertha.

RUD. (*putting his arm round her waist*)

How charming! we'll get married soon,
And then we'll go and spend our honeymoon
Down at the seaside, where our life shall be
One round of love—and toast and shrimps for tea.
Some far Utopia on whose happy beach
We can get out of barrel-organ's reach.
Where if you sit a moment on the sand,
No pertinacious fish-fag takes her stand
To shock your nostrils with the smell of crab,
Or with a *flounder* give your face a *dab*.
Where in a quiet lodging one can *reside*
Free from those common objects of the seaside,
Whose tyrant presence every stranger feels,
The Norfolk Howard, and the cat that steals.
Where we can watch o'er ocean's face so fair,
The waves that curl and scent the morning air.
Thus by the sea-shore will we spend our prime,
Our wedded moments being marry-time.

BER. That will be charming.

Enter Count, R.

RUD. Do you like the plan?

COUNT Horror! despair! she's got the wrong young man!

[*He comes forward. Enter Gretchen, R, she also comes forward.*]

Operatic Chorus.—COUNT, BERTHA, GRETCHEN, AND RUDOLF.

Air, "Il Destin," from the Huguenots.

COUNT What's all this? really, miss, it is most outrageous!

BER. Why you said I should wed with the Baron Grimm.

RUD. Don't get riled, spare your child, and at once engage us.

GRE. Grimm's his name, it's the same.

COUNT Pooh, it isn't him!

Rage! despair! tell me where I can find a p'liceman.

GRE. Pray be calm, you'll alarm all the place, I vow.

RUD. Don't get wroth.

COUNT Go to Bath!

RUD. Please to keep the peace, man.

BER. Cease your ire.

COUNT Murder! fire!

GRE. Here's a jolly row.

BER. Pray forgive and do not be a bore, sir.

RUD. Let one speak—your daughter I adore, sir.

COUNT Hold your tongue, I'll turn you out of door, sir.

RUD. Here me, pray.

COUNT Go away! As I said just now.

CHORUS. Rage! despair! tell { ^{me} _{him} } where, &c. to jolly row.

[Count takes Bertha off R, as they are going Bertha looks round and kisses her hand to Rudolf, he does the same, and after looking lovingly after her, exit L. Gretchen remains.

GRE. Did ever any one hear such a row?

Oh! well they'll want their dinner anyhow.

I'll lay the cloth, I've got the knives and forks

Below: the spoons are in that cupboard—

[Opens cupboard and discovers Slopenthoff devouring a huge pie.

Lawks!

[Slopenthoff rushes out of cupboard and seising her by the wrist with his left hand, in his right he holds the knife with a large piece of meat on the end of it: at the same time he keeps the umbrella tight under his right arm.

SLOP. Hush! or this knife into your heart I'll stick.

GRE. Help!

SLOP. Help? I'll drop you in a cistern slick,

There's one outside: so if you dare to cry

You'll be a *tumbler* in that *tank-hard* by.

[Finishes the meat on the end of his knife, which he returns to his belt.

GRE. What do you want?

SLOP. I'm here to guard the premises,

I'm not a robber, but I'm after them as is.

I'm sent to keep an eye on that young spark

Who's come to court your missus.

GRE. What for?

SLOP. Hark!

To see they hold no meetings in the park.

GRE. I'm going to scream.

SLOP. No lovely damsel, no!

Do not distort that beauteous visage so.

Besides (*drawing knife*) Ha! ha! but there's no
need to scream,

I'm not half such a bad one as I seem.

I like the looks of you, nay, more, I love you,
Aye, hear me swear it by the heaven above you.
[*He drops on his knees, Gretchen draws the umbrella from under
his arm and raises it over his head.*

Oh, strike away! but I won't stir unless
You say you'll have me, let those lips say yes.

GRE. (*dropping umbrella*) I couldn't.

SLOP. Ha! you hesitate I see.

(*à la Richard III.*)

Take up that gingham then, or take up me.

GRE. Oh very well.

SLOP. (*rising*) One kiss? (*she repulses him*)

Nay, hear me swear.

GRE. No, don't, I hate bad language.

(*Slopenhoff half unsheaths knife*) Well then,
there (*he kisses her*).

Now for a song.

SLOP. I don't know any savin'

The "Carrion Crow."

GRE. The what? you must be *ravin'*.

SLOP. My voice suits ditties of the good old times,
It's like a bell, just hark how well it chimes.

Song.—SLOPENHOFF. Air, "The Carrion Crow."

The old Carrion Crow he sat upon an oak,

Fol de riddle lol de di do.

The old Carrion Crow he sat upon an oak,

And the tailor was mending his old pudding poke.

Singing Hi! ho! the old carrion crow, ho, ho, ho!

Fol de lol de riddle lol de di do.

Chorus. Singing hi! ho! &c.

Go wife fetch my quiver and my bow,

Fol de lol de riddle lol de di do.

Go wife fetch my——

[*Gretchen interrupts him.*

GRE. You don't think such a noise as that can tickle us,
Leave off, for goodness' sake, it's too ridiculous,

Song.—GRETCHEN. Air, "Ben e Ridicolo."

It's too ridiculous,

Your ancient crow, sir,

I'd have you know, sir,

Has long been out of date.

The Bandit of Bohemia ;

Don't try to tickle us
 That way, old fella,
 Or this umbrella
 Shall tickle your pate.
 Now I'll be candid, oh !
 No one could stand it, oh !
 E'en from a bandit, oh !
 Such songs I hate.

Oh ! no, oh ! no, tra, lal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 Oh ! no, oh ! no, tra, lal, lal, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 Tra lal la, la, la, la, la,
 Tra lal la, la, la, la, la,

Chorus. Oh ! no, Oh ! no, tra, la, &c.

[*During which Slopenthoff persists in singing the chorus of "Carrion Crow"; they harmonise. Dance, and Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.—ROAD-SIDE INN NEAR SCHOCKENDUFFER'S CASTLE.

Enter Houlenphunck L., he looks round, and then beckons L. Enter Schnieckenbach.

HOU. This is the place where Slopenthoff's to meet us ;
 Let's have a drain : here ! come along, he'll treat us.
 Hi ! landlord !

Enter Landlord from Inn, R.

LAN.

Yes, sir.

HOU.

Two of cold without.

[*Exit Landlord R.*]

I wonder what he's stopped so long about !

SCH. Oh ! he'll be here directly I should think ;
 He's stopped to spoon that slavey.

Enter Landlord with drink.

LAN.

Here's the drink.

[*They take up the glasses, drain them, and replace them on tray.*]

HOU. Thanks ! that'll do.

LAN.

But you've forgot to pay.

HOU. All right, we'll call again some other day.

I left my purse at home on the pianner.

LAN. Don't think you're going to do me in that manner.

HOU. (*drawing*) D'ye doubt my word ?

SCH. (*drawing*) Insulted ?

LAN.

Come now, stop it.

I'll call the police !

Enter Slopenthoff with umbrella, L.

SLOP. Here, what's all this? just drop it.

(to Landlord)

See, here's a sovereign (*gives one to Landlord*).

HOU. (*aside to Schnieckenbach*) Did'nt know he had 'un.

LAN. (*to Slopenthoff*) Your change, sir.

SLOP. Thank you.

Exit Landlord into Inn. Houlenphunck and Schnieckenbach look astounded.

All right, it's a bad 'un.

The Count's kicked up a fearful row this morning.

Turned Rudolf out, and given Gretchen warning.

Strangers from coming near the place he hinders,

And turns the house completely out of winders.

His daughter, though I've managed to discover,

Has just slipped out of doors to meet her lover.

(*looking off L.*) Look, there she is, she's stopped
by yonder gate.

There's Rudolf too;—the fool, why don't he wait?

They've missed each other—there! I see her smile.

(*getting excited*) He won't look towards the gate—
ha, that's the *style*!

He sees her now, runs up and—

(*turning round and winking*) Oh! my eye,

Now that he's *spied her* I had best be *fly*.

They come: let's step inside and watch the fun.

Two's company, you know; but three is none.

We'll from yon *window watch*, and then, no doubt,

We shall get *wind o' what* she talks about.

[*Exeunt into Inn, R.: immediately Houlenphunck puts his head out of the window, Schnieckenbach pushes it on one side and protrudes his own. Slopenthoff pulls them both back by the hair, and sticks his head out; the other two looking over his shoulder. Enter Rudolf and Bertha, L.; just then Slopenthoff bends forward out of window, and lets his hat fall on to the stage: at intervals he puts out his umbrella to try and fish it up, but fails each time.*]

BER. Oh! does not such a moment as the present

Make up for all?

RUD.

Haw! yes, it's very pleasant.

BER. Do you not feel your breast with ardour glow,
Your bosom *heaving* ?

RUD. Yes, it's (*h*)*even* so.
Haw! fact is, really, I'm extremely proud
Of your appearance, which is rather loud.
Your pa's allowed you dresses most genteel ;
That costume must have cost him a great deal.
And haw! your face with such expression's fraught
That every feeling, every fleeting thought
Is mirrored there ; or compliments to pass,—
You're a *good mirror*—a *good looking* (*g*)*lass*.

BER. And so you're proud of me ?

RUD. I am, my joy :
I'm very *proud*.

BER. Oh! what *an 'aughty* boy !
But what are we to do about my father ?

RUD. Is he so very *wroth*, then ?

BER. Well, yes, (*w*)*rother* !
He'll put his veto on our match, you'll find.

RUD. His *veto* ? hang it! why should *ve two* mind ?
Haw! I've a notion—since the course of true
love
Will not run smooth, I'll tell you what we'll do
love—

Pack up your things at once and let us fly
Together and get married on the sly.
Meet me at eight, this evening ; we'll elope.
I'll *hire* a carriage, you can *lower* a rope
Down from the terrace ; in that way we'll get
Over your father and the parapet.

BER. Elope I dare not, it's so wrong ; but still—

RUD. You'll come ?

BER. On second thoughts I think I will,
Though I've got nothing ready—I mean clothes—
No wedding trousseau.

RUD. *True ! so wed in* those,
Nought could be prettier than that lace so flowing,
This *tulle becoming* ; but we *two'll be going*

Before our plan's discovered by your pa.

Good bye! then, till to-night, love. *(exit L.)*

SLOP. AND BANDITS. *(from window)* Ha! ha! ha!

[They duck down. Bertha starts with terror, and looks round.]

BER. That laugh here too! it follows me about
Just like a spirit; hence, dread fiend, get out.

SLOP. *(inside)* Ha! ha!

BER. Again! why does it haunt me so,
Using a *high* tone, though so like a *low*?
To say the best of it, it is a coarse laugh—
Something between a donkey's and a horse laugh.
It might p'raps be a donkey's though, I vow
It's not at all an *(n)eddyfying* row.
I scorn it and its owner; let them haunt me:
But from my purpose they shall never daunt me.
For since love's voice in that of Rudolf calls,
I will *be true* to him whate'er *befalls*. *(exit L.)*

Enter Slopenhoff and two Bandits from Inn, R.

SLOP. That's good! to-night they think they're going
to fly;

But we'll prevent 'em: won't we, boys?

HOU. *(drawing sword)* Aye! aye!

SCH. *(drawing)* Of course; we'll murder 'em, and then
despoil 'em.

SLOP. No! no! put up your swords, we'll only *foil* 'em.
We must be there, and—*(looking off L.)* ha! what's
this I see?

The Count!—keep back; leave the old boy to me.

[Houlenphunck and Schnieckenbach go up and lean against Inn door, R. Enter Count, L.]

COUNT Where has she gone? she's lost to me, I fear.

(to Slopenhoff) You haven't seen my child, sir,
about here?

Oh! how I long to gaze upon her face,

And clasp her in a fatherly embrace.

Would'nt I hug her!

SLOP. Wouldn't I too, rather!

COUNT How, sir!

SLOP. I mean, were I her happy father.

COUNT But won't you help me sir ? you look so hearty.

SLOP. This is a very decent sort of party ;

I must impress him.

[Pulls out ragged glove, which he puts on ostentatiously ; it is much too large for him.]

Hem ! I think you said

You've lost your child. Be easy on that head ;

I'll find her.

COUNT . What ! restore me her I love ?

Your hand !

SLOP. *(shaking hands)* With pleasure ; hem ! excuse my glove.

Was she good-looking, middle-height, and fair ?

COUNT The same.

SLOP. With two white roses in her hair ?

COUNT *(wildly)* 'Tis she ! Oh ! if I find her she shan't roam again.

Where is she ? tell me !

SLOP. Well, she's just gone home again.

COUNT Accept a parent's blessing.

[They embrace, and both their hats fall off.]

SLOP. As for that

I don't require it. Here ! you've dropped your hat.

[Picks both hats up and gives Count his own, putting on Count's himself.]

COUNT *(shaking hands)* If a life's gratitude—

SLOP. Oh ! I don't doubt you.

You haven't got a half-a-crown about you ?

COUNT Most freely would I to that call respond.

But all my money's gone to pay a bond.

I've signed and sealed one and of cash bereft ;

I've through that *sealing* not a *florin* left.

Concerted Piece. Count, Slopenthoff, and Two Bandits.

Air—"The Mouse-trap man."

COUNT Kind friends, in me you an object behold,
Ruined in prospects and broken in heart,
They've served a writ on me, my things will be sold,
And bailiffs my house-traps will move in a cart.
I've given a mortgage for money I owe,
On house-traps and furniture which I can't pay :

So all that I've got to the hammer must go,
 And the auctioneer's man in a hoarse voice will say,
 House-traps, house-traps, who'll buy?
 House-traps, fine house-traps he'll cry,
 Look through the house, each article try,
 House-traps at any price, house-traps who'll buy.
 Chorus. House-traps, &c.

SLOP. Listen, and I'll put you up to a tip,
 Make yourself bankrupt, they'll white-wash you soon;
 Or, before they drop on you, just give them the slip,
 And with all your house-traps be shooting the moon.
 I and my friends here will bring you a van,
 Help you to cart all your house-traps away;
 We'll manage it so that the auctioneer's man
 Shan't get half a chance in a hoarse voice to say,
 House-traps, &c.

[Repeat chorus. Dance, and exeunt.

Scene V.—EXTERIOR OF COUNT SCHOCKENDUFFER'S CASTLE.

(Terrace with steps down to stage, practicable door opening on terrace;
 window in house also practicable.)

Enter Rudolf, L.

RUD. The wished for hour has come at last, and I
 Thus on love's pinions to my Bertha fly.
 By which expression you must understand
 I've taken a fly from off the neighbouring stand.
 And so when she thinks proper to approach,
 Her *beau* will bear her in a *Hackney* coach.
 I wish she would'nt make it quite so late,
 It's scaley treatment thus to make me wait.
 What, waiting still! whatever has delayed her?
 Well, as she's fond of *waits*, I'll serenade her.

Serenade.—**RUDOLF.**

Air.—*Keep thy heart for me.*" Rose of Castile.

Would'st thou, dear maid, be borne away,
 I've got the best of flies:
 A hansom that will hold a cri-
 -noline of any size.
 Then fasten quick thy bonnet strings,
 Prepare to fly with me;
 For taken from the neighbouring stand,
 I keep a car for thee.

The Bandit of Bohemia ;

Put on thy bonnet, bonny maid,
 No longer make delay ;
 And prithee bring as little lug-
 -gage with you as you may.
 I have not got a porter, and
 I should not like to see
 A half-a-dozen boxes, though
 I keep a car for thee.
 Lovely maid, I keep a car for thee.

(Count *appears at window.*)

COUNT I've nothing for you, don't be squalling here,
 I'm Babbage! (*shuts window and disappears.*)

RUD. He *forbids the bands* it's clear. (*exit R.*)

[*Music. Enter Slopenthoff, Houlenphunch, and Schnieckenbach stepping cautiously.*]

Song and Chorus. Air adapted from Mozart's Pianoforte Duet, No.

SLOP. Young Rudolf we will seize
 Steady boys, not a noise, if you please,
 Not a laugh, not a cough, not a sneeze,
 Not e'en a wheeze.
 All right, a light I see,
 (*Taking them by wrists and bringing them down mysteriously*)
 Come step along and follow me,
 We'll—fol lol—ri fol lol.
 Now take your time from me,
 Fol de rol lol lol di dee.

Chorus. We'll—fol lol, &c.

We'll hide behind yon tree,
 Stepping melodramatically,
 With a stride of fiendish glee
 And villainee.

There's some one now I see,
 So step along and follow me.

We'll—fol lol, &c. [*Repeat Chorus and exeunt, L.*]

Enter Rudolf, R., looking carefully about him.

RUD. I wonder if another stave will bring 'em.

Enter Slopenthoff and two Bandits, they steal up.

SLOP. Another stave? I'll fetch him with my gingham.

[*Is about to strike Rudolf, but the latter turns.*]

RUD. Fellow, what mean you?

SLOP. That's the very job.
To be a *feller*.

RUD. Knave!

SLOP. One for his nob!

[Strikes Rudolf down with umbrella.

Bear him to yonder wood, and take good care
That he don't cut his stick when he gets there.

[Music. Houlenphunck and Schnieckenbach carry off Rudolf followed by Slopenhoff. Bertha comes out of door on terrace with the conventional bundle of band-boxes.

BER. Methinks I heard my Rudolf's voice just now,
Or did some cat make that melodious row?
I fear I've ruined pa: what will he say
When he's discovered that I've run away?
Oh! when I thought I might ne'er see him more,
I could not help but linger at the door.
But love came to my aid, I turned the handle,
Extinguished filial feelings and—the candle.
There's some one coming now, who can it be?
Oh! joy! that hat, that graceful walk! 'tis he.

Enter Slopenhoff, L., dressed in Rudolf's hat and cloak.

SLOP. All right, my dear.

BER. Good gracious! are you ill?

SLOP. Hem, rather hoarse.

BER. You find the night air chill?

SLOP. Yes that's the reason why in all these wraps I come,
(aside) In fact I'm *chilly*, so in others' caps I come.
Now come along.

BER. I feel my courage fail.

SLOP. Don't stop to *parley*—we shall miss the *mail*.

BER. Mine is a faux pas.

SLOP. You've a foe in pa,
And so it's *comme il faut*—now jump down.

BER. (assisted on to the ground by Slopenhoff) Ah!
Let us away at once, dear.

SLOP. Yes, we'll trundle
Off to the carriage (*politely*), let me take your
bundle.

BER. I don't like to entrust it to you, still
You'll keep it nice ?

SLOP. Of course, (*aside*) my uncle will.

BER. (*giving it*)

You'll take great care of it now, will you not ?

SLOP. I pledge my word, dear, (*aside*) that I'll pledge
the lot. [*Exeunt, L.*]

COUNT (*outside*) 'Scat, 'scat.

[*Appears on terrace with blunderbuss.*]

Poor pussy, then ! I heard them squall.

Ah ! there's a white one close against the wall.

[*Fires at Bertha's handkerchief which she has dropped.*]

P'raps it's some ribbon, where could it come from ?

If it's "white satin," it can't be "old Tom."

(*getting down*) I hanker'd chiefly after that old brute.

(*picks up handkerchief*)

A handkerchief ! my shot then didn't *shuit*,

It seems I've hit a wiper, not a cat.

My daughter's too, ha ! ha ! I smell a rat.

Here thieves, police, help, murder, fire, and robbery.

Enter Gretchen with servants following her, and carrying lanterns, &c.

GRE. Good gracious, what's the meaning of this bobbery ?

COUNT My daughter's carried off.

GRE. Oh, p'raps 'twas done

In joke, they do take people off in "Fun."

COUNT A joke ? if so then it's a precious grim one,
Young Grimm, I don't know whether you call him
one.

My daughter's lost and I'm a ruined man.

Go scour the country—catch 'em if you can.

[*Exeunt servants in different directions, Gretchen remains at back.*]

Enter Gruffon Grimm, L.

GRUF. Here, what's all this ?

COUNT With fury I could bellow.

That rascal Rudolf—

GRUF. Dont be *rude ol'* fellow,

Remember he's my brother, though in sooth
I've got a bone to pick with that same youth.

But what's he done that's thus aroused your ire?

COUNT Run off with Bertha.

GRUF. Ha! help, murder, fire!

COUNT It's no use for you to kick up that row,

I made the same remark myself just now.

GRUF. Gone! gone! my love, my promised bride, oh!
blow me,

I'll—trouble you for that small bill you owe me.

COUNT Don't talk like that, you'll craze me if you do,

Bother the *bill*, we must devise some *coup*.

What's to be done? to think she'd leave her pa!

GRE. (*coming forward*)

Why advertise her in the "Times" or "Star,"

It won't cost much p'raps eighteen pence, not more,

And when she reads it on some distant shore,

These tender words must touch her if she's living,

"B. S. return and all will be forgiven."

COUNT I can't afford it.

GRE. Bah! don't be so sordid,

You'll get your ward and so you'll be *re-warded*.

[Baron and Count go up stage as if in consultation. Gretchen comes forward.]

GRE. Oh how my heart is fluttering with fright.

For I'm to fly with Slopenthoff to-night.

This very hour eloping in a trice hence,

We'll take our *leave* and then we'll get our *license*.

The Count has given me warning, so I hear

A voice of warning ringing in my ear.

But to be festive in my wedding hours

I'll pluck up spirits and some orange flowers.

It won't be my *fault* if I longer *falter*

To meet my Slopenthoff at Hymen's altar. [*Exit, R.*]

Gruffon Grimm and Count come forward.

GRUF. You're right, I'll go myself and search with care,

Following your counsel and this pretty pair.

The cost of travelling I don't care about,

I'll *scour* the country if it *cleans* me out.

You'll see I'll bring 'em home alive or dead
again. [Exit, L.
COUNT Do ! do ! and meanwhile I'll step into bed
again. [Exit, R.

Scene VI.—A LONELY MOUNTAIN PASS.

Enter Rudolf between Houlenphunck and Schnieckenbach : he has his head bound up.

RUD. Will nothing tempt you to release me ? say
Name any sum and I'll agree to pay.
HOUL. Pay ! why we searched you and there worn't a
Of money, not a crown. [token
RUD. (*rubbing his head*) Yes, one that's broken.
I have it—if I can but make them jealous—
No money say you ? why what mean you, fellows ?
(*to Schnieckenbach*) You know you took my purse.
SCH. Purse ? who did ?
RUD. You.
HOUL. I say, young person, is that statement true ?
SCH. He hadn't any purse at all I swear.
HOUL. Come that's all nonsense, just give me my share.
RUD. He's telling lies and tries to palliate 'em.
HOUL. To *palliate*, yes, such a *pal* I hate 'im.
(*to Schnieckenbach*) Hand me my share, I say.
SCH. What share ? why blow it,
I've got no purse.
HOUL. You have !
SCH. I haven't !
RUD. (*rubbing his hands*) Go it !
HOUL. (*seizing Schnieckenbach*) Fork out. [about.
SCH. (*seizing Houlenphunck*) I say just mind what you're
RUD. That's right, I'll leave them here to fight it out.
[Runs off R. The two Bandits fight off after him, R.
Enter Slopenthoff dragging Bertha, L.
SLOP. Excuse me, miss, just step a little faster.
BED. Where would you take me to, wretch.
SLOP. To my master.
BER. Who's he ? a robber ?
SLOP. Well, as these are rum times,
He does a little in that way, miss, sometimes.

BER. Will nothing save me?

SLOP. Not that I can see,
Unless instead you like to marry me.
Hum, after all you are a niceish gal.
Old Grimm shan't have you, blow me if he shall.
Be mine, I love you more than any lass
I e'er cast eye on.

BER. Well, I like your brass.
Unhand me, villain!

SLOP. Not till you consent.

BER. Never!

SLOP. Ha! ha! what is there to prevent
My forcing you to marry me or killing you?

Enter Gruffon Grimm, L.

GRUF. I will; release the girl at once you villain you.
Hands off! I say, you've treat enough to scan her.

SLOP. Hands off? you treat me in an *off hand* manner.
I mean to have the girl myself, that's flat,
So no more on that head.

GRUF. (*striking him*) Take one on that.
I'll teach you, sir, such tricks as these to try.
(*to Bertha*) Come on! [*Drags her off, R.*]

SLOP. There's more in this than *meets the eye*.
A blow! there's much from him that I could pardon.
But 'twas a blow, aye, and a bloated hard 'un.
Viewing it critically 'twas a sweet 'un,
Struck on the brow I am indeed *brow beaten*.
I feel that I could tear him limb from limb.
Oh, if I clutched him now I'd give it him!
But shall I like a cur cur-inge, no! no!
(This is a good place to observe so! so!)
I'll be revenged, 'twill be a sweet sensation
To go in wholesale for *retail*-iation.
Revenge I'll feast on't ere the week be out,
And for that same blow have a good *blow out*.
Had he a host of lives I'd smash the hull up,
Aye drink his heart's blood at a single gullup.

Raves off, R.

Scene VII.—BANDITS' FASTNESS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Ballet of Gipsies and Bandits. After ballet, enter Dame Martha.

MAR. Come clear out, you've been dancing quite enough,
 I hate such antics—*antiquated* stuff.
 The Captain's coming home, and if of plunder
 You've *lightened* no one he'll look black as *thunder*.
 There are no bandits now-a-days, I know.
 I've no *more orders*, so *marauders* go. [*Ex. Bandits.*]
 So, so, the Baron's bringing home a bride, eh?
 And orders me to do the place up tidy.
 If it's not done there'll be a pretty row.

SLOP. (*outside*) 'Sdeath!

MAR. Hoighty, toighty, what's the matter now?

Enter Slopenthoff L., moodily with black eye.

SLOP. Perdition! likewise vengeance! also curse!

MAR. Why, goodness gracious, are you taken worse?

SLOP. Look at that optic, madam!

MAR. Why, it's blue black.

SLOP. I've had a brush, mum.

MAR. Seems so; with a shoe black.

SLOP. I must wash out this stain with blood, mum!

MAR. Walker!

SLOP. See how it's *bunged up*.

MAR. Well, it is a *corker*.

SLOP. The Baron did it.

MAR. It's a way he's got,
 His temper always was considered hot;
 Make some allowance, he has much to nettle him.

SLOP. Make some allowance? yes, I will, I'll settle him.

MAR. You'd lose your office if he heard that said.

SLOP. I lose my office? I'll cut *off his* head.
 Turn me away? he'll get when he comes back
 This barrel-ful. (*displaying revolver*)

MAR. Or else you'll *get the sack*.

SLOP. He's dangerous, his plans though I see through,
 He's found a wife, a bad look out for you.

MAR. Only some puny girl.

SLOP. Aye! that's the point,
A spare rib, to put your nose out of joint,
He'll turn you out of doors.

MAR. Not he, he knows
That I could turn him out, if I but chose,
I have a secret if I cared to use it,
Would—

SLOP. Ha! then have the goodness to produce it.

MAR. Stay, does he love this girl you talk about?

SLOP. Dotes on her.

MAR. Listen, then, we'll serve him out.
(*impressively*) It strikes me that we'd better.

GRUF. (*outside*) This way.

SLOP. (*collapsing*) Oh!
Doesn't it strike you that we'd better go?

Enter Bertha and Gruffon Grimm, L., the former frightened, the latter polite.

GRUF. This is your future home, my love, you see,
Nice prospect, ain't it?

BER. Not at all for me,
The scene is altogether most offensive,
Those horrid tents!

GRUF. The view's at least *extensive*,
All that you see belongs to my estate,
This mountain fastness here is situate
Upon my manor —

BER. Yes, that may be true,
But there's a *looseness in your manner* too.
I hate you!

GRUF. Do you now, indeed? I fear
That, that won't make much difference, my dear.

BER. To be my husband, I will never take you.

GRUF. Won't you? excuse me proud girl, but I'll make you.
Beware how you provoke me, I may kill you,
Yes, and I'll kill your lover too, girl—

Enter Slopenthoff R. with drawn sword in one hand and dagger in the other.

SLOP. Will you?

GRUF. Hence, fool !

SLOP. Ha ! is it so ? then coward, die !

Slopenhoff mocks ye—now then mind your eye.

GRUF. (*drawing*) Coward ? lay on cracked duffer, cut and lunge,

And darned be he who first throws up the sponge.

BER. There'll be blood shed, I'll for assistance call.

[*Exit.*

SLOP. I'm going to vaccinate him, miss, that's all.

[*Looking after her.*

[*They fight with sword and dagger, a la Huguenot Captain : at intervals they sharpen their swords on a scythe sharpener which they produce from their pockets : the Baron Gruffon Grimm falls being disarmed.*]

GRUF. Oh ! pity, pity ! I'm disarmed, you see.

SLOP. (*stabbing him*) I never pity.

GRUF. Ugh ! he's *spitted* me,

I'm come for : murdered quite, oh ! that last thrust
Was foul (*faints*).

SLOP. Yes, so you are a fowl that's trussed.

Enter Rudolf, Bertha, Count Gretchen, Gipsies, and Bandits.

RUD. What's this ! the Baron wounded in a duel !

SLOP. He won't *do ill* again, he's got his gruel.

Operatic Chorus. Air—"Libiamo." La Traviata.

ALL (*rushing to footlights.*)

Give alarm, oh ! give alarm, oh ! all over the town ;

But let us first in operatic style

To the footlights together rush noisily down,

Lunatically singing all the while.

The way to keep a party quiet,

Is thus to make a jolly riot ;

And madly rush about and try at

Dramatically getting in a rile.

To the footlights, &c. — while.

[*Ghost music from "Corsican Brothers," as at end of the song, "Oh ! my love's dead." Enter Dame Martha, R. ; she rushes to Baron Gruffon Grimm, and stoops over him.*

MAR. (*through music*) My son, speak to me, ah ! you're hurt I see,

Who's dared to *prod yer* so my *progeny*.

Song, MARTHA. Air—"Oh! my love's dead."—Cowell.

As I vos a listening by the back door,
I heard a wile willin wot cursed and swore;
And a party was struck and fell flop on the ground,
Which it's given my 'art a huncurable wound.
For, O-o-o-h! my son's dead, him I adore,
And I never, no never, shall see him no more.

Chorus. For O-o-o-h! { my } son's dead, him { I } adore,
And { she } never, no never, shall see him no more.

[Ghost music, which is continued until the end of Gruffon's dying speech.

GRUF.(reviving) Eh! what's this? Martha, get away,
don't bother.

MAR. I'm not your Martha now, I'm your mother.

GRUF.'Tis true (*staggers up*) they changed me at my
birth, but then

They've taken the change out of me again.

[Suddenly becomes excited and turns to Martha.

Avaunt and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee.
If she don't, I will. Ah! what's that beside thee?
Who calls me coward? What man dare, I dare.
Rush in now like the rugged Russian bear.
Take any shape but that, I'd bear thee then.
Come let me clutch thee! how's this, gone again?
Art thou not plain to feeling as to scan?
Ha! am I right or any other man?
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still,
It is! it is—my unpaid washing bill. [dies.

Martha kneels beside Gruffon Grimm. Slopenhoff wipes his sword, &c.,
Tableau.

SLOP. Hooray!

RUD. Cease that unseemly exclamation,

Of hooray, I'll deliver a *hooration*,

Friends, lovers, countrymen, lend me your ears.

COUNT Stop, let me shed some tributary tears,

[Wiping his eye on Gretchen's apron.

Thank you. The late lamented has my bill,
And though I would'nt of the dead speak ill,

Those deeds are mine, and he's no right to own 'em.

RUD. Come, come, *de mortuis nil nisi*—

SLOP. (*handing papers which he has found on Gruffon to Count*) *Bone 'em.*

COUNT Ha! ha! I breathe again! this deed secures
My peace of mind (*to Rudolf*), now for a *piece of yours.*

RUD. Hum, friends, et cetera, as I said before,
Our dear departed friend upon the floor,
Has done the most obliging thing he can;
(*The brute was not an honourable man.*)
Well, he *can't sell* us any more, and so
I hereby *can sell* all the debts you owe.
(*taking Bertha by the hand*) Do you still raise ob-
jections to our match?

COUNT Not now (*aside*), he's rich, and so he's quite a catch.

RUD. I offer her a true heart if she'll share one.

COUNT Bless you! you've got a bargain.

RUD. (*putting his arm round Bertha's waist*) Yes a *fair* one.
Slopenhoff with Gretchen on his arm sidles up to Bertha.

SLOP. Oh! please, miss, me and this young woman here.

BER. What fun, we must do something for them, dear.

SLOP. Well, if I might suggest, a public, miss.

GRE. What, go in public with a face like this?

SLOP. That's a mere nothing, just a gentle rap,
I don't mind that blow now, I'll *mind the tap.*

COUNT We must bestow a thought on him who's gone.

SLOP. Oh! we'll soon *carry off* this *carriion.*

GRUF. (*rising*) Thank you, I'd rather walk.

ALL Alive?

GRUF. Oh! quite,

I don't like lying on those boards all night,
I'll live and turn respectable; I'll be
A bank director, that'll just suit me.

RUD. Well, don't repeat such conduct.

GRUF. That depends

Entirely on the sentence of our friends,
I shall present the same *bill* every night,
If you will only honour it at sight.

SLOP. The Baron's little game at last is done,
The stake was your applause; say, has he won?
For if upon us you won't be too hard,
The Knave of Hartz will prove a winning card.

Finale. Air from Overture to Massaniello.

RUD. Don't bring us too harshly to book
For the folly we've uttered to day,
BER. But bid all the people, you know, come and look
SLOP. At the Bandit of Bohemia.
GRUF. Reform just now is all the go,
GEE. We've had it long ago
In Parliament you know.
COUNT We ask you not to—
Chorus. Bring us too harshly to book, &c.

SLOPENOFF, GRETCHEN, RUDOLF. COUNT. BERTHA, MARTHA, BARON.
R. C. L.

The O. B. C.



TOO LATE.

'Tis come at last, the honour and the name
With the last years of life; so long withheld,
So hotly striven for, 'tis in my clasp.
Now when my fingers feeble through long years
Of hope deferred and patient drudgery
Refuse to grasp the guerdon hardly won,
Now when my blighted heart can feel no thrill
Of proud and happy pleasure at success,
Lo! it is wholly mine, and I am great!

'Tis what I hoped for all my youth, but now
Where are those dreams that made that hope so sweet?
Where now my young ambition, and the fire
That, had such meed of praise been earlier mine,
Might once have leapt into a living flame,
And burned a glorious beacon for all time?
And where is she whose pure young love entwined
Itself about my heart-strings, whose bright eyes,
In fond pride flashing at my fame, had made
To me that fame a thing twice dear? Where now
That girlish form with dancing golden hair,
That hung around me as I sat at work,
And watched in glee the colours grow to life
Upon the canvass? Where that sunny laugh
That half dispelled the gloom about my way,
That one brave sympathy amid a world
Of heartless scorn and critics crying "Shame
Upon the dauber." She alone could see
The promise of great works, where they beheld

Nought but the faults of youth and over-haste—
Haste? how not haste when children cry for bread?

It cannot be the youthful painter's work
Was all to blame with nought to praise, and then
A little praise had stirred me to great deeds.
But now, when praise and blame fall both alike
Uncared for, lo, they crowd around and thrust
The crown into my lax and feeble grasp.
What can I do with it but lay it down
Amid the green grass on her quiet grave
And long to lie beside her in deep rest?

E.



CHARLEMAGNE AND NAPOLEON.

THE whole value and aim of historical study is grounded on the truth of the proverb "History repeats itself." Its forms may be constantly varied, according to the variety of place and time,—just as the colour of a flower may be affected by a difference of soil,—but its main outlines, its most striking features are apt to recur. And as the meteorologist by constant observation of wind and cloud, can deduce some general laws of their operation, and so obtain a forecast of the coming storm; or, to take an illustration nearer home, as a man, from long acquaintance with the character of his friend, can tell what his judgement will be on a given question brought before him—so is the careful and philosophical student of history able to gather from the experience of the past indications of the probable course of the present and the future. Human passions and human motives are essentially the same in all ages, and they are the levers which move the machinery of history. The levers may be lengthened or shortened, the passions may be more or less intense, but the leverage is there, and on it we can calculate.

If history in its wider sense is thus self-repeating, we cannot be surprised to find the same occasional similarity in individual history. The similarity may be that of mere coincidence (as, for instance, in the fatality of the number fourteen to Henry IV. of France*), or it may rest on deeper resemblances of circum-

* See Mr. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths," first series. Fatality of Numbers.

stance and character. The former have a charm for the curious—the latter form the most interesting ‘cases’ on the dissecting of which the historical student can exercise his skill. The general resemblance gives greater zest to the inquiry into the more delicate causes which have produced the individual differences.

It might seem at first sight that the points of resemblance between the history of Charlemagne and that of the first Napoleon should be assigned to the former class. The comparison of the Jaffa massacre with that of the Saxons at Verden—of the repudiation of Desideria with the divorce of Josephine—are scarcely strong enough grounds for a historical parallel to rest upon. Even the strategic skill which led Charlemagne to anticipate the Austerlitz campaign and the passage of the Great St. Bernard, and the deep-sighted policy which created the subordinate kingdoms of Italy and Spain—partake more or less of a personal character, or may be looked upon as consequences of the permanence of geographical features.* But a closer examination will detect far deeper coincidences than these.

It has been well observed† that the work of every great man may be considered under two aspects, according as it meets the exigencies of his time, or tends to his own personal aggrandizement. For a man is only truly great in history in proportion as he discerns what are the needs of the society around him, and what the requirements of the time in which he lives, and can see and has in his power the means which are best fitted to satisfy those needs, and to meet those requirements. For historic greatness must always be measured by the standard of the time. It requires no effort now to resist and denounce prejudices and ideas,

* These minor points are stated in detail in Mr. De Quincy's Essay on Charlemagne. He gives to them, I think, an unnecessary importance.

† Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilisation en France*, tome 2, 20^{me} leçon. This lecture suggested the thoughts which I have here put on paper.

which our fathers would have thought it madness to oppose. And so the great man of our time may be inferior in *absolute attainments* to the little man of another—but his greatness still remains, in the fact that he has stepped out in advance of his age.

There is a singular likeness in the features of the times whose work Charlemagne and Napoleon were called to do. The latter part of the sixth and nearly the whole of the seventh century had witnessed a struggle between two conflicting elements in the Frankish kingdom. What was nominally a war between the rival kingdoms of Neustria and Austrasia—was really a struggle for supremacy between the popular and the aristocratic, the Latin and the Teutonic element, or as some would put it, between royalty and aristocracy. The Austrasians, by their geographical position, recruited constantly with fresh German blood, and exposed to the first attack of hostile tribes, retained their early customs, and refused to acknowledge the supremacy of a king. The warriors were in their eyes the only class that had any right to rule, and in war the king was as one of themselves. The Neustrians, on the other hand, had submitted to the influence of such remains of Roman civilisation as were still to be found in Gaul. Their dominion had been sooner consolidated, but at the same time they had parted with their old warlike habits, and had even ceased to speak the German language, whose appearance in Alsace and Luxembourg testifies to the present day of the Frankish occupants of Austrasia. Their nobles were contented to be the courtiers of a king. In Austrasia the mayor of the palace was the leader of the nobles; in Neustria he was generally associated rather with the people. The battle of Testry (687) gave the victory to the aristocratic principle, and left Pepin of Heristal mayor and actual governor of the two kingdoms. The nobles, however, who had fought willingly for their personal independence, were not inclined to hand over the whole

power to him whose leadership they had followed. They tried to establish themselves in separate duchies. But the vigour of Charles Martel, and the alarming progress of the Saracens, compelled them to lay aside their feuds and to unite in defence of Christendom. The battle of Poitiers (732) not only delivered western Europe from the Moslem, but also gave a solidity to the Frankish kingdom which made the work of Pepin the Short and of Charlemagne more easy. The fact of the Carlovingian supremacy was at last acknowledged by the consecration of Pepin the Short by Pope Stephen, and the position which it already held by its appearance in Italy as the champion of the rising Papacy against the aggressions of the Lombards and the heresy (so called) of the Iconoclastic emperors.*

Such was the inheritance to which Charlemagne succeeded. The slow revolution, which had decided that the German principle of personal freedom, and not the Roman principle of the absorption of the man in the citizen, was to be the motto of the Western Empire, was now fully accomplished. The military enthusiasm of the Franks had been resuscitated by the Saracen and Lombard wars; and a strong united government had in some degree bound together the once inharmonious parts of the Frankish kingdom. Such were Charlemagne's tools, and none less were adequate to the work which he had to do. For this empire was threatened on both sides—on the south by the Saracens, and on the north and east by the Saxons and the Avars—with Slaves and Tartars to succeed to their vacant places. Unless some mighty barrier were set in the way, it seemed not unlikely that Europe would once more be overrun by successive hordes of barbarians. And none but a great man could raise such a barrier. The very principle which had conquered in the struggle was, as we have seen, the parent of divi-

* See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. 2, book IV.

sion rather than of union, and united action alone could check the dangers which were now impending. The active mind of Charlemagne was equal to the task. Among all his great powers, there is none so striking as that which welded together the disunited parts of the empire, and directed at the same time the conduct of affairs in districts widely separated from each other.* And the work which was given him to do, he did. After his death we hear of no more barbarian foes overrunning the land—and the Northmen, the only enemies that left their mark, while they secured for themselves a territory, were so speedily fused with the Franks and adopted their Roman civilisation, that we scarcely recognise in our Norman invaders of the 11th century the same race which had settled amongst us in the 9th. The Saxons themselves were brought within the pale of civilisation, and formed a strong defence against all future attack.

M. Guizot has pointed out, that the only part of Charlemagne's work which produced no permanent effect, was that which concerned his personal aggrandisement as head of a wide and extensive empire.† But it seems to me very doubtful, whether Charlemagne ever contemplated the founding of an united empire and a dynasty. On the contrary, the policy which he pursued in assigning the kingdoms of Italy and Spain to his sons, warrants the opinion that he saw clearly enough that smaller kingdoms, within easier reach of their central authority, were better fitted for the work which they had to do. It was only in the hands of a Charlemagne that such a mass could be wielded and managed; he might form them into a compact body, and guide their affairs during his life, but after him,

* Guizot, *ubi supra*, 21^{me} leçon. We had some share in the products of this organizing here. It was at Charlemagne's court that Egbert, the author of the supremacy of Wessex over the other Saxon kingdoms, took his first lessons in statecraft.

† *Ubi supra*, 20^{me} leçon.

they must take root for themselves. But his plans were frustrated by the death of his sons, and he seems to have been so far moved by personal motives, as not to carry them out in the persons of his ministers or his generals.

Now turn to Napoleon, and how striking is the parallel. The work of the Convention and Directory has brought to a close the struggle between the two parties within the kingdom. This time the people have triumphed, and have overthrown the edifice of which the victory of Testry laid as it were, the first stone. Dissensions within have threatened to produce disunion, and destroy the work already done; but the prospect of foreign invasion has called out the martial vigour of the nation, and made them sink party feeling in the common defence of their country. The campaigns of Dumouriez and of the army of the Rhine were to Napoleon what Charles Martel's victories were to Charlemagne. The armies which had successfully resisted invasion, had been emboldened thereby to anticipate attack and to assume the offensive. And Napoleon too did the work which he had to do. His wide empire may have been shattered and his personal power overthrown, but the France of 1815 was not the France of 1792, nor of 1800. Its old dynasty was restored, but its independence and its unity were secured, its institutions consolidated, and feudalism overthrown beyond all recovery. The work might possibly have been accomplished without so great sacrifices, but the united action of an united France which Napoleon led, was one of the best means for effacing the remains of old divisions and jealousies of provinces and privileged districts. This was *the* great need of the time, and this Napoleon's work supplied.

There are several remarkable coincidences in the careers of the two men to which I have alluded. The most striking is, that between Charlemagne's campaign against the Avars, in which he marched down the

valley of the Danube to Vienna, while his son Pepin secured Northern Italy, and fought his way up by the valley of the Save to join him, and Napoleon's campaign against the Austrians in 1806, in which Massena co-operated with him in the same way. It is quite possible, that the earlier campaign may have suggested the strategy of the latter.*

Here the parallel ceases, and the contrast begins. And seldom have there been two men between whom there has been a greater contrast. In Charlemagne, it is hard to discern traces of the influence of purely personal motives. It is true, that he surrounded himself with some of the pomp of a court, and that he gathered in his capital the works of art which were the spoils of Italy and Gaul ; but the man who was content to sit at the feet of Alcuin, and set the example of learning to his own children in the school of the palace, may have the credit of a higher motive for such conduct than any mere love of ostentatious display. His wars and conquests seem all to have been undertaken for some nobler end. In his campaigns against the Saxons, he was reclaiming the wilderness of barbarism for the culture of the gospel ; in fighting against the Saracens, he was engaged in a crusade against an enemy of the cross, that would not be content without wresting some fresh dominions from Christendom ; in the Lombards he combated the enemies of the Holy See. Except in one notable instance, which religious zeal and the common policy of the time may to some extent palliate, he seems to have been careful of human life and suffering.

In Napoleon, on the other hand, it is difficult to detect any other than personal motives. His wars were hardly the wars of propagandism, which the earlier campaigns of the revolutionary period had been. Though

* An interesting account of this campaign is given in the second volume of M. Amédée Thierry's *Histoire d' Attila et de ses Successeurs*. His description of the ring fortifications of Hungary, calls to our minds the *dykes* of Britain.

he lived at a time when Christianity had softened down the cruelty of a former age, he never seems to have allowed any thought for human life or human suffering to check the dictates of an all-devouring ambition. Selfish and overbearing, the retarder rather than the promoter of civilization, careless of personal accomplishments, he was prompted in all that he did by two passions, the love of war and the love of power.

Whatever allowances may be made for the different characters of different times, and for the stronger light in which Napoleon's career is seen, from its closer proximity to our own time, it is to me impossible not to own in Charlemagne the presence of a nobler hero, and a greater man.

R. W. T.



DON FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ.

(BON GAULTIER *Ballads*, p. 7).

DON FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ! basely have they borne
thee down;

Paces ten behind thy charger is thy glorious body thrown;
Fetters have they bound upon thee—iron fetters, fast
and sure;

Don Fernando Gomersalez, thou art captive to the Moor!

Long within a dingy dungeon pined that brave and
noble knight,

For the Saracenic warriors well they knew and feared
his might;

Long he lay and long he languished on his dripping
bed of stone,

Till the cankered iron fetters ate their way into his bone.

On the twentieth day of August—'twas the feast of false
Mahound—

Came the Moorish population from the neighbouring
cities round;

There to hold their foul carousal, there to dance and
there to sing,

And to pay their yearly homage to Al-Widdicomb, the
King!

First they wheeled their supple coursers, wheeled them
at their utmost speed,

Then they galloped by in squadrons, tossing far the
light jereed;

Then around the circus racing, faster than the swallow flies,
Did they spurn the yellow sawdust in the rapt specta-
tors' eyes.



IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Ἴπποδάμων δ' ἄριστε, Γομέρσαλες, αἰπὺ πέσημα
Κάππεσες, ἵππου ὀπισθεν, ὅσον τ' ἔπι δουρος ἐρωή,
Ἐρρίπται σέο σῶμα, μεγασθενέος περ ἐόντος·
Δεσμοί τ' ἀρρήκτοιο βίη σ' ἀδάμαντος ἔχουσιν
Αἰθιόπων σ' ἄρα χερσὶ, Γομέρσαλες, ἔμβαλε δαίμων.
Δῆρον ἐνὶ σταθμοῖσιν ἀεικέα ἔργα πεπονθὼς
Κεῖθ' ὁ ταλαιφρονέων· τῶν γὰρ κράτος ἄνδρες ἀγαυοί
Ἦδ' ἔσαν, ἠδὲ φέβοντ' ἐπιείκελον ἀθανάτοισιν·
Δῆρον ἐπὶ λάεσσιν ἐτήκετο μυδαλέοισιν,
Εἶσοκε δεσμῶν ἰὸς ἀπέδρυψ' ὅσ τεα πάντα.
Ἦν δὲ θέρος καὶ πᾶσι μετ' Αἰθιόπεσσιν ἐορτὴ
Μέμνονος· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀπ' οἰκόθεν ἡγερέθοντο
Νήπιοι, ὥς πόσιος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐμπλησθέντες
Ταρφθεῖεν φόρμιγγι χοροῖτυπῇ τ' ἐρατέειν,
Δωρὰ τ' ἐναίσιμα πάνθ' ὑπ' αὐτῷ βασιλῇ φέροιεν.
Πρῶτα κυλινδόμενοι κάμψαν πεισιάνορας ἵππους
Ρεῖα μάλ'· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' ἄμοτον τανύοντο κατ' Ἰλας
Πρήσσοντες πεδίοιο, καὶ ὄξεα δούρατ' ἱαλλον·
Εἶτα, χελιδόνες ὥστε, θοὴν ἔριδα προφέροντες
Ξανθὴν πᾶσιν ἔβαλλον ἐν ὀφθάλμοισι κονίην.

Proudly did the Moorish monarch every passing warrior
greet,
As he sat enthroned above them, with the lamps beneath
his feet ;
“Tell me, thou black-bearded Cadi ! are there any in
the land,
That against my janissaries dare one hour in combat
stand ?”

Then the bearded Cadi answered—“Be not wroth, my
lord, the King,
If thy faithful slave shall venture to observe one little
thing ;
Valiant, doubtless, are thy warriors, and their beards
are long and hairy,
And a thunderbolt in battle is each bristly janissary :
“But I cannot, O my sovereign, quite forget that fearful day,
When I saw the Christian army in its terrible array ;
When they charged across the footlights like a torrent
down its bed,
With the red cross floating o’er them, and Fernando at
their head !

“Don Fernando Gomersalez ! matchless chieftain he in
war,
Mightier than Don Sticknejo, braver than the Cid Bivar !
Not a cheek within Grenada, O my King, but wan and
pale is,
When they hear the dreaded name of Don Fernando
Gomersalez !”

“Thou shalt see thy champion, Cadi ! hither quick the
captive bring !”
Thus in wrath and deadly anger spoke Al-Widdicomb,
the King :
“Paler than a maiden’s forehead is the Christian’s hue,
I ween,
Since a year within the dungeons of Grenada he hath
been !”

Τοὺς δ' Ὑπεριονίδης πρόφρων δειδίσκετο, δίφρον
 "Ὑψοθ' ἔχων, δᾶδες θ' ὑπὸ μυρίαι εἶατ' ἀνακτι·
 Γήθησεν δὲ ἰδὼν, καὶ ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζε
 "Κυανοχάιτα" ἀναξ, τίνας ἀνέρας ἦδε τρέφει χθῶν,
 "Ὅζ' τοῖςδ' ἡρώεσσι μίνυνθά περ ἄν μαχέσαιντο;"
 Τόν δ' ἡμείβετ' ἔπειθ' ὁ μελαμπώγων ἄγος ἀνδρῶν
 "Μη νεμέσα τόδ', ἀναξ εἰ δοῦλος ἐών τι πιφαύσκω
 Φημί γὰρ Αἰθιοπῶν ἄμαχον γένος· οὐδὲ κεν ἄλλοι
 ὦδε γενειήσειαν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων·
 Μάρνανται δὲ κεραύνῳ ἐοικότες, ὃν τε Κρονίων
 Ἐκ νεφέων προέηκεν, ὑπήνηται βασιλῆης·
 Ἄλλὰ τιν' σὺ δύναμαι θέμεν ἔκκλησιν κατὰ θυμὸν
 Ἥματος, ᾧ στρατὸς ἦλθε φέρων θάνατόν τε φόβον τε
 Ὡχρὸς, βαρβαρόφωνος, ἄν' ὄρχηστραν πτολέμοιο,
 Ὡς ὅποτε πλήθων πόταμος πεδίοιςδε κάτεισι·
 Ἦρχε δὲ Φέρνανδρος, σταῦρος δ' ὑπὲρ οὐλον ἐνευεν.
 Αἰχμητῶν ὄχ' ἄριστε, Γομέρσαλες, ἱππότ' ἄμυμον,
 Ὅς κρατείεις Στροφίοιο καὶ Ἑκτορος ἱπποκορυστοῦ,
 Χρὼς τρέπεται πάντεσσιν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ἐυρυάγυιαν
 Αἰθιοπῶν, ἐπειη κῦδός σέθεν οὐατα βάλλει."
 Τὸν δὲ χολωτοῖσιν προσέφη κρείων ἐπέεσσιν·
 "Ὅψαι ἀνδρα, γέρον, τὸν δαίμονι ἴσον ἔχεσκες·
 Παρθενικῆς δ' οἷω χρὸς ὠχρότερόν νιν ἔσεσθαι,
 Δεσμῷ γὰρ κρατερῷ δεδέται τρισκαίδεκα μῆνας.
 Ἄλλ' ἄγετ', ὄφρα ἰδώμεθ' ἀρῆίφιλον πτολεμίστην."
 Ὡς ἔφατ' ὀχθήσας· τοὶ δ' οὐκ ἀπίθησαν ἀνακτι·

Then they brought the Gomersalez, and they led the
warrior in ;
Weak and wasted seemed his body, and his face was
pale and thin ;
But the ancient fire was burning, unallayed, within his eye,
And his step was proud and stately, and his look was
stern and high.

Scarcely from tumultuous cheering could the galleried
crowd refrain,
For they knew Don Gomersalez and his prowess in the
plain ;
But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons
in steel,
So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

“Wherefore, monarch, hast thou brought me from the
dungeon dark and drear,
Where these limbs of mine have wasted in confinement
for a year ?
Dost thou lead me forth to torture ?—Rack and pincers
I defy !
Is it that thy base grotesques may behold a hero die ?”

“Hold thy peace, thou Christian caitiff, and attend to
what I say !
Thou art called the starkest rider of the Spanish cur’s
array :
If thy courage be undaunted, as they say it was of yore,
Thou may’st yet achieve thy freedom,—yet regain thy
native shore.

“Courses three within this circus ’gainst my warriors
shalt thou run,
Ere yon weltering pasteboard ocean shall receive yon
muslin sun ;
Victor—thou shalt have thy freedom ; but if stretched
upon the plain,
To thy dark and dreary dungeon they shall hale thee
back again.”

Τὸν δὲ Γομερσάλε' ἦγον· ὁ δ' ἦιεν αἰὲν ἄκιυς,
 Ἥπέδανος· χροὰ δ' ὠχρὸς ἔην, καὶ λεπτὸς ἰδεσθαι
 Ἀλλὰ δυ' ὀφθάλμῳ πυρὶ λάμπετον ὥς τὸ πάρος περ
 Στῇ δ' ἄρ' ὑποδρα ἰδὼν, ποσὶν εὖ διαβὰς κρατερῶσιν.
 Τοὺς δὲ "θεοὺς" κραυγῆς τε βοῆς τ' ἔρος ἔμπεσε θυμῷ,
 Ἄνδρὸς γὰρ κρατερῶν θεοεἰκελα ᾗδεσαν ἔργα
 Ἄμ πέδιον· πάντας δὲ κατὰ φρένα χαλκοχιτώνων
 Μυρμιδόνων φόβος ἔσκε καὶ ὠμηστοῦ βασιλῆος·
 Μῆλα δὲ Φαιήκων σιγῇ βάλλον, ἀνδρα σέβοντες.
 Τοῖσι δὲ καὶ μετέειπε Γομερσάλεος μένος ἦψ·
 "Τίπτε μ', ἀναξ, δέσμοιο δυσηλεγέος τ' ἀπο φάτνης
 Ἐλκεθ', ὅπου φθινύθω πανέτη χρόνον ἀχνύμενος κῆρ·
 Ἥ μ' ἄγετ' ἐς βάσανον; κακοδαίμονες, οὐ μέλειταί μοι
 Κέντρα τροχοί τ'. Ἥ πού τι λιλαίεσθ', ἀγροιώται,
 Ἐκ θύμον πνέιοντος ἰδεῖν ἥρωος ὄλεθρον."
 Τὸν δὲ χολωτοῖσιν προσέφη κρείων ἐπέεσσιν
 "Κύντατ'· ἀναιδείην ἐπιειμενε, μηδὲν ἔτ' εἰπεῖν
 Ἴπποδάμων ὃχ ἄριστος Ἰβήρων εὐχεται εἶναι,
 Εἰ δ' ἔτι σοι κρατερή τε βίη καὶ χεῖρες ἔπονται
 Νοστήσεις οἰκονδε φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.
 Ἀλλ' ἄγε, πρὶν δύσασθαι ὑπ' Ὀκείανοιο λόετρα
 Βύβλινα φέγγος τοῦτο λινόπτερου Ἑλίοιο
 Ἴπποσύνη μαρνώμεθ'· ἐὰν δὲ τρὶς ἀνδρας ἀγαῖους
 Νικήσης, σὴν γαῖαν ἐπόψεαι· ἦν δὲ κρατήθης
 Ἄψ ἀπονοστήσεις ἀέκων εἰς δέσματα λυγρά."

“Give me but the armour, monarch, I have worn in
many a field,
Give me but my trusty helmet, give me but my dinted
shield;
And my old steed, Bavioca, swiftest courser in the ring,
And I rather should imagine that I'll do the business,
King!”

Then they carried down the armour from the garret
where it lay,
O! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn
away:
And they led out Bavioca from a foul and filthy van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dogs'-meat
man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whinnied
loud and free,
And in token of subjection, knelt upon each broken knee;
And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's eyelids rose,
As he fondly picked a bean-straw from his coughing
courser's nose.

“Many a time, O Bavioca, hast thou borne me through
the fray!
Bear me but again as deftly through the listed ring this
day;
Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come
to pass,
Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were sent to
grass!”

Then he seized his lance, and vaulting in the saddle
sate upright;
Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the mailed
knight;
And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish lady—
“Five to four on Don Fernando!” cried the sable-
bearded Cadi.

Τὸν δ' ἡμέλβειτ' ἔπειτα Γομερσάλιδης μεγαλήτωρ·
 “Αἶ κεν ὀπάξῃ τις μοι τεύχεα παμφανόωντα,
 Πιστὴν τε κυνέην, στυφελιζομένην τε βοείην
 “Ἴππων τε Βαφίηκον ἀελλοπόδων δ' ἄριστον,
 ‘Ρηιδίως τόδε ἔργον ὁτομαι ἐκτολοπέυσειν.”
 Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ἐκ θαλάμοιο φόρεσκον τεύχεα καλὰ·
 Δὴ τότε γ' ἤδη κεῖτο πίνυ πεπαλαγμένα πάντη·
 Ἐκ τε δυσώδεος ἦγον ἀμάξης ἵππον ἄριστον·
 Αἰθίοπες γὰρ ἐ δῶκαν, ἐπεὶ λάβον ἄξιον ὦνον,
 Αἰλούροισι βόσιν κυσὶ τ' ὠμήστεσσι φορῆναι.
 Ὅξέα δὲ χρεμέτιζεν, ἐπεὶ πρόμον εἶδεν ἄριστον,
 Πρόχυν πεσὼν ποτὶ γυῖα ἐάγοτα, φωτὸς ἀγασθεῖς,
 “Ἴππος, ὁ δ' ἐκ ῥίνος μάλα περ βήσσοντος ἀνάγκη
 Κάρφος ἐλὼν, μέγα δάκρυ βάλεν ποτὶ γαῖαν ὀδυρθεῖς,
 Ὡς ὅτε δὴ κάρυν ποτὶ γῆν βάλεν ἴς ἀνέμοιο.
 “Χαῖρε μοι ὦ Βαφίηκε σὺ γάρ μ' ἐφόρεις μάλα πολλὰ
 Ἄμ πέδιον· νῦν δ' αὖθι μ' ἀνὰ πτολέμοιο γεφύρας
 Ποσσὶ φέροις κρατέοντ'· εἰ δ' ὥσπερ ὁτομαι αὐτὸς
 Πάσας σάρκας ὄλεσσαν ἄλῃ τ' ἀκομιστιή τε
 “Ἦδη χρή τινα νῶι μεθιέμεναι πολέμοιο.”
 Ἦρα καὶ ἔγχος ἐλὼν, κραιπνῶς τ' ἐπτάλμενος ἵππου
 Ὀρθὸς ἐήν, ἀδάμαντι δ' εἰοίκεσαν ἵππος ἀνὴρ τε·
 Αἰθιόπων δὲ γυναικες ἐπιάχον ἄνδρ' ὀρώσσαι·
 Φῆ δ' ὁ μελαμπώγων βασιλεὺς “περὶ φωτὸς ἄριστου
 “Ἐπτα* πρὸς ἕξ τριπόδων περιδώσομαι ἡέ λεβήτων.”

* Ignoscas mihi precor, Lector mathematice, quod verba “Five to four,” parum accurate ἔπτα πρὸς ἕξ reddidi. Cæterum alias lectiones ‘lepore tinctas Epico,’ ex conjecturâ amici adjicio—

- (1) εἰδ' ἄγε νῦν πᾶσιν μεττίειπεν ὁ κυανοπώγων
 θείην δωδεκάβοια κ' ἔγωγ', ὁδὲ κ' ἐννεάβοια
 εἰ μὴ νίκη φαίνεται ἀμύμονος Ἀλφόνδωνος
- (2) εἰ δ' ἄγε νῦν περιδώμεθ' ἔγωγε δὲ κε πέντε τέλαιντα
 τέσσαρα δ' ἄλλοι ἀνὴρ θείη.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the listed space,
Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the prous Alhambra
race :

Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the foremost
straight went down,

Tumbling, like a sack of turnips, just before the jeering
Clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed him to
the King,

And his saddle-girths were tightened by the Master of
the Ring ;

Through three blazing hoops he bounded ere the despe-
rate fight began—

Don Fernando ! bear thee bravely !—'tis the Moor Ab-
dorrhoman !

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the sul-
phurous sky,

Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the sawdust
fly ;

And the Moslem spear sostiffly smote on Don Fernando's
mail,

That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavieca's tail :

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped it
hard and fast,

And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman bounded
past ;

And the deadly stroke descended through the skull and
through the brain,

As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut in twain.

Sore astonished was the monarch, and the Moorish
warriors all,

Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld his
brethren fall ;

And the Clown, in haste arising from the footstool where
he sat,

Notified the first appearance of the famous Acrobat ;

Τρεῖς δ' Ἀλκαντηρῆς ἀπ' εὐκτιμένου πτολιέθρου,
 Ἦσαν εἰς τὸν ἀγῶνα μεγασθενέες βασιλῆες,
 Εὐχόμενοι μάλα πάντες Ἀλαμβραῖοι γένος εἶναι·
 Ἴαχε δὲ σάλπιγξ, θεὸν ἵπποι, ὁ δ' ἤυτε σάκτης
 Γογγυλίδων πέσ' ἔραζε, μέγας μεγαλωστί τανυσθεὶς
 Θερσίτου παρὰ ποσσὶν· ἀνὴρ δ' ἔπι δεύτερος ἦλθεν
 Ἑσσυμένος, καὶ νεύσεν ἀγασσάμενος βασιλῆος·
 Ἴππου δὲ ζωστήρας ἄναξ βραβέων ἐπέδησεν
 Αὐτὸς· ὁ δ' αὐτε τροχούς διὰ τρεῖς πυρὶ παμφανόωντας
 Ἦλατο, πρὶν μαχέσασθαι ἐν αἰνῇ διοτῆτι·
 Εὖχεο πᾶσι θεοῖσι, Γομέρσαλες, ἐξαλέασθαι
 Ἀβδωρωμᾶιον φθισίμβροτον, ὄζον Ἄρηος.
 Ὡς δ' ὅτε πῦρ ἐλάσῃ δίδυμον στεροπηγερέτα Ζεὺς,
 Ἄνδρε δῶα ξυνίτην, ὑπὸ δὲ σφίσιν ὤρτο κόνιη·
 Τοῦ δὲ Γομερσαλίδεω στῆθος βάλεν ἵππότ' ἀμύμων
 Ἐγχει, ὁ δ' εἰς οὐραν κλίνθη καλλίτριχος ἵππου
 Ὡςτὲ μεθυσκόμενος κορύνην δ' ἐν χειρὶ παχείῃ,
 Μάρψε σιδηρεῖην, στιβαρῶς δ' ὄγε πάλλ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων·
 Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀνὴρ ἐν δαιτὶ μέγαν βάλανον κατέαξεν
 Ῥαιστήρι ροπάλῳ θ', ὁ δὲ γ' ἄνδιχα πᾶς ἐκεάσθη,
 Ὡς τοῦδ' ἐγκέφαλος τε καὶ ὅσπερ πάντ' ἐκεάσθη.
 Αἰθίοπες δὲ, καὶ αὐτὸς ἄναξ τρέσαν εἰσοροῶντες·
 Ἄλλ' οὐδ' ὥς ὁ τρίτος γε, καὶ ἀχνύμενος περ ἑταίρου,
 Τάρβησεν κήρυξ δ', ἀπὸ θρήνοος ἔκτε θοώκου
 Ὅρθος ἀνάλξας, φωνῇ κήρυσσε λυγείῃ
 Ἀκροβάτων τὸν ἄριστον ἐφειστάναι οὐδέ τιν' ἄλλον.

Never on a single charger rides that stout and stalwart Moor,—

Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the trembling floor ;

Five Arabians, black as midnight—on their necks the rein he throws,

And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of his toes.

Never wore that chieftain armour ; in a knot himself he ties,

With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of his thighs,

Till the petrified spectator asks, in paralysed alarm,

Where may be the warrior's body,—which is leg, and which is arm ?

“Sound the charge !” The coursers started ; with a yell and furious vault,

High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous somersault ;

O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball he sprung,
Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the crupper hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out its jewelled sheath,

And he stuck the Moor so fiercely, as he grappled him beneath,

That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the folds of fat,

And as dead as Julius Cæsar dropped the Gordian Acrobat.

Meanwhile fast the sun was sinking—it hath sunk beneath the sea,

Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the three ;

And Al-Widdicomb, the monarch, pointed, with a bitter smile,

To the deeply-darkening canvass ;—blacker grew it all the while.

Κεῖνος ἀνὴρ οὐπώποτ' ἐν' εὐχεται ἵππον ἐλαύνειν,
 Πέντε πέλωρα βιβῶν, δαπέδου τρομέοντος ἐλαύνει,
 Πέντ' Ἀράβων πώλους οὓς γείνατο νυξ ἑρεβεννή
 Οἷη· τῶν δ' ὑπὲρ αὐχέν' ὄγ' ἦνια σιγαλόεντα
 Ῥίψ'. ὁ δὲ δεξίτερος καὶ ἀρίστερος ἰθύντεσσι
 Ποσσὶ πεποιθὼς ἵππος, ἐὺτροχον εἷσατ' ἀγῶνα.
 Οὐποτε κεῖνος ἀνὴρ θωρήσεται αἰθοπι χαλκῷ·
 Αὐτὸς δ' αὐτὸν ἔδησεν ἐνὶ γναμπτοῖσι μέλεσσιν
 Ὅφρ' ὃ γε λαὸς εἶπε, τεθηπῶς ἤυτε νεβρόε,
 "Ποῦ χεῖρ, ποῦ δὲ πόδες, ποῦ δ' αὖ δέμας ἀνδρὸς
 ἀγαυοῦ;"

Ἴπποι δ' ἀμφοτέρωθεν, ἐπεὶ σάλπυγξ ἐγεγώνει,
 Ἦξαν· ὁ δ' Αἰθιοπῶν ἵππεὺς ἀνακυμβαλιάζων,
 Δεινὰ βοῶν πῆδησε, Γομερσάλεος δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων,
 Σφαίρῃ βαλλομένη ἐπιείκελος, ἄλτο κάθ' ἵππου
 Νῶτ', ἔχε δὲ ζωστήρα λαβὼν χερσὶ στιβαρῇσιν.
 Ἄλλ' ὁ Γομερσαλίδης κολέου παρὰ παμφανόωντος
 Εἶλκ' ἐγχειρίδιον, τὸν δ' ἀκρόβατον σκέδον οὔτα
 Χεὶρὶ λαβὼν, δημῷ δε Δαμάσκιος ἀμφεκαλύφθη
 Χαλκός· ὁ δ' ἐς γαῖαν πέσεν, ἥδ' Αἰδοσδε βεβήκει.
 Ὡς ὁλόης ὑπὸ χεῖρὸς Ἰούλιος ἤριπε Καῖσαρ.
 Ἐν δ' ἔπες· Ὡκεάνφ λαμπρὸν φάος ἡλείοιο
 Πρὶν τρίτον ἐν κονίῃσι δαμασθέντ' ἄνδρα μιγῆναι·
 Σαρδάνιον δὲ γέλασσε, μέλαν λίνον ὥς ἐνόησε,
 Αἰθιοπῶν βασιλεὺς· ἐπὶ δ' ἤλυθε νύξ ἑρεβεννή·

"Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou hast not kept thy time;
Only two had sunk before thee ere I heard the curfew chime;
Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou may'st be wondrous glad
That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to-day, my lad!

"Therefore all thy boasted valour, Christian dog, of no avail is!"
Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando Gomersalez;—
Stiffly sate he in his saddle, grimly looked around the ring,
Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his gauntlet at the King.

"O, thou foul and faithless traitor! wouldst thou play me false again?
Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than the captive's chain!
But I give thee warning, caitiff! Look thou sharply to thine eye—
Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall not die!"

Thus he spoke, and Bavioca like an arrow forward flew,
Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to let the hero through;
Brightly gleamed the lance of vengeance—fiercely sped the fatal thrust—
From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled lifeless in the dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavioca! speed thee faster than the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase behind!

“Αἰθιοῶπων τρεῖς ἄνδρας ἀπέκτανες, ἀλλὰ πεσοῦσα

Ἐφθη νύξ, πρὶν γάρ σε τρίτον φῶτ' ἐξεναρίζαι

Κώδων μακρὸν αὔσε, μέλας δ' ἐπὶ Ἑσπερος ἦλθε.

Δαιμόνι', ἄψ ἔς δεσμὸν ἀπάξσαι· εἰ δ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων

Νῦν κεφαλὴ σοι ἔτ' ἐστι θεῶν χάρις, οἷά μ' ἔοργας·

Τῷ σὺ, κύν, κρατερός περ ἔων οὐ πότμον ἀλύξεις.”

Ἦ ῥα, καὶ ὥς ὅτε νύξ σκιάσῃ, ξεῖδωρον ἄρουραν,

Τὼς ὀφρῦς σκιάωντο Γομερσαλίδας ἄνακτος.

Ἐξέτο δ' ὀρθὸς ἰδεῖν, δόρυ δ' ἐς προβολὴν κατέκλινεν,

Πάντας ὑπόδρα ἰδὼν, χειρὶδὰ τε σείε βοεῖην,

Ἦπειλῆσε δ' ἄνακτα χολωτοῖσιν ἐπέεσσιν

· “Ὡμοι· κύντατ', ἄπιστε, σύ μ' αὖ φρένας ἡπεροπεύεις ;

Ἀλλὰ λαβὼν μ' ἐκ θυμὸν ἐλοῦ, τὰ δὲ βούλειαι ἄλλα

Πήματα προσθεῖναι· δεσμῶν δ' οὐ γεύσομαι αὐθις·

Τοὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν ἐρέω, μελέτω δέ τοι ὅσσε φυλάσσειν,

Οὐ γὰρ ὀπλιζόμενόν γε φόνου μ' ἄτερ ἐξεναρίζεις.”

Ἦ ῥα μαι ὥς βέλος ὀξὺ θοῶς Βαφίηκον ἐλαύνει,

Πάντοθε δ' Αἰθιοῶπων στίχες ἠρώησαν ὀπίσσω

Ἑσσυμένως· βασιλεὺς δ' ὑψίζυγος ἐν κονίησι

Κάππεσεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ θάνατος χύτο θυμοραιστής.

Σπεύδε λιγὴν Βαφίηκε θααῖς ἀτάλαντος ἀέλλαις,

Πρόσθε γὰρ ἡδέα πάντα, διώκουσ' ἄνδρες ὀπίσσω

Ἐχθιστοι, βροτόλοιγοι· ἄν' ὀκρυόεντα πέταυρον

Σπεύδέ μοι, ἡ πτελέη πόντον στονόεντα γεφυρῶι

Speed thee up the sloping spring-board ; o'er the bridge
that spans the seas ;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of
canvass trees.

Close before thee, Pampeluna spreads her painted paste-
board gate !
Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee with thy
knightly freight !
Victory ! The town receives them !—Gentle ladies, this
the tale is,
Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando Gomer-
salez.

Μήνη ἐϋννητος διὰ βύσσινον ἡγεμονεύσει
Ἄλσος, ἀνακλίνουσι φίλοι Πομπαιοπολῖται
Βυβλοποιητῶν σανίδας καὶ ὀχῆα πυλαῶν·
Σπένδετέ μοι πῶλων ὄχ' ἄριστέ, καὶ ἵππότ' ἄμυμον·
Τείχεος ἔνδον ἔασιν· ἐπευφημεῖτε γυναῖκες,
Ἦδη γὰρ πάντ' εἶπον ὅσ' Ἀστλείων ἐν ἀρίστων
Ἴπποδρόμῳ ῥέζεσκε Γομερσαλίδης κλυτόπωλος.

ὁ Κυλίνδων.



OUR CHRONICLE.

TEN years have now elapsed since the first number of *The Eagle* was published, and the flourishing state of the subscription list shows how well the interest in its production has been maintained. The ancient bird has now moulted, and reappears in new and gorgeous plumage; henceforth too its swoop will be unerring, for its flight will be surely *directed*; in other words, the Editors have determined to inaugurate the commencement of the present volume by making considerable improvements in the typographical and publishing arrangements. A still further alteration is contemplated in the 'Chronicle,' which will, it is hoped, make the Magazine of greater interest to non-resident members of the College. The Committee trust that all members of the College will support them, both by subscriptions and contributions, in their efforts to render *The Eagle* worthy of the noble eyrie whence it wings its flight.

The vacancy in the Editorial committee caused by the retirement of Mr. T. Moss, has been filled up by the election of Mr. G. W. Forrest. Mr. E. H. Palmer has been appointed Secretary in place of Mr. A. S. Wilkins, resigned.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College, on Monday, November 4 :

Rev. William Allen Whitworth, M.A. (B.A., 1862), 16th Wrangler.

Rev. Erasmus James Sutherland Rudd, M.A. (B.A., 1863), 26th Wrangler; 15th first class Classical Tripos.

Edwin Hill, B.A. (1866), bracketed 5th Wrangler.

John Bailey Haslam, B.A. (1866), 35th Wrangler; bracketed 4th in first class Classical Tripos.

William Francis Smith, B.A. (1866), 2nd in first class Classical Tripos.

Henry George Hart, B.A. (1866), 7th in first class Classical Tripos.

John Edwin Sandys, B.A. (1867), Senior Classic.

Edward Henry Palmer, B.A. (1867), 8th in third class Classical Tripos (for proficiency in Oriental languages).

Sir John Herschel, the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and Sir Thomas Watson, one of Her Majesty's physicians, have been elected Honorary Fellows of the College.

The living of Fulbourn has become vacant by the decease of the Rev. Samuel Standidge Walton, M.A., late Fellow of the College.

The living of Lilley in Hertfordshire has become vacant by the death of the Rev. Miles Bland, late Fellow of the College.

The following account of one of the oldest members of the University may not prove uninteresting to some of our readers.

Miles Bland came up to St. John's College in October, 1804. He and Adam Sedgwick, our Professor of Geology, had been school-fellows at Sedburgh, and they commenced residence together as Freshmen. Private tuition at Cambridge was in those days little known, but in the Long Vacation Bland had the advantage of instruction from a tutor of whom he always spoke with affection as Johnnie Dawson. Dawson was a retired surgeon of Sedburgh, known to his poorer neighbours by many a gratuitous service which he would do to them, but known to Cambridge men as the great private tutor of his day. Men went to read with him in the Vacations, and sent problems to him from Cambridge for his solutions. Bland was wont to say that Dawson had had eleven Senior Wranglers for pupils, and intended him to be the twelfth; but he was second to Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale; Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of London, being third. Bland was elected Fellow of his College in the year in which he took his degree, 1808, was appointed Assistant Tutor in 1809, and continued in the tuition, first as Assistant Tutor, and afterwards as joint Tutor with Hornbuckle, till 1823, when he took the College living of Lilley, in Hertfordshire, and married. There were those who owed everything in life to the counsel and care which they received from him at College. During his residence at Cambridge he had been active in the University as well as in his College. Strong Tory as he always was, he took a prominent part in the famous election of November, 1822, in which Banks was returned for

the University as an opponent of Roman Catholic Emancipation. Bland resided at Lilley, till failing health obliged him to seek change of climate at Ramsgate. After some years he returned to Lilley, but was obliged again to leave it, and resided ever after at Ramsgate till his death, which took place at the age of 81 years. He never held any other preferment than his living, except a prebend at Wells, little more than honorary, to which he was presented by Bishop Law. He published a collection of Geometrical Problems, another of Mechanical, a treatise on Hydrostatics, and a collection of Algebraical Problems, known as *Bland's Equations*, which passed through many editions. He drew up also Annotations on the Historical Books of the New Testament, but did not proceed with the publication of them beyond the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. The name of Miles Bland will carry back the thoughts of Cambridge men to days long antecedent to the memories of almost all of them. When he came up to College, Porson was Professor of Greek, Pennington of Physic, Farish of Chemistry, Vince of Astronomy, Milner was Lucasian Professor, Craven was Arabic Reader; Parke and Pryme were Middle Bachelors; Kaye, Monk, and Dobree were Commencing Bachelors; Turton, Pollock, Hustler, and Haviland were Undergraduates. Of Bland's own year, there remain resident among us Dr. Clark, late Professor of Anatomy, and Professor Sedgwick, still lecturing in buoyant old age. Always a *laudator temporis acti*, Bland would speak with pride of the men of older times, and say, "There were giants in the earth in those days." He died of old age, without suffering, and in unclouded mental vigour, on a day which to a man of his strong affection for his College and for Cambridge, had brought always recollections of old friends, December 27th, St. John's day.

The Rev. G. A. Selwyn, D.D., Bishop of New Zealand, has recently been promoted to the Bishopric of Lichfield. Dr. Selwyn was educated at Eton, whence he proceeded to this College, and took his B.A. degree in 1831, being second in the 1st class Classical Tripos and 21st Junior Optime in the Mathematical Tripos. He then became Pastor of the Parish Church of Windsor, and in 1841 was created first Bishop of New Zealand. This see, though it has since been sub-

divided, then embraced the entire colony. The new Bishop received a most enthusiastic ovation in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Tuesday, the 13th of December, at a general meeting in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

The Rev. W. Drake, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Coventry, and Honorary Canon of Worcester Cathedral, has been appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary to Her Majesty.

Mr. J. E. Sandys, B.A., has been appointed classical lecturer in place of the Rev. H. R. Bailey, M.A., resigned.

The Naden Divinity Studentship has been adjudged to the Rev. W. E. Pryke, B.A., and the Fry's Hebrew Scholarship to the Rev. W. Covington, B.A.

The undermentioned gentlemen were on June 15th, elected Foundation Scholars of the College:

Haslam, S.
Holditch
Lloyd
Obbard
Sparkes
Watson, Frederick

Boutflower
Drake
Hallam
Lee Warner
Smith, G.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term, have been:

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling.
Treasurer: J. Watkins.
Secretary: A. J. Finch.
1st Captain: J. M. Collard.
2nd Captain: F. A. Macdona.
3rd Captain: J. W. Dale.
4th Captain: E. L. Pearson.

J. W. Dale and J. M. Collard rowed No. 3 and stroke respectively of one of the University trial eights. Mr. Collard's boat was easily beaten by 3 lengths on Monday, December 2. The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, November 16. In the Time Race, the following boat won by 7 seconds.

- 1 A. W. Lambert
 - 2 E. L. Pearson
 - 3 W. Almack
- C. W. Bourne (*stroke*)
H. Stokes (*Cox.*)

The University Fours took place on Monday, November 11, and Tuesday, November 12. The Lady Margaret Boat was in the first time race, the Emmanuel Boat, however, being ultimately successful. The Lady Margaret crew was composed as follows :

- 1 C. W. Bourne
- 2 J. W. Dale
- 3 E. Carpmael
- J. M. Collard (*stroke*)
- J. T. Welldon (*Cox.*)

The Colquhoun Sculls were rowed for on Thursday, November 21, and following days: the winner was Mr. Wright of 1st Trinity.

The Pearson and Wright Challenge Sculls were rowed on Tuesday the 19th of November. In the Time Race, the three following started: J. W. Bakewell, F. Baynes, and J. Watkins. After a good race between the two first, Mr. Baynes won by about 5 seconds. Mr. Watkins not a good third.

In the Rifle Corps, in consequence of the resignation of Lieut. Lyman, the following promotions have been made: Ensign Wace to be Lieutenant, Sergeant Sparkes to be Ensign.

The College challenge cup was shot for on December 4th, and was won by Lance-Corporal J. Noon.

At the same time a match was shot against No. 1 Company, the result being that No. 2 Company won, by 29 points. The representatives of No. 2 Company were Capt. Roe, Lieut. Wace, Sergt. Braithwaite, Sergt. Ashe, Lance-Corp. Noon, Private Bakewell, Private Hey, and Private Ryder.

The Officers' pewter for the present term has been won by Private H. Howlett.

In the returns for the year just ended, No. 2 company has 34 efficient, 24 extra efficient, and 12 marksmen.

The Foot Ball Club have played six matches this term with various success. These matches have been against the Eton club, the King's College club, the Wanderers; and return matches have also been played with Eton, with Emmanuel College, and with Jesus College.

The works at the New Chapel are progressing rapidly towards completion. The entire stone work, with the exception of the two crosses on the gables of the ante-chapel and the carving of the grand doorway, is finished. The tower is also completed, the last pinnacle having been set by Mr. Powell, M.P. on the 12th of December.

At a Committee Meeting of the "Stained Glass Window Fund," held in Mr. C. Taylor's rooms on May 6th, Mr. J. E. Sandys was elected President in the place of Rev. H. W. Moss; Mr. W. Lee Warner was elected Secretary in the place of Mr. H. G. Hart; and Mr. W. Hoare was appointed Deputy Treasurer.

The following gentlemen were added to the general committee:

F. Baynes
T. Bainbridge
W. Hoare

A. C. D. Ryder
J. Noon
W. B. Wilson

At a meeting held in Mr. Sandys' rooms on December 3rd, arrangements were made for the further increase of the staff of collectors. In accordance with these arrangements, the following gentlemen have accepted office, and will enter on their duties at the beginning of next term.

A. Foster (in the place of T. Bainbridge, resigned).
F. W. C. Haslam.
F. Savage.
W. F. Steele.
H. Whittington.

The money hitherto invested in the Indian Five per Cents has been sold out at a considerable advantage. The sum of £1000 has thus been transferred to the treasurer, and is held by him at the same rate of interest. All subsequent subscriptions will continue to be invested from time to time in the Indian Five per Cents.

The Committee avail themselves of this opportunity to express a confident hope, that the loyal enthusiasm of those who have just joined our numbers will in no single respect fall short of that which has, in previous years, been displayed with reference to our new College Chapel, and that the prospect of an almost immediate enjoyment of the results of the munificence of our latest benefactors, will lead every one to be proud of having

a share, however small, in enhancing the beauty of that chapel, and to respond with a hearty liberality to the appeal that will be made in the course of the ensuing term.

Errata in last *Eagle* as to Chapel Window subscriptions:

Omitted, W. B. Hopper, £3 3s. For H. M. Mansfield, £2 2s. read H. M. Mansfield, £3 3s. J. W. Horne, £3 3s., repeated twice.

The following circular has been lately issued:

"It has been felt by many of the pupils and friends of the late Rev. A. V. Hadley, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge, that his services to the College deserve some permanent memorial, by means of which they might record their affection and esteem for his many amiable and excellent qualities, and their regret for his untimely death.

"It has appeared to them that these feelings could best be perpetuated by a Memorial in the New Chapel, such as a Window of Stained Glass, or some other form of monument. The exact nature of this must in a great measure depend upon the sum that can be raised; in the mean time the undernamed gentlemen have formed themselves into a Committee to invite contributions for this object, and they trust that all those will subscribe, who have in past times benefited by his kindly counsel, earnest labours, and sincere friendship; so that they may be enabled to pay due honour to the name of one who, though cut off in the very prime of life, had yet done workman's service to his generation.

F. S. POWELL, Esq., M.A., M.P.
 Rev. T. G. BONNEY, B.D.
 Rev. T. B. ROWE, M.A.
 J. E. GORST, Esq., M.A., M.P.
 Rev. A. FREEMAN, M.A.
 Rev. E. W. BOWLING, M.A.
 W. P. HIERN, Esq., M.A., *Treasurer*.
 P. T. MAIN, Esq., M.A.
 A. MARSHALL, Esq., B.A.
 Rev. E. HILL, B.A.
 Rev. J. PULLIBLANK, B.A.
 J. E. SANDYS, Esq., B.A.
 E. H. PALMER, Esq., B.A.
 W. ALMACK, Esq.
 S. HASLAM, Esq.
 E. L. PEARSON, Esq., and
 Rev. W. E. PRYKE, B.A., *Secretary*.

"Subscriptions may be paid to the account of the 'Hadley Memorial Fund,' Messrs. Mortlocks' Bank, Cambridge, or at Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's, London, to the "Hadley Memorial Fund" account with Messrs. Mortlock and Co.; and Post Office Orders may be made payable to the Treasurer, W. P. Hiern, Esq., St. John's College, Cambridge."

The following is a list of the subscriptions :

	£.	s.	d.
W. Almack, Esq.	-	-	2 0 0
Rev. Prof. Churchill Babington, M.A.	-	-	2 2 0
Rev. H. R. Bailey, M.A.	-	-	5 0 0
T. H. Beach, Esq., M.A.	-	-	3 3 0
Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D.	-	-	5 0 0
Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.	-	-	5 0 0
Rev. W. H. Brayshaw, B.A.	-	-	2 2 0
T. K. Bros, Esq.	-	-	2 2 0
Rev. C. S. Cutler, M.A.	-	-	1 1 0
Rev. E. S. Dewick, B.A.	-	-	5 0 0
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HENRY FIELDING.

NO department of literature seems at the present day more popular among all classes than that of Prose Fiction. This no doubt may partly be explained by the fact that of all the family of light literature the novel was, in England at least, the latest born, and has therefore not yet lost for us the charm of freshness. Romances have indeed existed for many years among us, the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney being I think the first original prose composition of this description in English. But these romances were narratives of chivalric or supernatural events, recited in a lofty historical tone without any attempt at delicate delineation of character in the agents, or at portraying in ordinary language the social life of the day. This was the task reserved for the novel introduced by Henry Fielding about the middle of the last century. I say introduced by Fielding, for the only works of the same description that existed before he published his first novel were *Robinson Crusoe* by Defoe, and *Pamela* by Samuel Richardson.* The first of these can hardly be said to come under the definition usually now received of a novel. There is no attempt in it at delineation of character, and there is no society to be described. It is simply a tale narrating in plain unaffected language the

* That is, if we disregard such books as *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, &c., which Defoe produced in such quantities, and in which the majority of the characters are a set of wretches whose sayings and doings would be more fitted to grace the columns of the Newgate calendar, than to find a permanent place in the literature of a country.

solitary adventures and sufferings of a common seaman. Twelve years afterwards Richardson published *Pamela*, a work certainly more nearly approaching the modern novel, but with this difference, the author never once appears throughout the whole course of the book. There is nowhere any attempt at any sort of description in it. The story is told entirely by letters supposed to be written by the different agents in it, and the consequence is, it is tediously unfolded, while with regard to the characters of the agents, we have, unaided by the author, to make them out for ourselves from their own letters. This is a slow and clumsy method of narration, to say nothing of the improbability of any people, however good correspondents they might be, writing letters voluminous enough to acquaint us with all the details of a long story, or honest enough to let us into all the intricacies of their own characters. In the following year Fielding came before the world with his novel of *Joseph Andrews*, which may fairly be said to have been the first English novel, using the word in the sense in which it is now ordinarily received, and from this time may be dated the rise of that class of literature that has remained so universally popular down to the present day.

Before proceeding to discuss the merits of Fielding's works it may not be uninteresting to bestow a passing glance on the history of his life, and see in what schools he had qualified himself for the task he had undertaken.

Henry Fielding was of good family, being the son of General Fielding, one of a younger branch of the house of Denbigh. He was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, in 1707. At Eton, where he was educated, he distinguished himself by remarkable quickness combined with a steady application. It was here that he contracted an intimacy with many boys who were destined in after years to play as men a prominent part in the history of their country. Such were Lord Lyttleton, Fox, Pitt, Sir Charles Hanbury, Williams, and Wilmington. From Eton he went to Leyden, for

the purpose of studying the law under the celebrated Vitriarius. He was recalled thence by the death of his father, who having been an extravagant man of fashion left his affairs in hopeless confusion. Thus the young Fielding, with a nominal income of £200. a-year, which, as he himself remarked, "any body might pay who would," was thrown at the age of twenty entirely on his own resources for a livelihood. It was now that he turned his attention to literature. With the Roman poet he might have said :

Et laris et fundi paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem.

His first attempts in composition were a number of comedies and farces which shew a good deal of vivacity, but also much carelessness and but little talent. They nevertheless pleased the public, and by the sale of such pieces he just managed to keep his head above water. It was while he was thus employed that he made the acquaintance of Garrick, Macklin, and many other celebrities in the theatrical world. In his twenty-seventh year he married Miss Craddock, a lady of great beauty and excellence, to whom he was much attached. With her he received a portion of between one and two thousand pounds, and at about the same time succeeded by the death of his mother to a small estate in Dorsetshire, which brought him in an income of about £200 a-year. He now determined to settle down into a country gentleman, and accordingly retired to his estate, where he turned his attention to farming with apparently but little success. Here he spent three years, sadly out of his element, for the country gentlemen of his day were for the most part rather inferior in education, intelligence, and breeding to the modern farmer. The accomplished man of letters, with his refined manners and love of literary pursuits, naturally cared little for the society of his boorish neighbours, of whom he has given us some highly-finished portraits in the persons of Squire Western, Parson Trulliber, and others of the same

stamp. As little, on the other hand, did these worthies care for one who could not join in their ordinary conversations on the absorbing topic of crops, and who preferred his books to his bottle. Fielding at last gave way, and followed the contemptible example universally set him by his neighbours. He abandoned literary pursuits and gave himself up to the senseless extravagance he saw displayed by all around. Hounds and horses with their concomitant feasting and drunkenness soon wasted his little fortune. About the same time the Haymarket Theatre, in which he had invested his wife's dowry, failed, and he had now again to take to his pen. He returned to London and resumed his study of the law, supporting himself and his family during the time of his probation by his writings. These were chiefly poems and essays. He also wrote many political articles for the public journals, in which he evinced strong liberal and anti-Jacobite views. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, but finding the profession of briefless barrister not a very lucrative one, he soon abandoned it, and resumed that of author.

At last, in 1742, when he was thirty-five years of age, he produced his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*. This was a sort of parody on Richardson's *Pamela*, which had appeared during the previous year. The hero is one Joseph Andrews, who is supposed to be the brother of Richardson's heroine. As the plot of *Pamela* is the successful resistance of a beautiful and innocent young servant girl to the seductions of her rich and fashionable master, to whom by way of a moral, inculcating the reward of virtue, she is eventually married, so her brother Joseph, the hero of Fielding's novel, is a very right-minded young footman who declines to take any notice of the somewhat indelicate advances of his mistress, Lady Booby, who is the mother of Pamela's master. He is in consequence turned out of her house, and the chief part of the book is taken up with the narration of his wanderings about the country with Parson Adams.

The conception of the latter personage is one of the richest in the whole range of literature. His learning, good sense, generosity, and bravery, combined with the most childlike innocence and simplicity, as well as his utter forgetfulness and absence of mind, all go to make up a character we cannot help loving and respecting, even while laughing at its oddities.

This work was shortly followed by *The Journey from this World to the Next* and *The Life of Jonathan Wild the Great*. The first of these is a political satire, which has now lost most of its interest, from the fact of many of its allusions having become obscure, through the lapse of time. The latter work was a satire on the false taste then prevalent in society, and was meant to ridicule the existing ideas of heroism. The life and character of Jonathan Wild, originally a housebreaker, afterwards an informer in the pay of the police, and eventually hanged for receiving stolen goods, are held up for admiration in a tone of irony. The satire is powerful throughout, but the unvarying meanness and falsity of all the principal agents in the story sicken the reader.

About this time Fielding's wife died, and the loss of one he had loved so devotedly threw him into such a paroxysm of grief that fears were at one time entertained for his reason. However, he recovered, and now embracing the Hanoverian cause more warmly than ever, published a number of political pamphlets, and set up the *True Patriot*, a periodical for which he wrote many brilliant articles in defence of Walpole's ministry.

In 1749, through the influence of Lord Lyttleton, he was appointed police magistrate in Westminster. This brought him in an income of £300 a-year, of what he calls "the dirtiest money upon earth." His new duties he discharged with zeal and intelligence. He introduced great reforms in the working of the police, and wrote many able pamphlets on the penal laws, in which he displayed considerable legal knowledge and great

sagacity. During his leisure hours, which must have been few indeed, he composed *Tom Jones*, the completest and most deservedly popular of all his works.

This book is one of the most remarkable of its kind for several reasons. There is an extravagance of fun in the introduction of countless ludicrous incidents, combined with an artistic power of making each of them lead to the ultimate catastrophe. The other great comic novelist of the same age, Tobias Smollett, often fell into the error of introducing incidents amusing in themselves with the mere purpose of raising a laugh, and as soon as this was done he had no further use for them. Hence he often sacrifices the consistency of his characters for a comic effect. Roderick Random, for instance, is as the hero of a book should be, all that could be desired in the way of a young man: brave, handsome, and generous. But if any circumstance arises in which the possession of any of these good qualities in the hero would stand in the way of our enjoying a laugh at him, he is remorselessly transformed into a gawky, cowardly, selfish scoundrel. Fielding's analysis of character was so close and so true that even in his most extravagantly ludicrous scenes he never loses sight of the end he originally had in view, or of the necessity of supporting the unity of his characters, which he does by the introduction of many exquisite little traits, delicate touches as it were in a carefully finished picture. Smollett seizes on some prominent ludicrous idea, makes the most of it and neglects everything else. The result is an amusing caricature. Fielding makes the most of everything, gives nothing undue prominence, and the result is a masterly painting. Besides this there is throughout *Tom Jones* an undercurrent of moral reflection hidden under a mask of irony, which satirizes deeply the follies and vices of the time. Towards all those arising from meanness or falsity of any kind, to which we have given the generic name of humbug, he was especially severe. In the introduction to *Joseph Andrews*, he says,

the only source of the true Ridiculous is affectation, which springs from one of two causes, hypocrisy or vanity, and it is against these two vices that the most piercing shafts of his satire are directed.

It was during his magistracy that he took as his second wife the maid of his former lady, "with whom," he says, "I had frequently bewailed the angel we had lost." In spite of the seeming oddity of the match, she made him a prudent and affectionate wife, and proved an excellent mother to his orphaned children.

In 1751 he published *Amelia*. This work was intended as a tribute of respect to the memory of the virtues of his first wife. The interest of the story is purely domestic, and he has endeavoured in it to give us a picture of his own character in the person of Captain Booth.

In 1754 Fielding's health, which had long been failing, began finally to give way. He was shortly attacked by dropsy, and being ordered to try a warmer climate, sailed for Lisbon, where he died on the 8th of October, 1754, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

In reviewing the character of Fielding as an author, we should be justified in passing over his poems and plays without comment, for it is not on them that his claim to greatness is based. They shew a happy wit, and a graceful ease of expression just saves them from downright mediocrity. His essays and pamphlets on social, legal, and political questions, though they evince considerably greater talent, need not detain us long. They are evidently the work of a well-educated man of enlightened views, who combines with close argument a polished and brilliant style of expression. But, except for the versatility of the genius which shews itself at home in so many different subjects, they can claim no great precedence over the other works of a like nature in his own or the present time. It is in his novels that his greatest excellence lies. And in this species of composition we should not be estimating his

worth too highly if we placed him in the foremost rank, side by side with Sir Walter Scott, and second not even to him.

One great charm that Fielding's novels possess for his fellow-countrymen is that they are so thoroughly *English*. In subject as well as in mode of treatment he is intensely national. Lord Byron remarked of him that he was "the great prose Homer of human nature;" this is true to a certain extent, but he was not so much a cosmopolitan as a national author. Sir Walter Scott seems to me to form a juster estimate of Fielding's genius when he says, "of all works of imagination to which English genius has given origin, those of Henry Fielding are most decidedly and exclusively her own." A close observer of character, he excelled in painting those which were the most strongly marked, for however highly he might colour them he never forgot those lights and shades and little human contradictions which make a character natural. Such is old Squire Western in *Tom Jones*, with his violent temper and sturdy honesty, his ignorance and natural shrewdness, his coarse vulgarity and tender love for his daughter. The plots are all well constructed and artfully conducted, for in spite of his love of the ludicrous he never loses sight of the probable. Each of his incidents have a separate end and object with regard to the rest of the story, and each leads in some degree to the ultimate catastrophe. As throughout the immense variety of his personages he is careful to preserve each character distinct and separate, so in the incidents in which each of them plays his or her part there is no confusion, no inconsistency, but their actions are in unison with their characters, and the whole story is the natural result of their actions. His satire is piercing and well directed, without being savage. The polished brilliance of his keen irony, contrasted with that of Swift, is like the home-thrust of a small sword, compared to the crushing blow of a bludgeon. Both are equally effective in the end, but in the

one a masterly skill and neatness takes the place of ferocity in the other. To give disjointed specimens of his powers, culled at random from the works of such an author as Fielding, must necessarily mar the excellence of the original, for no small portion of this excellence is due to the skill with which everything is introduced in its right place, and the connection carefully sustained throughout the whole work; but one or two instances of his humour I cannot refrain from giving, even at the risk of greatly spoiling their effect. So little is there forced about these strokes of wit that they abound on every page. Here are some I have selected quite at random. A certain Mr. Partridge from the country is supposed to be at the play, where he sees Garrick acting *Hamlet*. The way in which he is carried away by the acting, the reality with which he invests the whole performance, his terror at the ghost, are all admirably told. At last, when the play was ended, "Jones asked him which of the players he had liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, 'The king, without doubt.' 'Indeed, Mr. Partridge,' says Mrs. Miller, 'you are not of the same opinion with the town, for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player that ever was on the stage.' 'He the best player!' cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer, 'why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I were to see a ghost I should look just in the very same manner, and do just as he did. And then to be sure in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any man, that is any good man, that had such a bad mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me, but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor.'" The humour of

making the bumpkin forget that Garrick is only acting, and object to his behaviour because it is only what any other man would naturally do under the same circumstances, is hardly to be surpassed. As an instance of his ironical satire, I would offer a passage in the beginning of *Joseph Andrews*, where, after describing the learning, amiability, and other good qualities of Parson Adams, he says these qualifications "had so much endeared and well recommended him to a bishop, that at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year; which, however, he could not make any great figure with, as he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Many a sly hit, too, does he enjoy in the same book at the author of *Pamela*. The under-bred pomposity and sermonizing style of that young lady are admirably burlesqued in the "good boy" sentiments to which her brother, the young footman, is continually giving vent. Richardson's perpetual straining after fine expressions, and the attempts he makes familiarly to describe the private life of great people, in which he only succeeds in showing how little he knew of them, are satirized in Mrs. Graveair's long-winded story of Leonora. But the cruellest cut of all is where the adorable Pamela herself is introduced at the end of the book, behaving no better than a very snob whose head has been turned by prosperity. Indeed, as Chalmers observes, "she enacts the beggar on horseback in a very superior manner." Richardson is said never to have forgiven this slight to his fascinating heroine. The conceited folly of the so-called wits and men of fashion is the object of repeated attacks, as for instance, in the "Scene of Roasting" in *Joseph Andrews*, and the "Scene of Modern Wit and Humour" in *Amelia*. But perhaps the greatest charm about Fielding's writings is the freshness of his style; there is a breezy out-of-door air about it that contrasts favourably with the stale, stifling atmosphere we seem to breathe in the elaborate and stilted language of the old Romance.

Compared with the other novelists of the last century, Fielding is certainly *facile princeps*. Defoe approaches him in the homely vigour of his style, and his simple yet interesting narration. In delicate delineation of character and conduct of the plot he falls far behind. Richardson's characters certainly are carefully wrought up, but they are stiff and unnatural. They are painted more in the painfully minute style of a Dutch painting than with the masterly Hogarth-like touches of Fielding. Swift in his *Gulliver's Travels* shewed great powers of satire and sustained irony, while the simple and circumstantial way in which he relates impossibilities makes them seem almost probable. But his satire is more like a savage sneer at all mankind than a half-pitying smile at their folly. He never unbends his brows and enjoys a genial laugh of sheer fun, as Fielding constantly does, and he does not attempt to paint a real character. Smollett comes near Fielding in his natural vivid style and love for the ludicrous, but he too fails in reading and reproducing with a tender regard for nature every side of a character, as well as in the skilful combination of his incidents with an eye to the working of his plot. Goldsmith's characters are far more true to nature, but his incidents are improbable and his plot badly conducted.

Two objections brought against Fielding are, his vulgarity and the utter inanity of his heroines. By vulgarity must be meant the indecency of some of his scenes, not the portraying of scenes from low life, for to do this with such a master's hand, and so delicate a regard for nature, cannot be said to be vulgar. Fielding's standard of morality certainly was not high. He seems, if not to justify, at any rate to palliate any offence against decency or virtue, provided it originated in the high spirits of youth, and was accompanied with courage and generosity. But again, on the other hand, he never prefers vice to virtue, though the punishment he awards as the consequence of the vice may not be as

severe as it deserves. In real life we see the vicious man in his temporal affairs thrive as well as the virtuous; and writing, as Fielding did, what professed to be a picture of real life, it would have been unnatural to have wreaked a strict poetic justice on the guilty exactly apportioned to the extent of their offence. He certainly says much outright that the nicety of the modern novelist would only imply, but this is not so much the fault of the man as of the time, writing as he did at a period remarkable for the lowest tone of morality that ever prevailed in England, when the old romantic spirit of chivalry was dead, and modern refinement not yet born.

The second objection seems to me hardly a fair one. His heroines certainly as a rule are uninteresting, but he only represented ladies as he knew them. In those days, before women were admitted to the Universities, and the idea of Female Suffrage had never entered any one's head, the English lady certainly was an inanity. Often virtuous it is true, generally vulgar, but always empty-headed. In reading the correspondence of this time, nothing strikes one so much as the hopeless insipidity of the fair sex among the upper classes. The novelist, then, was hardly to blame if he represented women as they were in his own time. Now, of course, when sternness, prompt resolve, and an unshaken will are so eminently the characteristics of women, our novelists are quite justified in representing ladies pushing their husbands down wells, and performing other feats of muscular and intellectual strength; but in the days of Fielding it would have been unnatural to have represented them with strongly marked characters—or indeed much character at all.*

* These remarks of course apply only to the *prima donnas*, so to speak, of the stories, not to the secondary characters. It would be hard to imagine any characters more strongly marked or more faithfully reproduced than those of Mrs. Slipslop, Blear-eyed Moll and the like.

It is said, too, that Fielding has very little power over the pathetic emotions; but at any rate he has found out that great secret, the "fount of tears is very near that of laughter," and he often succeeds in touching the heart even while exciting a sense of the ludicrous.

But whatever faults we may allow, we must also allow his many excellences. We must remember that he was one of the earliest pioneers in this track, and that the first beginner of a new work naturally meets with many difficulties which later comers can easily surmount. It is true that the author who strikes out a new line often gains an instantaneous popularity greater than the real merits of his composition deserve. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* is a case in point, which, though inferior as a work of art to *The Lady of the Lake*, gained a far more instantaneous and wide-spread popularity. But this popularity, except in the most deserving cases, is but a short-lived one. It is to the verdict of later generations we should look to form an estimate of an author's real merit. In the case of Fielding, I do not hesitate to assert the verdict would be unanimous in his favour, and not the verdict of his own countrymen alone, but of foreign nations. The author of *Tom Jones* is as well known in Spain or France as Cervantes or Moliere in England.

The taste of society changing in the course of every few years, it may well happen that Fielding's works are not generally familiar to the novel reading public, but their excellence from an artistic point of view is such as must always insure for them a tribute of hearty commendation from the literary critic,—a tribute that confers all the more distinction when we reflect that he to whom it is paid was the first explorer of a path till then untried.

E.



ITALIA LIBERATA.

HAIL! dawn of liberty, whose holy light,
Though long eluding every patriot's aim,
Now rends the darkness of Italia's night!
Now like the phantoms of a troubled dream
By morning's rays dispelled in sudden flight,
Ere long the brilliance of that heavenly beam
O'er Superstition and her gloomy train
Shall hold the victory and the past redeem.

Ah me! 'tis fearful when the Shepherd's hand
Is raised to desecrate the peaceful fold,
Whose flocks aloof in shrinking terror stand
From him whose guidance should their steps uphold.
A regal sceptre doth but ill accord
With their profession who the crosier hold,
They claim His office unto whom the Lord
Consigned the Keys, yet still His precept scorn,
That whoso draws shall perish by the sword.

And has Etruria's minstrel spirit flown,
Wakes not thy harp in this thy triumph's hour?
Alas! the waves that by Ravenna moan
With dirgelike cadence on her rocky wall,
His grave besprinkle, from whose lips alone
For such a theme fit poesy could fall.



A VIRGINIAN RAMBLE.*

IT is impossible to find a greater contrast than that presented by the countries north and south of the Potomac. From the carefully tilled holdings of New England, where, as in our Eastern counties, man had to struggle against a cold soil and gradually win his way to after all but a scant remuneration of his toil,—from the Quaker settlements of Pennsylvania, nestling in the hills along the banks of the Susquehanna,—from the rich farms of Maryland, where the barns are built of rosy brick, more like palaces than barns, while the farmer is generally content to live in wooden houses—all of them peopled by English emigrants driven by various persecutions from their homes; we pass at once, as the steamer tolls its tribute to Washington's memory on sight of Mount Vernon, to the less cultivated bleak sandhills of Virginia.

Great must have been the contrast before the War; still greater is it now; new railway cars, as empty of passengers as they are new, gravel redoubts, charred railway stations, horses branded U.S. or C.S., or in some cases both, as they passed by the fortune of war into the hands of new drivers,—captains of the Confederate army collecting railway tickets, wounded Confederates hanging about each country station or depôt, as they call it,—all these signs kept it well before my mind that I was no longer in the Northern States. But even if all these signs of defeat and penury

* The writer of this short notice has not been able to put his notes into a more readable shape, but gives them to readers of *The Eagle* at once, before interest in the subject wanes.

had been absent, who could have mistaken, in the slovenly tillage or the long lines of rubbishy plantations, the fruits of a system which made a white man ashamed of systematic labour, and employed instead a number of hands with no special interest in the soil, no patriotism to spur them? Else whence these useless pine forests springing up as weeds from the exhausted soil, this scant growth of Indian corn, these fields drained by one crop of tobacco and then left for the next comer? How different from the small carefully drained holdings of the New England farmer, who even now, after two centuries and a half, recalls his Eastern Counties training, the care of a Lincolnshire farmer, the independence of a Huntingdon yeoman!

Yet the contrast does not date in any way from the war; it is a real fundamental distinction, which can be traced ever since the original immigrations, by the peculiarities of the respective stocks. If the crew of the *Mayflower*, who first settled in Massachusetts, were inspired by the ideas of Protestantism and freedom in doctrine and government, what were the principles which first led to the colonization of the Old Dominion, or of that portion of it which the Virgin Queen of England had named Virginia? No romantic ideas, no political theories animated the colonists of Jamestown; theirs was no voluntary emigration from their English homes to found a new Church, to make trial of a theoretical republic; gallant adventurous gentlemen, no doubt, with empty purses and a love of change, they came to make their fortunes in the newly-settled land and return to spend them among their bankrupt families. No wonder that their vices were not known, in the later New England colonies, or if known soon eradicated; no wonder that their virtues were of too chivalrous an order to be emulated by the hard-headed, practical Yankees of Connecticut or Rhode Island. Accustomed hitherto to the free gallantry of Court society, we find in them neither the primeval primness of the Penn-

sylvanian Quakers, nor the prurient priggishness of the ideal Yankee; if the hearts of Red Indian girls are to be won, it is they who are to do it; for we may be sure that Poccahontas would never have interceded for the life of a Northern farmer. And when they had exhausted all the good will which their easy grace and well-bred smiles called forth from the Indian chiefs, and both host and guest had discovered that their interests must be divided, small blame to them, if, utterly unused to toil, ignorant too of the blessings of personal liberty, they bought with pleasure that fatal cargo of twenty slaves which the Dutch republic, by a strange Nemesis, offered them. How could they value enough that liberty which it had cost them no effort to gain? How could they, uneducated by the experience of history, be conscious that they were weaving round them a Nessus-garment, whose poison would only be drawn out the more, as it was worn the closer. History, it has been said, has a Nemesis for every sin; the Nemesis here was not for the simplicity of these poor gentlemen, but for the sin of their fathers, who had neglected their education. Meanwhile, what was going on in Massachusetts? On the same day on which slavery was started in Virginia, the first settlers of New England, the Plymouth Brethren, landed at their new home. It is very common for the Abolitionists to claim Puritanism as the origin of their principles. Such is by no means the case. Even as late as 1790 we find advertisements of the sale of slaves in the Boston journals. No doubt the general feeling was against such sales; but it is undoubtedly true that these very Puritans, who insisted so much on the value of liberty as a means of education, would have been just as willing at first as the men of the South to deny human rights to the blacks. But the influence of climate was against it in the North; in the South it was all in favour of Slavery. So it is that God is often seen to interpose to save the cause of Right, when it is

entrusted to feeble instruments. Had the cavaliers and gallants who settled in Virginia, settled in New England, they would all have perished long ago, from want of energy, want of perseverance; on the other hand, had the New Englanders settled in Virginia it is far from certain that the warmth of the climate would not have enervated them enough to welcome slavery as a panacea of all their troubles. That self reliance, which is developed by man's individual combat with nature, might then have been lost to the world, and the American Union would have wanted that clear faith which has brought them triumphant out of their recent struggle. To say that the North had all the good on its side, or the South all the evil, is of course one-sided; to say that all the high motives were on the winning side is equally absurd; the very reason which the Abolitionists urged most strongly to convince their opponents, the unproductiveness of slave labour, seemed to the humane planters too self-interested, too unpractical to be considered;—for they, only knowing their fellow-citizens by the light of commercial transactions, saw in them and their motives only a wild ambition and greed for money, which prevented their looking at any other but *£. s. d.* arguments.

And this brings me to my next point: Why did they not get to know one another better? Why were geographical divisions allowed to rule predominant? Why did not social influences produce in the mind of the Southerner some admiration for the labour, the method, the inexorable perseverance of the North? And why did not the same influence kindle in the North more admiration for the enthusiasm, the vivacity, the polish, the easy impulsiveness of the South? The two reasons which are usually given, namely, the fact that the Constitution put a premium on the number of slaves, by allowing them to be partially represented by their masters, and the law of primogeniture combined with the love of aristocracy in Virginia no doubt made a great

difference in the two societies ; but the fact that the two sections of the nation had no common river in the East, such as they found in the Mississippi in the West, was far more decisive. Even the capital itself, where the members of Congress had regularly to meet for certain months of the year, was only a kind of raft suspended on the frontier river, where the two factions came up from South and North, and then, after a short armistice, returned to their respective States, having only met in the Capitol, and having avoided one another's drawing-rooms with fatal persistency. The daughter of a leading New England republican, who is married to a Virginian, told me that she could never remember a time when she had dared to ask any beyond her own immediate relations to meet her husband's friends.

All this is rather a long meditation as I hurry along in the hindmost car of the train bound from Aquia Creek to Richmond. If it is disjointed, let that be imputed to the yells of the bellowing engine, the creaking of the trashy cars, or the half-repaired state of the tramway, not to any excess of conversation on the part of fellow-travellers, for beyond one, who had come with me from Washington, and a gentleman and his daughter who got in near Richmond, I had the whole train to myself. And this was the popular way of going to Richmond, the way which before the war was crowded with cotton-planters and tobacco-dealers. Where were they all now, I wondered ? Had they fled from the country, as from one utterly ruined ? Were they reserving their capital for the West ? or were they only unwilling to trust their persons to their Southern fellow-citizens ? Certainly an incident which occurred on my return was not very likely to reassure them. There sat next me in the car an inquiring New Englander, who from time to time asked questions which betrayed his origin. My Virginian neighbours answered them all with a terseness, which they did not accord to me ; but at length, when the unfortunate man ventured

to ask the name of a large Union cemetery which we passed at Orange Court House, the severe politeness of the planters gave way, and one of them replied pompously, "That, Sir, is a memorial to the valour of the Confederate Army;" and then turning to me, he explained, in pretended *sotto voce*, "Some of those damned Yankees are buried there." The Boston man took no notice, but repeated his question to another of his fellow-travellers, who replied that there were so many of that kind of thing that they could not remember the name of each; whereat the rest laughed. Still our friend persevered; he would not take a snub; he merely remarked, that it was odd that people living near did not know the names of their own district, and soon after left the car, with a courteous "Good morning." The discussion which ensued among the passengers, as to whether he had really misunderstood or only feigned to misunderstand their insolence, showed me how completely he had foiled them. And yet, if such is the common conduct of Virginian society to its political foes, they cannot expect much co-operation or inter-settlement.

Meanwhile after passing through the pretty city of Fredericksburg situated on the Rappahannock, not far from Chancellorsville where Stonewall Jackson fell, the road had brought us to the city of seven hills, the most ancient city in America, Richmond. As is usual on American lines, the train passed up along some of the streets at a slow pace with its clanging bell giving notice of its approach, and little niggers swarming out of every cottage to see it pass. Of the beauty of this city it is impossible to speak too highly; its yellow river, its seven hills, its historic capital, its mixed population, its very handsome private houses, all reminded me of a little Rome, and even the recent restoration of the streets that had suffered from the fire, when the Confederate army evacuated it, had not impaired its reverend appearance. No wonder the

Virginians had said in their pride over their iced water-melons and cobbler, as they enjoyed the good things of the earth prepared for them by their slaves, that such a city was meant to be the capital of an imperial government. We, who know how usage accustoms one to abuses, are not able to throw a stone at the refined philosophic Virginian, who feeling his heart swell with pride at the taste and hospitality of his establishment, at the gentility and chivalry, the pluck and daring of his sons, thought the African must be gradually refined by coming in contact with such christian civilization as he saw in his masters and mistresses. So argued Edward the Black Prince, flower of chivalry, as on one and the same day he waited on king John of France his captive, and ordered fifty of the people of Calais to be massacred in cold blood. So again are we too apt to argue when we defend in our minds the glaring inequalities of education and fortunes in our own little kingdom. Strange as it may seem, those Virginian ladies whom our English mothers so plaintively memorialised under the first impulse of reading Uncle Tom, who used to allow as it were in the very bosom of their families the selling of wife away from husband, of mother from daughter, had their creed and their religion and visited their niggers, offering them such advice and consolation as they considered due to Christianity. Nay more; the fire and enthusiasm of the Boston abolitionist was more than equalled by the eagerness, with which even now the educated ladies of Mrs. Jeff. Davis' court are willing to defend slavery as a step to Christianity. But I will say no more on this subject. Wives and daughters of our English squires will do well to consider the glaring inconsistencies to which such a defence of existing institutions is apt to lead us.

On arrival at Richmond I drove at once to the house of a gentleman-farmer, who had a small farm on the out skirts of the city. The road was very much

cut up by the passing and repassing of the waggons of the Federal Army which is still quartered just outside the city, and confirmed me in a belief which I only modified on arrival in New England, that there is not such a thing as a road in America. My host, a Colonel in the Southern Army, and still, like every Virginian I met, retaining his title, received me with the greatest hospitality, and "located" me for as long as I liked to stay in a comfortable little room built on as a kind of dependance to his original shingle-farm-house. Here I slept regardless of mosquitoes, and enjoyed a rest, which had been always denied me in Washington. I wish I could describe that farm with its clearings occupied by Indian corn around it, and one or two small nigger cottages close by, backed by what seemed an interminable range of rubbishy plantation to the West. Or the little farm-house itself built of white planks of wood, one over-lapping the other, with no furniture worth speaking of except an exceedingly good library which testified to the education of my host. The floors were stained deep with blood, where some Confederate soldiers wounded in one of Grant's raids had been laid, in the small drawing-room, to be tended by the family. The short time that I had to spend here was fully occupied in visiting Richmond and talking to old Confederate officers. I found them all with one exception very willing to talk, and all agreed on three things, first that England was the cause of their defeat and could never be forgiven in consequence, secondly that never had a conquered nation been treated with greater clemency than they had by the North, and finally that they were utterly and completely crushed. There is something to be said on each of these topics. In the first place nothing is more surprising to the European traveller than the way in which he finds England abused by both sides. It seems perfectly plain to him as it does to the Virginian that, if England had not prevented Napoleon from recognizing the South and

breaking the Northern blockade, the North would hardly yet, if ever, have reduced the Confederate States. But to the New Englander, who felt himself engaged in a crusade more holy than any yet famed in history, and who making certain of the sympathy of the old country found to his astonishment that our aristocracy regarded him as a gushing bore, who had not learnt diplomatic manners, whilst our commercial men were only anxious to make political capital out of his embarrassments, that very proclamation of neutrality, which was meant in the interests of the Union, seemed only to convey an expression of the coldest indifference. Had it been backed by a different tone of society, its object would have been appreciated, and our Government would have received its dues, but, as it was, the society which inspired the *Times'* leading articles was more likely to bring forth thistles than grapes. I must candidly own that it was a real relief to me to find that we had been differently read in the South, and when Mrs. Jefferson Davis began an attack on me in a most unprovoked manner and our host interfered and forbade the discussion of the subject, as being one on which he knew his guests with all their politeness could not be calm, I felt very much more relieved than I was ever in my life by any proffered civilities. Secondly, I said that there was a general acknowledgement of the clemency of the victors. I should explain that this feeling is confined to the military men. They alone by personal contact with the Northern armies have been able to explode the theories invented in the editorial closets of Richmond. They have learnt to respect their fellow-citizens as more educated, better fighters, more open to enthusiasm than they had expected; they no longer regard them as a mass of cold money-making shop-keepers; and they know that the stories about the Northern armies not being able to speak English are absolute inventions. Practical men enough, they fought their best, and they know that they staked their all,

and are surprised to find that the Northerners are content with victory and will not take the stakes. Many an one is left with only his land and home to call his own; instead of loafing at the springs, he has to live on his quiet farm and groom his own horses, or feed his own threshing-machine, and soberly endure the reaction of dullness, which must necessarily close upon him after the intense excitement and keen sport, which the direction of a piece of artillery or snap of a rifle afforded him. And yet, in spite of the denunciations of their wives and daughters, in spite of the wire-pulling of parties, the most that the ex-colonel of the C. S. A. gives way to is a feeling that he has meddled once too much in politics and will not meddle in them for bad or good again. A nigger told me in Richmond that at the beginning of the year he went to his former master and asked him to keep him on in his employ, giving him board instead of wages, adding that he would rather work for him without wages than for any one else with. "But," said I, "do you attend the conventions?" "Oh yes," he said, "I told my master I should always vote against him as long as I could; so we quite understand one another. He was always very kind to me, but he won't help me to learn." The story speaks for itself. Lastly, I said that they had completely given up all hopes of ever rising again. This is not all; a great many of them though determined not to assist in reconstruction distinctly confess to a feeling of liking hereafter to be associated with the triumphant North. Beyond Mr. Mason and his protector Mr. Beresford Hope, I do not believe there are two enthusiasts in the world who believe in the possibility of a reaction which would make Richmond an imperial city. And this is very well illustrated by the eagerness with which the Virginians are looking forward to what they are pleased to call a financial crisis, what we in less endearing terms are apt to call repudiation. With folded arms and upturned eyes the Lords of Chivalry, the First Families,

with all the Cavalier blood of England in their veins, are awaiting a gigantic act of dishonesty before starting on their new commercial career. The tide is setting in so strong, that honourable men, like Lee or Wade Hampton, are quite unable to stir their countrymen to any more noble interpretation of defeat.

What the prospects of this question are, belongs to the region of politics. I have only touched upon it cursorily here in illustration of my picture of Virginia in 1867.



CASSANDRA.

- 'Tis o'er: the wild proud heart no longer throbs,
The sad proud eye is sealed, and quenched the fire
That darted forth its restless lightning flash
What time forebodings, like a surging wave,
• O'erswept and tossed her soul within. How well
Befits that form the quietude of death.
A prophetess she spake, and none gave heed,
None listened to the warning voice, and some,
With bitter mockery and cruel words,
Jeered her, unmindful of the wound they gave.
And now the patient limbs are still: the tongue
Its latest truth has uttered, and she lies,
Poor victim, smitten by the deadly blow
Of that fierce hand whose threat'ning phantom shape
Hung o'er her, like a shadow, as they sped
Through the hoarse billows, while behind arose
Dark vapours from the ashes of her home.
- A piteous sight, methinks, (if any touch
He knows of pity, glorying in his strength,
Either in Delos, or on Cynthus' heights,)
A piteous sight for him who wrought the woe,
And drave her frenzied through the scornful crowd,
And left her to the tyrant and his will.
- Peace, peace be with thee, for thy lot was hard,
And sweet rest soothe thee 'mongst the blessed shades.
Fain would I hope, half-fancying that a smile
Stirred thy wan dying lips, and lives in death,
That o'er thy fading senses some dear thought

Stole, of a happier day; perchance of hours
By reedy Simois, 'midst the asphodels;
Perchance of home, and how the gentle king,
Still gentlest to the darling of his age,
Would smooth thy hair, or kiss thy lips, or list,
Half proud, half wond'ring, to the wayward strains.
That told even then a struggling power, divine.

C. S.



STRAFFORD IN IRELAND.

AT a time like the present, when the condition and prospects, social and political, moral and economical, of Ireland and the Irish, cannot fail to engage the attention of every thinking Englishman, it may not be a subject entirely devoid of interest to consider how Ireland was governed more than two hundred years ago.

The period to which attention is here more particularly directed, is that during which Ireland was under the rule of the Lord Deputy, Thomas, Viscount Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

Thomas Wentworth, descended of an old Yorkshire family, was born in London on April 13th (Good Friday) in the year 1593. Of his earlier education we have no record, but we know that he was a student of St. John's College,* Cambridge, which he left about the age of eighteen. Before the end of the year 1611 he was married to Frances, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, having previously acquired the honour of knighthood, probably by purchase.† At the earliest possible period, at the age of twenty-one, he was sitting in the House of Commons as knight of the shire for Yorkshire, and in the same year (1614) he succeeded to the family baronetcy by the death of his father Sir William Wentworth. He lost his first wife in 1622, but

* The coat of arms of Lord Strafford may be seen emblazoned on the second window from the west end, on the south side of our present chapel.

† See *Lives of Eminent British Statesmen*, by John Forster, vol. II. Earl of Strafford, p. 180 (vol. 68 of Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*).

married again, two years subsequently, Lady Arabella Holles, daughter of the Earl of Clare. After serving again as knight of the shire for Yorkshire in Charles' first parliament (June 18th to August 12th, 1625), he was, in November of the same year, made sheriff of Yorkshire: his conduct in the last parliament having led Buckingham to consider him a dangerous opponent. He was thus excluded, with others, from the second parliament (February 6th to June 25th, 1626); by this course Buckingham hoped to obtain a more docile parliament, but it nevertheless proved unfavourable to him. Sir George Radcliffe* records that in May, 1627, Sir Thomas Wentworth was committed to the Marshalsea for refusing to pay the Royal Loan; but he was released before the end of the year, and appeared again as knight for Yorkshire in the third parliament of Charles' reign, which met on March 7th, 1628.

At this time Wentworth was still a member of the popular or patriotic party, opposed to the influence of the favourite Buckingham; and his words in the Commons on May 18th, 1628,† evince his then opposition to the exercise of absolute monarchical power; an opposition which he had previously shown in refusing his contribution to the Royal Loan, as has just been mentioned. But this was the last speech he made on that side. On June 26th the parliament was prorogued; and Radcliffe records that contemporaneously Wentworth was reconciled to Buckingham. Shortly afterwards he was created Baron Wentworth; but the great obstacle which prevented his joining the king's party, Buckingham, was removed by the hand of an assassin

* Author of the Essay in the *Appendix to the Letters and Dispatches of Lord Strafford*, vol. II., pp. 429—436.

† "If we adopt this amendment," said Sir Thomas Wentworth, "we shall leave things in a worse state than we found them, we shall have given the authority of written law to a sovereign power hitherto unknown to our laws." Speech on the amendment of the Petition of Rights sent down by the House of Lords: see Guizot's *Histoire de Charles I^{er}*, vol. I., pp. 159, 160.

in August; and we learn that in the latter part of the same year he was created Viscount Wentworth, Lord President of the North, and a Privy Councillor.

In accepting these honours Wentworth threw overboard the party—you may call it patriotic, constitutional, anti-monarchical—to which he had hitherto apparently belonged. But this act of his was not, as Hallam terms it, “a cold blooded apostacy on the first lure to his ambition.”* Rather the case was, as Forster† and Guizot shew, that he had only joined that party because doing so was, in his opinion, one way of bringing himself prominently before the royal eye; and to be first with the king, to be the main instrument in the exercise of that absolute power of government to which all his notions went straight,‡ was the one ambition of all his career;—and also because that party was opposed to the favourite Buckingham, who held the place to which he aspired, and who himself was conscious of and hostile to Wentworth’s aspirations.

Wentworth was now free to follow the natural bent of his character. “En abandonnant son parti pour s’attacher au Roi, Strafford n’avait point eu à sacrifier des principes bien déterminés, ni à trahir lâchement son conscience. Ambitieux et passionnée, il avait été patriote par haine de Buckingham, par désir de la gloire, pour déployer avec éclat son talent et sa force, plutôt que par une conviction vertueuse et profonde. Agir, s’élever, dominer, tel était son but, ou plutôt le besoin de sa nature.”|| “Wentworth, ambitieux et hautain, se précipita avec passion vers la grandeur, bien éloigné de prévoir à quel point il serait un jour fatal et odieux à la liberté.”§

* Hallam’s *Constitutional History of England*, vol. II., p. 55 (smaller edition).

† For a further argument as to Strafford’s consistency, and an amusing hit at the theory of ‘apostacy’ in general, see Forster’s *Life*, pp. 228, 229.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 248.

|| Guizot, p. 177.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 166.

He thus became a ready and able instrument to assist Charles in his attempts to exercise absolute power; Charles, of whom Guizot says,* that "plein de prétentions hautaines sans grande ambition, et plutôt pour ne pas déchoir aux yeux des rois ses pareils que pour dominer fortement son peuple, il tenta deux fois de faire prévaloir les maximes et les pratiques de la monarchie absolue." Maxims which he had imbibed from his father, derived through Scotland from France, where a far different state of society to that of England was then existing; the two attempts being, "d'abord en présence du Parlement, et dominé lui-même par un favori frivole et vain,† dont l'inhabilité présomptueuse choquait le bon sens et blessait l'honneur des plus obscurs citoyens: ensuite, en repoussant tout Parlement, et en gouvernant seul, par les mains d'un ministre énergique, habile, ambitieux, et impérieux avec grandeur, dévoué à son roi sans en être bien compris ni bien soutenu, et qui apprit trop tard qu'il ne suffit pas, pour sauver les rois, de se perdre noblement soi-même en les servant."‡

Having thus briefly sketched the career of Wentworth up to the time when he embraced the cause of monarchy, we may notice that as Lord President of the North, during the three years that he held that office, he gave sufficient indication of his full and free devotion to the cause of absolutism, and of the ability which it was in his power to devote thereto. But a wider field yet was in store for the exercise of his bent. In January, 1632, he was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland, by Charles, and in "July, 1633, he arrived in Ireland, and there took the sword."||

It may be as well now to complete the record of

* Guizot, p. 5; in the "Discours sur l'histoire de la révolution d'Angleterre."

† George Villiers, duc de Buckingham.

‡ Thomas Wentworth, comte de Strafford.

|| Radcliffe's *Essay*, p. 430.

Wentworth's domestic affairs, by noticing that in October, 1631, he lost his second wife, Lady Arabella, and that in the October following he married again, privately, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir G. Rhodes, who with Radcliffe preceded him to Ireland.

Wentworth's appointment to Ireland was the finishing stroke of Charles' scheme of independent government, by the hands of three ministers in the three kingdoms; the other two being, Laud for England, and Hamilton for Scotland.

"The condition of Ireland was at this moment (1632) in the highest degree difficult and dangerous."* The liberties of Ireland, in their very birth, were being strangled by Charles' arbitrary government. Falkland's government had failed, he had been obliged to return, and the government was temporarily in the hands of two lords justices. "Imminent was the danger which now beset the government of Ireland. Without the prospect of internal strength, it had no prospect of external aid." Money for the purposes of government was wanting: Wentworth alone seemed fitted to cope with the difficulty.

The delay which Wentworth made in proceeding to Ireland—from January, 1632, to July, 1633—was purposely and wisely devoted by him to preparations in establishment of his future power. He first proctred a restriction of the temporary authority of the lords justices; and himself wrote peremptorily and sharply to them.† The further stipulations which he made and obtained are all characteristic of his sagacity, no less than of his ambition‡: and above all, he obtained assent to that most potent and remarkable condition, that 'he was to consider any of those conditions changeable on the spot whenever the advancement of his

* Forster's *Life*, p. 260 et seq.

† *Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. I. p. 77.

‡ Forster's *Life*, pp. 270, 271.

majesty's affairs required.' As to the policy which he purposed to pursue in Ireland, it is sufficiently described in the following passages :

"Ireland was henceforth to be the scene of an absolute government—the government of a comprehensive mind, but directed to a narrow and mistaken purpose. The first grand object of Wentworth's exertions was to be accomplished in rendering the king's power uncontrollable. Beyond this, other schemes arose. The natural advantages of Ireland, worked to the purpose of her own revenue, might be further pressed to the aid of the English Treasury; and a scheme of absolute power, successfully established in Ireland, promised still greater service to the royalist side in the English struggle."*

"Despote fougeux, tout amour de la patrie, de sa prospérité, de sa gloire n'était pourtant pas éteint dans son cœur, et il comprenait à quelles conditions, par quels moyens le pouvoir absolu veut être acheté. Une administration arbitraire mais forte, conséquente, laborieuse, dédaignant les droits du peuple, mais s'occupant de bien-être public, étrangère aux abus journaliers, aux dérèglements inutiles, subordonnant à ses volontés et à ses vues les grands comme les petits, la cour comme la nation, c'était là son vœu, le caractère de sa conduite, et celui qu'il s'efforçait d'imprimer au gouvernement du Roi."†

"He had entered Ireland with one paramount object—that of making his master 'the most absolute prince in Christendom,' in so far as regarded that 'conquered country.' Wealthier he had meant her to become, even in the midst of his exactions, but a slave he had resolved to make her, in so far as the popular control was to be admitted over her government."‡

Such then was the character of Wentworth's rule—

* Forster's *Life*, p. 270.

† Guizot, p. 178.

‡ Forster's *Life*, p. 297.

generously selfish, exactingly liberal. Arrived in Ireland, Wentworth at once assumed a position that taught the Irish lords to feel the immense distance between them and their sovereign's representative. He soon shewed his Privy Council that for the future it was the Lord Deputy alone, and not they, that was to rule Ireland. Wisely, perceiving how grateful the mere name of parliament was to their ears, he advised Charles to allow him to summon one; foreseeing that he would be able to control it as he chose (through the medium of Poyning's Act), and thinking that at the first outset it might forward the establishment of his authority by appearing to sanction it: to Charles he promised that he would divide the parliament into two sessions, one to grant supplies, the other to consider graces; hinting that, the first obtained, the second might be evaded, and the people thus juggled. To this plan, with some reluctance, Charles assented, and in July, 1634, Wentworth having peremptorily disposed of the objections made by the council to his general design and specific proposals, a parliament was assembled, and opened with great pomp by the Lord Deputy, and with a still more startling speech, in which he demanded a constant revenue as the price of the protection afforded them, and advised them to beware of private 'caucuses,' and of dividing the interests of England and Ireland, or of the king and his people. He at once obtained from the Commons the unconditional and enormous grant of six subsidies (about £420,000). From the Convocation of the Irish clergy he obtained eight subsidies; and then peremptorily put down the murmurings of the Peers at these grants. Having thus gained his great object, he easily disposed of the obnoxious graces of the second session, saying that he had transmitted none for approval to England, (which was necessary to their consideration in the Houses,) and that Poyning's act justified him in such a course.

In unison with the wishes of Laud, Wentworth as a part of his "general scheme of government projected reducing all the people of Ireland to a conformity of religion; still it was by measures many of them conceived in a spirit of large and wide spreading policy."* "He knew the useless horrors of theological strife," and he began his work slowly, and at what he judged to be the root of the evil; restoring ruined churches and re-adjusting their revenues, to enable better stipends to be given, and therefore better men to be procured for the offices of the church.

About this time Wentworth applied to the king for an Earldom, thinking that such promotion would exalt his government in the eyes of that "wild and rude people, and therefore be of infinite importance to its security. Notwithstanding his immeasurable and acknowledged services, Charles in his short-sighted and selfish wisdom refused the request."† Disappointed as he was, Wentworth found his relief in the prosecution of vigorous measures, forcing upon the clergy canons and measures which soon produced "a new and most astounding Protestant uniformity."‡ In the next place, after rendering even the lawyers obsequious to the royal prerogative, he re-organized and improved the army; which was in his eyes to be the main agent in the desired establishment of absolute power; but he was foiled by the indolence of the English Court in making it as strong as he wished. He next devoted himself to the improvement, both in certainty and amount, of the revenue; and by the legitimate means of better modes of collection, and the freeing of commerce from the dangers of pirates, &c., he greatly increased the customs; and the removal of certain monopolies also further favoured the increase of trade. He also, by setting up the growth and manufacture of flax, did great benefit to Ireland;

* Forster's *Life*, p. 317.

† *Ibid*, p. 321.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 323.

though his real motive appears from his words, "to serve your majesty completely well in Ireland, we must not only endeavour to enrich *them*, but make sure still to hold them dependent on the crown, and not able to subsist without *us*."

By such politic and vigorous measures Lord Wentworth was enabled, at the end of five years, to announce a surplus of revenue over expenditure amounting to £60,000. He himself wished to continue the parliament, but Charles would not allow it; "like cats," said he, "they (parliaments) ever grow curst with age." At Charles' suggestion he set to work to increase the crown estates by searching after defective titles; and discovered that all Connaught had, many years previously, lapsed to the crown, and that the conveyances subsequently granted were all invalid through flaws. He thereupon proceeded to assert the Royal title by action at law; in Mayo and Sligo he summoned a jury which under his threats found in his favour. In Roscommon he was opposed, but all opponents were heavily fined in consequence. Exasperated at the murmurings both in Ireland and England against his arbitrary government, he determined to make an example of Lord Mountnorris, and for a few insignificant words procured his condemnation to death; the real reason being, as stated by Lord Clarendon that, "either the deputy of Ireland must destroy my Lord Mountnorris while he continued in his office, or my Lord Mountnorris must destroy the deputy as soon as his commission was determined." Having thus reduced Mountnorris to ignominy Wentworth was satisfied with granting him a contemptuous pardon of his life. Here it may be remarked that this fierce prosecution of apparently a personal resentment, was, in fact, as in all cases "the simple carrying out of that despotic principle in its length and breadth, and with reference to its ulterior aims, which had become the very law of his being. The cruelties associated with the name of Lord Mountnorris have their rational

and philosophical solution in this point of view alone.”* Nevertheless this treatment of Mountnorris raised a storm against Wentworth. To justify himself, by permission he appeared at court in May 1636; and his account of his measures proved most satisfactory to the king. “He left the court for Wentworth Woodhouse, (his Yorkshire seat) loaded with the applause of the king and his lords of the council, and followed by the awful gaze of doubting multitudes.”† After a short stay there, during which he exercised his power of Lord President of the North, just before his departure he again, and on similar but stronger grounds, solicited from Charles and was refused—a bitter disappointment to him—the honour of an Earldom. He returned to Ireland, and resumed his measures with the same vigour and policy as before; augmenting revenue by maintaining security and therefore prosperity—but the security of absolutism.

But little more remains to be told of Wentworth’s Irish government; he already saw that the folly of the Court was such as would probably involve him, least of all a participator thereof, in ruin; that his despotical acts were beginning to call forth a loud and bold clamour of disapproval from the popular party at home; and that he had in England no useful, only one real, friend—Laud. The Queen, too, was against him; and she influenced Charles greatly. Still he carried on his government as vigorously as ever, despite public disrepute, bitter enemies, cold friends, and the most painful physical disorders: Chancellor Loftus he deprived of his seals and imprisoned for disputing his judicial functions: the King he most efficiently aided by his advice, dissuading the Spanish war; and by his advice, and by prompt contributions of men and money towards the repression of the Scotch troubles. Charles, in fact, soon began to feel that Wentworth was all in all to him, and called him to his side; leaving the government of

* Forster’s *Life*, p. 275. † *ibid.*, p. 346.

Ireland to Wandesford, and most tenderly committing his daughters to Lady Clare, his mother-in-law, Wentworth, despite of illness, hastened to join his master, and arrived in London in November, 1639. There his energetic measures overcame the most formidable obstacles; and now at last it was that Charles, induced by the fear of this trusty servant deserting him, granted him tardy honour; creating him Earl of Strafford and Baron of Raby, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In March, 1640, Strafford returned to Ireland, and was received with apparently loyal devotion by the newly assembled parliament, who at once voted four subsidies, and formally thanked him for his good government. This much obtained, and a levy of 8000 men raised, he again, in a fortnight, set sail for England, never again to return.

Here, then, ends the history of Strafford's Irish government. It cannot be doubted that throughout his one object was to establish absolute monarchy at the expense of the constitutional liberty of the subject. Strafford had never imbibed in its highest and truest sense, the meaning and force of the maxim '*salus populi suprema lex.*' Trained in the school of 'authority,' and uneducated in, and unsympathising with those broad principles of true liberty, of which the glorious Reformation was at once the exponent and the origin, his great personal ambition and love of power induced him to throw himself eagerly into a cause where he saw that he could, consistently with, nay, in furtherance of his principles, obtain the summit of his desires. Whatever may have been the results of his government we may feel certain of this, that it was not primarily directed to the one legitimate and supreme end of all good government, the greatest good of the governed. The question before the English nation at the present day is, how are we Englishmen to govern Ireland at once consistently with our conceptions of general utility, and without provoking the resentment, rather so as

to draw towards us the affections of the impetuous and inconsiderate Irishman? In considering Strafford's government these points hardly come into consideration: for the objections which apply to it would have applied with even greater force, had its scene been England. His disregard of the exigences of the Celtic character was not, as ours may have been, an Anglo-Saxon disregard; but was based on his theory of absolute government. Thus it was that his trial was "the solemn arbitration of an issue between the two great antagonistic principles, liberty and despotism,"* in which liberty proved triumphant.

The results of Strafford's government may be best summed up in the words of Guizot:

"A peine le gouvernement de l'Irlande fut confié à Strafford, que ce royaume, qui jusque-là n'avait été pour la couronne qu' un embarras et une charge, lui devint une source de richesse et de force. Les dettes publiques y furent payées; le revenu, naguère perçu sans règle et dilapidé sans pudeur, fut administré régulièrement et s'éleva bientôt au-dessus des dépenses; les grands seigneurs cessèrent de vexer impunément les peuples, et les factions aristocratiques ou religieuses de se déchirer en toute liberté. L'armée, que Strafford avait trouvée faible, sans habits, sans discipline, fut recrutée, bien disciplinée, bien payée, et cessa de piller les habitants. A la faveur de l'ordre, le commerce prospéra, des manufactures s'établirent, l'agriculture fit des progrès. Enfin l'Irlande fut gouvernée arbitrairement, durement, souvent même avec une odieuse violence, mais dans l'intérêt de la civilisation commune et du pouvoir royal, au lieu d'être, comme jadis, en proie à l'avidité des employés du fisc et à la domination d'une aristocratie égoïste et ignorante."†

The class on whom Strafford's arbitrary rule fell most oppressively was the landed aristocracy; he destroyed

* Forster's *Life*, p. 357.

† Guizot, pp. 179, 180.

their power; and in the confiscation of the Connaught estates did great injustice to a great number. On the lower classes, indeed on the whole community he conferred a great benefit in increased security, the greatest pre-requisite of material prosperity; (though with the great drawback that there was no security against himself); he was wise enough (not so the master whom he served) to know that the surest way of securing a good revenue is to have a prosperous people. Even in the one injustice which was shared in common by the whole nation, the attempt to establish uniformity of religion—an injustice continued even to the present day—he displayed moderation and caution at the outset. But it is not probable that the Irish regarded him with anything but dislike; the whole nation would sympathise keenly with the indignities cast upon their lords justices, their parliaments, and lords of the pale; and burn with anger at the treatment of Loftus, Mountnorris, Clanricarde, Kildare. ‘Black Tom’ was in no favour with the Irish peasantry.

One word more of Strafford’s end. Let it be remembered that it is the closing scenes of his life that are most calculated to awaken sympathy in his favour, to incline the witness of them to palliate his faults. Nothing can exceed the nobleness of his devotion to his master, in the midst of unworthy treatment, of threatening danger, of acute bodily ailment. He perceived the approaching peril, and wished to retire to Ireland—but Charles wanted him; and promised that “while there was a king in England, not a hair of his head should be touched by the parliament.” He acceded to the King’s wish; his impeachment followed; that great trial in which he defended himself with such magnanimity, and such power, in a speech at once inexpressibly touching and strikingly able, broken though he was with misfortune, bent with disease: then the bill of attainder, directed to the more complete and certain accomplishment of the object of the com-

mons, and resisted by the 'Straffordians,' most of whom were lawyers; the passing of that bill by the peers as well as the commons, and its presentation to the king; Strafford's magnanimous release of the king from his promise, an act in unison with the whole devotion of his life; the wretched King's disgraceful assent to the bill, and his pitiable letter to the Lords; and the one involuntary utterance of the wounded heart—"Nolite confidere principibus et filiis hominum quia non est salus in illis." And then came the closing scene of that eventful life: the last office of the scaffold.*

If, as Hallam says,† it be treason to revere the name of the Earl of Strafford, we may at least be permitted to admire his greatness; and to pity the lot of one who not only devoted his abilities, but also sacrificed his life in the cause of a master to whom he was in everything so immeasurably superior.

N. S. B.

* May 12th, 1641.

† Hallam, vol. II., p. 55. "But it may be reckoned as a sufficient ground for distrusting anyone's attachment to the English Constitution, that he reveres the name of the Earl of Strafford." At pp. 103-112 of Hallam, will be found a discussion of the legal question involved in Strafford's trial. The account of the Trial in Forster's *Life*, from p. 378 to the end, is most interesting; and there is also a good account in Guizot, pp. 274-289, who says in his preliminary 'Discours,' p. 5: "Strafford était justement accusé et injustement jugé." Throughout, Forster's *Life* has been my principal authority, and I have borrowed from him largely in language as well as substance. Radcliffe's *Essay* is interesting as to Strafford's private life and habits.



A TOUR IN DEHRA DOON.

IT was in the month of October, 1862, that accompanied by some friends, I left the small station of Roorkie for the sacred city of Hurdwar. The rainy season was over. The clouds, "those daughters of the earth and waters and nurslings of the sky, had ceased to weep for human sins." The sun shone out bright and clear, and revealed a most enchanting scene on the banks of the Ganges canal, along which our route lay. Rising one above the other were the mighty Himalayas, clad from base to summit with diverse belts of vegetation; here clumps of acacia, here forests of ilex, and on the higher summits groves of conifers; high above all towered, as though reaching to heaven itself, that lofty range, clad with perpetual snow, whose tips were lit up with a golden hue, while the vast expanse of virgin snow, through many a weary day's march away, rose into the sky with every glacier clearly defined.

It was our first day's journey on a tour through the valley of Dehra Doon. This valley is bounded on the north by the Himalaya mountains, on the south by a low range called the Sewalik hills, and on the east and west by the Ganges and Jumna rivers. It is about forty miles long and twenty broad. Protected alike from the hot winds of the plains and the cold blasts of the Himalayas, the climate is a temperate and salubrious one. It is a land overflowing with milk and honey. Mango and apple, cherry and leechy, grow

side by side. Large and flourishing plantations of tea, coffee, and sugar cane are springing up in the valley, which abounds with every species of game, from tiger to teal.

As I have before mentioned, our course lay along the Ganges canal, one of the greatest engineering works in India, and by far the greatest monument extant of British skill and enterprise. Extending over more than five hundred miles in length, measuring in its depth ten feet, and in its breadth one hundred and seventy, the main irrigation of the Ganges canal is a work which stands unequalled in its kind. The idea that a small band of men, from a distant land beyond the sea, should make the river,—the most sacred in the land, one which has always been regarded with the greatest awe and reverence by the dusky inhabitants, and to propitiate whose favour is the dearest object of their lives,—the means of making their fields fertile and driving away famine—the scourge which spared neither old nor young, but slew them by thousands and tens of thousands—is one full of sentiment and poetry. While the canal was in process of excavation, the priests declared that the waters of the Holy Gunga would never flow down a channel dug by human hands; but they found that British skill and engineering could rule even the waters of the sacred stream. The wily priests, rather than lose their reputation among their followers by a false prophecy, declared that the chief engineer was a son of the goddess herself, and he now occupies a respectable place in the Hindoo Pantheon.

After a couple of hours' ride we arrived at the sacred city of Hurdwar. It is here that the Ganges rushes down from the mountains, clear as crystal. The city is built on the banks of the river, and near the frequent ghauts are built temples dedicated to the Hindoo deities, Ganesh and Shiva.

To Hurdwar come thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India. The Hindoo's life-long wish is to die

at the sacred city, and be thrown at last into its all-holy stream; for he believes that the soul of him who has accomplished this great object will be exempt from the ordeal of repeated birth, and will merge at once into that Infinite General Soul from which it was an emanation. It is this desire to escape further transmigration, to be absorbed into the Infinite, that causes so very many Hindoos to commit suicide in the Ganges on the sacred day. For in April a great fair is held at Hurdwar, and multitudes flock there, for the double purpose of washing their sins away, and of buying and selling. Merchants from different climes and nations then assemble here. The Arab, with his long flowing robe and grey beard, leading a string of fiery coursers; the merchant, with muslins of the most delicate texture that the looms of Dacca can produce; the Afghan, with his small but sturdy steeds, laden with the luscious fruits that grow in his mountain home; jewellers of Delhi, with their large iron boxes filled with precious stones and ornaments of the most exquisite workmanship,—jewels of rare value, fit to shine in a monarch's crown or ransom a captive king.

It being the month of October, however, we found Hurdwar a very quiet, lonely, half-deserted town. The greater number of the inhabitants are priests. For the gentlemen of the cloth, so much of it as there is, the natives have a great respect. The attire of some of the clergy was more remarkable for simplicity than elegance. It consisted of a piece of string and half a cocoa-nut.

Our tents were pitched a couple of miles from the city, on the summit of a hill, and from our tent door we enjoyed the most beautiful prospect that the fondest admirer of the picturesque could desire. Beneath us we could see the Ganges winding in innumerable directions, in one place flowing smoothly down, and in another rushing madly over rocks and glistening stones, and bearing on its waters large trees which had

been hurled from the mountain tops above: opposite us the sacred city, with its countless temples, whose white domes and graceful minarets contrasted well with the woody background.

Next morning we began our regular system of marching. When the site for the next camping ground is determined upon, the camp and attendants move off to it by the most direct route, arriving in time to cook dinner for their masters by the evening. The sportsmen, mounted upon elephants, and attended by their retinue, proceed from one good beat to another, keeping merely the general bearing of the new camp in sight. After shooting all day, the party arrive about dusk in camp. Shouts for dinner are immediately raised, and in a short space of time a dinner "fit to *ask* a man to" is placed on the table. An Indian camp dinner consists of many savoury dishes, all done in a manner which a French *chef* would find it difficult to surpass, in spite of the native cook having to collect his own fuel and make his own stove. This is a very primitive one, consisting merely of three bricks placed upon the ground. Dinner over, cigars are produced, and while discussing some beverage that does both cheer and inebriate, the day's battles are fought over again, and many a good anecdote told or merry joke cracked. It is only after having enjoyed the freedom of camp-life one can fully appreciate the *curse* of civilization.

A day in the Doon, mounted upon a well-trained elephant, with a line of elephants for the purpose of beating up the game, is right royal sport. The bag may not be large, but the deer and other animals are wild, and the birds have not been hatched by machinery nor reared beneath a keeper's tender care. To be a successful sportsman in the Doon, one must not only be accustomed to shooting animals running, but must also be able to adapt his body to the swing of the elephant's step.

The road, on leaving Hurdwar, winds round a hill.

The broad Ganges lay on the right, before us were the Himalayas, and the Valley beneath appeared one boundless forest. For the first three miles we had to keep the main road, as our route lay through a dense jungle. The forest grew more dense as we advanced, and signs of civilization less and less frequent. In it was growing the sal, with its tall and graceful stem, and the huge and majestic oak, the peepue, and the wide-spreading banyan. Many of the trees were covered with gigantic creepers, and many a brilliant flower, that a botanist in Europe would give a small fortune to possess, gleamed amidst the foliage. After proceeding for about a couple of miles, the forest abruptly ended, and we emerged into a grassy plain. In parts we found the grass even higher than the elephants. We formed line, and began beating the grass, and soon had the pleasure of seeing game of every description start from under the elephants' feet. About dusk we arrived in camp, having had a fair day's sport, our bag consisting of two or three deer, a wild boar, and some jungle fowl. Near us was a large encampment, and we were startled to see nearly two hundred elephants picquetted around it. At first we thought it must be the camp of some Indian prince on his way to Hurdwar; but we afterwards learnt that it was the camp of the officer who held the somewhat curious post of Superintendent of the Government Department for Catching Elephants. After dinner we went over to see the gentleman, and spent a very pleasant evening in hearing him narrate his strange adventures. It having been found that the old method of capturing the beast "that hath a serpent for his hand" by means of pitfalls injured them a good deal, a new one has therefore been adopted. A trained female elephant sidles up to the wild male, attracts his attention by those arts so well known and so universally practised by the opposite sex, and then treacherously ties his legs. Whilst she is doing this, another elephant is driven up with a

heavy branch in his trunk. The lady begins her march to the camp, and if the wild gentleman makes any resistance, the heavy branch is freely laid upon his back. Once in camp, he is securely bound and guarded by other elephants, and in a few months becomes perfectly docile. A tame elephant is the most docile of animals. He will fetch for his driver, like a dog, and will guard his property. The driver's wife, when occupied with household duties, leaves the baby under his charge. The little brute (I mean the baby) is placed between the animal's legs, and should it crawl out the elephant lifts it up tenderly, and replaces it with his trunk. The only danger with a tame elephant is that he may become "*must*," or go mad with love, and then he will slay the very driver whom but a day before he so implicitly obeyed, and will roam about attacking everything that comes in his way. A tame elephant in the Doon once became "*must*," and killed an old woman. A native servant announced the news to his master in the following English letter:—

"My Lord,—This morning the elephant, by sudden motion of snout and foot, killed one old woman. All inhabitants with fear."

This letter is equalled only by an official communication, written by an English serjeant on the Canals, who had been reprimanded by his superior officer:

"Sir,—I am sorry you should find fault with my work, as I always try to do my duty in that portion of the Canals in which it has pleased God to call me."

But I am digressing—Next morning we learnt from the villagers that our route would lie through a good tiger country; in order, therefore, not to frighten the royal beasts, we determined to reserve our batteries. Having made this resolve, we were sorely tantalized the whole morning through, by seeing within easy range every species of game but the one of which we were in search. Towards noon we were beating a small grassy glade, when, suddenly, I perceived a huge

black mass in the forest moving towards us. Before a minute had elapsed, the driver of my elephant shouts, ("Jungle hatti, jungle hatti!")—"Wild elephant, wild elephant!" and there emerged from the forest a large elephant with a pair of splendid tusks. The moment he caught sight of us, the brute halted—B—s fired, and I heard the crash of the bullet, as if it had struck a tree, and I saw the huge beast sway to and fro; every moment I was expecting it to fall, when, suddenly, it raised its trunk and trumpeted forth a loud yell of mingled rage and pain, which caused the woods to ring again. Then suddenly turning round it dashed into the forest—we gave chase; and for nearly three hours we beat the country round without success. We then made our way to the camp. The day's bag was nil—we had lost the elephant, and had not come across a tiger.

In England one is often asked, "Have you shot a Tiger?" as if it were a great exploit to have done so. The dangers of tiger hunting are much exaggerated. The animals have but a poor chance against sportsmen mounted on steady elephants and armed with good rifles withal. The great risks are the elephants' running away if timid, and by dashing the rider's head against the projecting branch of a tree, proving to an incredulous world that he possesses brains; or should the elephant chance to be a fierce male, in its charging the tiger, and in order to crush it, falling upon its knees, so shooting the sportsman off the howdah among the combatants—a position by no means to be envied.

Before dawn the tents were struck and we recommenced our march to Dehra. A great portion of the journey lay through dense forests, but on nearing the town, the land we passed through was nothing but a vast expanse of cultivated ground. On one side we viewed fields of golden corn, on the other large tea plantations. The tea plant bears some resemblance to the ilex, but the leaf is smaller and more darkly

green, the blossom is mostly white: side by side with the tea grew the tall and graceful sugar cane. Dehra is one of the most picturesque towns in India. The houses are surrounded with the most fertile gardens. In the same garden you may see the oak and the bamboo growing; strawberries are so plentiful there that they sell for twopence a pound, and the market value of the finest peaches is but small. The roads are lined with hedges of Persian roses of the deepest crimson dye and the most delicious perfume. We stayed at Dehra for a week, receiving from our friend there thorough Indian hospitality. I write *Indian*, because there is no hospitality like it in the world. A friend, when he asks you to his house, does not mention the exact number of days you are to remain; of course he does not expect you to follow the example of the illustrious poet and divine, who, being asked to luncheon, stayed thirty years. A cynical Indian on his return from England was asked how he enjoyed himself: "Not at all," was his reply, "my brother nodded to me in the streets, and my mother asked me to lunch."

Dehra is decidedly a civilized Indian station. It contains a church, a billiard table, and a circulating library. For the Bengalee librarian's knowledge of English I cannot say much; for in the catalogue of the library may be read the following entry:

Mill on Political Economy.

Do. on Logic.

Do. on the Floss.

The Bengalee Baboo is an unique creature. To describe him is beyond my power. He speaks and spells English correctly, writes a good clerkly hand, and his style of composition is decidedly Johnsonian. A certain number are employed by Government in every office. An Indian officer used to put his Baboo to a somewhat strange use, and one possibly not contemplated by the government. Now and then he used to ask the Baboo the following question: "Baboo, is it mail day?"

(*Bab.*) "Yes, my lord."

(*Off.*) "Then, Baboo, write to my mother and bring the letter for my signature."

And Baboo did even so.

The day before leaving Dehra we sent the servants with the elephants and tents to a place distant about thirty miles, where we heard good shooting and fishing were to be had. Next morning we rode out. We stopped half-way, to have breakfast with an old Indian colonel. This gentleman had established a colony of native Christians on his estate. During breakfast we discovered that our host had something heavy on his mind. At length the secret oozed out. He told us that two of his flock had informed him that there were some native Christians in a neighbouring station who would like to join his community, but were prevented from want of money: if he would advance some, they would go and fetch them. He consented, and the two to whom he had advanced the money had gone away, but never returned. On inquiry, he had just learnt that they had spent the cash in portioning their daughters. Innocently I inquired their names. The old gentleman replied, with considerable warmth, "Abraham and Moses." We left with a feeling of sadness, for we thought, if Abraham and Moses were so bad, what must the rest of the flock be like?

On reaching our tents, we found that some Tatars had taken up their quarters for the night near us. In the evening we paid a visit to their encampment. The sturdy little goats, that had carried their merchandise for them across the mountains, were carefully picquetted, and large fires were lighted to keep the wild beasts away. A couple of large, fierce-looking sheep dogs were lying by the fire, sharing their masters' meal. Both men and women were extremely ugly. Their clothes consisted of a single blanket. This blanket is worn by them until it falls to pieces through

age and wear. A love of water is not a prominent trait in a Tatar's character. After much haggling, we purchased from them a goat, and two pods of the musk deer, and tried hard to buy one of their praying wheels, but were not successful, as it is considered a very serious crime for a Tatar to part with that article. The wheel is a small brass cylinder filled with papers, on which prayers are written by the priests, which, revolving on a brass axis, makes a noise like a policeman's rattle. Each revolution is considered a prayer, and is supposed to bring a Tatar one step nearer to salvation. An ingenious Tatar, I believe, has started, in his own village in Thibet, a praying wheel turned by water power, and for the small sum of sixpence, a person may have perpetual prayers offered up. He has, I hear, many customers. The world improves but slowly. In Christian England we have no praying wheels, but we have the parish clerk.

The next morning was devoted to shooting black partridges and jungle fowl. In the afternoon a native guided us to a spot where he stated there was a large stone with an inscription on it. On arriving at the place, we found the stone to be a huge rock covered with an inscription. This was an ancient *Buddhist* one. We afterwards discovered that the inscription was a most important one. For many years Indian archæologists have been sorely tantalized by their Buddhist inscriptions ending with the following words, "Ye will find more written on the rock at the capital, Khalsi, which is built upon a spot where two great waters meet." On inquiry, we learnt that about a couple of miles from the stone there was a village called Khalsu Kangra, and that in olden times it used to be called Khalsi alone. A hundred yards from the stone the river Tonse runs into the Jumna, and we found likewise that the Tonse, which is a small stream, is considered by the natives the more sacred of the two.

The sun was declining when we set out to return to

our tents, and flood on flood of beauty steeped the earth. A sea of fire surrounded the sun's setting orb, and the hill tops were mantled with gold. The shadows in the valleys grew darker and deeper, and the rocks and trees less defined; the only sounds that broke the stillness of the air were the murmur of the river and the hum of insects, those "tiniest bells on the garment of silence." As we gazed upon those grand old mountains, we thought of the ages that had passed away since first they rose, and of the changes that had been wrought, and looking on those peaks which faded in the sky, our thoughts were turned to that far off dim world of eternity, where there is neither change nor end.

SYLVANUS.

OUR CHRONICLE.

THIS term, although fertile in questions of interest to the University, presents but few incidents which require special notice in our 'Chronicle.'

In the University examination the College has been extremely successful. We have in the Mathematical Tripos 9 Wranglers, besides the senior, Mr. Moulton; while the Classical Tripos list contains 5 Johnian names in the first class. Mr. T. Moss being fourth.

The Craven Scholarship was adjudged to Mr. G. H. Hallam.

The Rev. John V. Durell, M.A. (B.A. 1860), Fellow and Tutor of this College, has been instituted by the Bishop of Ely to the Rectory of Fulbourn St. Vigor's.

The Rev. A. C. Haviland, M.A., has been presented by the College to the Rectory of Lilly, Herefordshire.

The Rev. John Creeser, M.A. (B.A. 1864), has been licensed to the Curacy of Lamyat, Somerset.

The Rev. John Edward Symns, M.A. (B.A. 1858), has been licensed to the curacy of St. John's, Bathwick, Somerset.

The Rev. Richard Underwood, M.A., Vicar of All Saints, Hereford, has been appointed Prebendary of Colwall, in Hereford Cathedral.

The Rev. Philip Hale, M.A. (B.A. 1840), has been presented by Viscount Hood to the Vicarage of Wolfhamcote, near Rugby.

The Rev. George Law Harkness, M.A. (B.A. 1847), Rector of St. James's, Shaftesbury, has been appointed Chaplain of Shaftesbury Union Workhouse.

The Rev. William Willes Hobson, B.A. (1837), has been instituted to the Rectory of Sizeland, Norfolk, of which he is patron.

The Rev. D. Haslewood, M.A. (B.A. 1846), has been appointed to the Vicarage of Kettlewell, near Skipton, Yorkshire.

The Officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

President: Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.

Treasurer: J. Watkins.

Secretary: W. H. Simpson.

1st Captain: A. J. Finch.

2nd Captain: F. A. Macdona.

3rd Captain: J. W. Dale.

The following is the crew of the 3rd boat in the 2nd Division races this term :

1 F. S. Bishop.	6 E. L. Pearson.
2 H. Latham.	7 W. Lawrance.
3 E. W. M. Lloyd.	J. W. Bakewell (<i>stroke</i>).
4 A. A. Bourne.	H. B. Adams (<i>cox</i>).
5 W. Almack.	

The Lady Margaret Boat Club Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, March 7th, the following being the winning crew :

1 H. Latham.	J. W. Horne (<i>stroke</i>).
2 H. Stokes.	H. B. Adams (<i>cox</i>).
3 W. Almack.	

The Bateman pairs were rowed for on Saturday, March 4th, and won by

1 J. W. Bakewell.	A. J. Finch (<i>stroke</i>).
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In the Rifle Corps, we are glad to state that our College Company has lately increased considerably in numbers. At the inspection, which took place on March 24th, the Company numbered 55 of all ranks.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Wednesday, March 25th, and won by Captain Roe, with a score of 71 points.

The Company Scratch Fours for the present term were won on March 10th, by the following squad ;

Lance-Corp. Noon.	Private Baynes.
" Lambert.	" Roberts.

The Roe Challenge Cup was won at the last competition by Sergt. W. F. J. Hanbury.

We are indebted to a correspondent for the following interesting notice :

It was proposed at the commencement of this year that as many as possible of the old crew should meet at Cambridge, and with the present first Crew entertain the Bishop of New Zealand in order to congratulate him on his appointment to the see of Lichfield. The Bishop fixed on the 24th of February as the only day that he had at liberty. Eight of the "old boys" would have appeared on the occasion, four others being prevented by duties which could not be deferred. The Master had offered the Combination room for the dinner, and the president granted the privilege of catering from the College kitchens, when, to the great disappointment of all, the meeting was necessarily put off in consequence of the death of Lady Selwyn, wife of Lord Justice Selwyn, late M.P. for the University.

The limits of invitation to the "old crew" were from Lent term, 1828, when on the 23rd of February in their new boat they went to the head of the river, to December 3rd, 1830, when, in a match against the University Crew that pulled against the Oxford men at Henley, filled up from the University, the "Ladye Margarette" won. The legitimate racing season ended the Easter term previous. Between the above limits 55 races were pulled, and the "Ladye Margarette" was head of the river in 1841. Three men only pulled in the 55 races; Nos. 8, 7, and 6 in the Easter term. No. 8 went first Bishop to New Zealand; No. 7, first Bishop to Newcastle; and No. 6, first Chaplain to Canton.

The following are extracts from the "President's Book," October term, 1830: A crew consisting of

Warren, Trinity, Captain	Entwistle, Jun., Trinity
Thompson, Jesus	Nash, Trinity
Madison, Jesus	Banks, John's
Macdonald, Trinity	White, Trinity

challenged any crew in the University. The challenge was accepted by the following members of the Johnian Boat Club.

Selwyn, Captain	Tyrrell
Winter	Abdy
Eyton	Snow
Merivale	Hoare

On Saturday November 27th, the race was pulled, which was decided in favour of the latter after a very severe contest. The Johnian boat started first.

The crews referred to above were head of the river for two years (with few exceptions), and were for the most part scholars and First Class men of the College.

In answer to the question—

"Where are they now, our fearless band?"

the following is added as accounting, in part, for the manner in which the members of the (of course slightly varying) crew "have sped with sail and oar."

Bishops	2	Hulsean Lecturer	1
Canons	3	Chancellor's Medals	2
Chaplain to House of Commons	1	Browne's	7
Rural Deans	2	Craven Scholar	1
Surrogates	2	Bell (3 men bracketed equal)	1
Historian of Rome	1	Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar	1
Judge of County Court	1	Norrisian Prizeman	1
London Magistrate	1	Wranglers	5
County Magistrates	5	Senior Classic	1
Lady Margaret Prof. of Divinity	1	In first class Classical Tripos	4

College Fellowships, &c.

Fellows	6	College Prizemen	31
Scholars	13		

At a general meeting of the St. John's College Athletic Club, held at the beginning of this term, Mr. R. Fitzherbert was elected president, and Mr. W. Lee-Warner treasurer and secretary, of the club. Mr. W. Hoare and Mr. F. Haslam were elected to vacancies in the committee.

The College Sports took place on Fenner's Ground, on Thursday and Friday, February 20 and 21, with the following result :

FIRST DAY.

Walking Race.—All disqualified. No prize given.
 Throwing the Hammer.—W. Lee-Warner, 1; Hodges, 2.
 Broad Jump.—Lambert, 1; Cotterill, 2.
 Two Mile Race.—Micklefield walked over.
 Handicap Half-mile.—Bros, 1; Hutchins, 2.
 Quarter Mile Race (For Volunteer Cup):—Lambert, 1; Hey, 2.

SECOND DAY.

100 Yards Race.—Lambert, 1; Smith, 2.
 Putting the Weight.—Hodges, 1; Hoare, 2.
 High Jump.—Lee-Warner, 1; Hey, 2.
 Hurdle Race 120 Yards.—Lambert, 1; Lee-Warner, 2.
 Mile Race.—Micklefield, 1; W. Griffith, 2.
 Quarter Mile Race.—Bainbridge, 1; Lambert, 2.
 Consolation Race (150 Yards).—Cotterill, 1.

The University Sports commenced on March 17th, and continued the two following days. The following members of our College distinguished themselves by obtaining prizes :

Third of a Mile Handicap.—Second Trial Heat. A. Bros, (32 yards) 1; W. Wybergh, (25 yards) 3. Final Heat.—W. Wybergh, 1; A. Bros, 3.
 Quarter Mile.—First Trial Heat. A. W. Lambert, 2. Final Heat.—A. W. Lambert, 2.
 Hurdle Race.—Second Trial Heat. A. W. Lambert, 1; W. W. Cooper, 2. Third Trial Heat. R. Fitzherbert, 1. Final Heat.—R. Fitzherbert, 2; after a dead heat with C. Pitt Taylor, 3rd Trinity.
 Half Mile.—A. W. Lambert, 1; E. B. Hutchins, 2.
 Three Miles.—E. B. Micklefield, 2.

A meeting of the Stained Glass Fund Committee was held on February 22nd, at which various resolutions were adopted, of which the most important was one requesting the Secretary to communicate with the Master and Seniors, placing at their disposal £1500, to be devoted to the filling of the West window. The Committee of Taste, appointed Feb. 15, 1865, have kindly undertaken all necessary arrangements with regard to choice of subject and artist. A donation of £6 6s., from Mr. J. R. Sparkes, to the fund, was accidentally omitted from our last list of subscriptions received.



HAMLET: AN ANALYSIS.

I DO not know whether an apology is necessary for this addition to the already extensive stock of Hamlet literature. The analyses of Hamlet, that I have met with, are all in some marked way incomplete. The best of the number appeared in Vol. 79 of *The Quarterly Review*. It unhappily covers only a fraction of the play: otherwise, though I dissent from several of the opinions of the writer, the following pages would not have been printed. But as regards its systematic examination of the minutest touches of the poet, as well as of the scenes as a whole, it is a model of intelligent criticism. I have learnt much from it—and, in one or two scenes, have used it liberally. I have also read and, in a few passages, referred to the late Dr. Conolly's *Study of Hamlet* and Dr. Bucknill's *Essays on the Mad Folk of Shakespeare*. These writers both write specially on the problem of Hamlet's madness, as a question of medical psychology. The former analyses the whole play from this point of view—the latter, only the scenes in which Hamlet or Ophelia appear. Both therefore are, for an attempt to get at the whole of the poet's meaning, somewhat defective. This defect I have endeavoured to supply. I have used such helps as have been accessible to me in the shape of notes, analysis, or comment, but only as a preparation for my task: in all that I have written I have given my own impressions, derived from a study of the simple text.

Some of the readers of *The Eagle* may possibly be

interested in the circumstances which caused this analysis to be written. About a year ago I determined to give systematic English lessons a place in the ordinary work of my form. I began with *Hamlet*. The ground was new; and, with the usual fate of the English schoolmaster, I had to learn empirically how English should be taught. The great shoal to be avoided by one whose experience had been principally of Classical tuition was the giving of undue prominence to the expression of the thought, rather than to the thought itself. To avoid this, I gave my pupils from time to time an analysis of the scenes last read—pointing out their bearing on the developement of the characters of the play, and endeavouring with the addition of oral explanation to give them some idea of them as parts of a whole work of art. A sketch of the history of the play, of the story of Hamlet from which it is taken, with an outline of the principal characters, had already been put into their hands. To reprint it here would make this paper unnecessarily long. Full particulars may be found in Gervinus (*Shakespeare Commentaries*), and in the prolegomena to Herr Karl Elze's excellent German edition of the play. *The Historie of Hamblet* is reprinted in Mr. Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*. I may add that the experiment was eminently successful.

R. W. TAYLOR.

ACT I. *Scene* I. Francisco, Bernardo, and Marcellus are three soldiers. The two latter have already on a former occasion seen an apparition of the "majesty of buried Denmark," while keeping guard upon the battlements, and Bernardo comes to his post full of agitation and apprehension, which betrays itself in his first words. His reverie is interrupted by the sight of Francisco, and he does not wait to be challenged; but, with a start, inquires—"Who's there?" Francisco knows nothing of the Ghost, but notices Bernardo's unwonted punctuality; yet even he has some boding that all is

not right: he is "sick at heart." Bernardo anxiously asks whether he has had quiet watch; and, parting, bids him hasten on his comrades, should he meet them. He cannot bear to be left to watch alone, and he shows himself so rejoiced to see them when they come, that Marcellus fancies that "this thing" must have appeared again. He is specially anxious that Horatio, the scholar, should be there to exorcise the Ghost. For companionship he must talk, but he can talk only on the one subject; he begins his story, when the apparition crosses the stage. It disappears, and Bernardo appeals to Horatio whether this is not more than fantasy. He takes no part in the conversation that follows, save by again recurring to the portentous figure, which comes armed through their watch. This conversation is of some interest. The description of Hamlet's father and his combat with Norway, prepares us for Hamlet's subsequent praise of him, and strikes the keynote of the duty, (a very marked duty to a Norseman of the tenth century) of avenging such a father. The preparations for war, the romage in the land, are signs of coming trouble, the dread of which is deepened in these soldiers by this strange apparition.

The Ghost re-enters; and Horatio, who has to some extent recovered his presence of mind, speaks more boldly to it. But again it departs without any reply. The day breaks—the health-giving day, which scatters all the phantoms of the night, and brings refreshing light to those who are weary of the darkness. Such at least is its soothing effect upon Horatio, and the lines—

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill,

are a good instance of artistic repose.

In *Scene 2*, we are introduced to the king, who is holding his first court since his accession and marriage with Gertrude. The assembled courtiers are those who, with Polonius at their head, have forwarded his election. Whether there were others who did not welcome the

change so readily we do not know: young Fortinbras' supposal that the state was disjoint, might lead us to think there were, and we have further traces of a widespread disaffection in the readiness with which Laertes is afterwards welcomed as king; but such ill-affected persons at any rate find no place in this assembly, and their existence is entirely ignored. The language of the king prepares us for what is to come. In all decorum he must say something at this first meeting of the changes which have brought about his accession; but his words of grief are cold and forced, and the subject is speedily dismissed. The ambassadors to Norway receive their instructions, and we are introduced to Polonius, the head, so to speak, of the Claudian party. The slight pompousness of his words is, however, the only thing here which brings out his character. And naturally, it is in Hamlet that the interest of the scene centers. And it is noteworthy that his first utterances proclaim that trifling and refining habit of mind, of which we shall have so many specimens. The play on *kin* and *kind*, *sun* and *son*, the almost euphuistic verbiage of the speech beginning, "Seems, madam! nay, it is," are all instances of this. The king's reply is really more a soliloquy than an address—an attempt rather to blunt the dull edge of remorse in himself, than to bring Hamlet to another mind:

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart?

His bodings are lulled by Hamlet's consent to remain at Elsinore, so accepting the position of

Our cousin, chiefest courtier and our son.

His departure to Wittenberg might be fraught with more serious consequences.

Hamlet's first soliloquy is full of instruction, not so much as the sign of a mind whose balance is violently disturbed, but as a true portrait of his character. He shows himself as the man of contemplation rather than of action—for this criticism of Coleridge and

Gervinus I cannot but look upon as the true key to his character. As such he generalises from his own one cause of grief, to the unprofitableness of all the uses of the world. A man with some active work to do, would perhaps have felt with equal keenness his father's death and its attendant circumstances; but he would have seen, after the first burst of grief, that there was something still worth living for. But to one who broods like Hamlet the object of his thought for the time assumes a giant size, out of all proportion with the truth. In the same spirit his mother's hasty marriage with Claudius is generalised into—

Frailty, thy name is woman!

His reason is not, as yet, specially disturbed by the thought of all this; the mischief is of earlier date: the whole mind is diseased to begin with.

He is just in the mood to be excited by the news which Horatio and Marcellus bring. Their first meeting shows the affectionateness of his disposition. There is not much to notice in the dialogue between them: he cross-examines the two in a thoroughly collected way—we should almost expect a more excited manner.

One thing it is important not to pass over. The greater part of the soliloquy is devoted to his mother and her frailty; and so it is his mother's wedding that he sets against his father's funeral. And it is on this that his thoughts continue to dwell, even after his suspicions of foul play have been verified by the ghost. Naturally the shock at the discovery of such weakness in one to whom he had always looked up with reverence and love, would affect him more than the knowledge of the villany of one on whom he had set no store.

Scene 3. Laertes has often been depicted as a somewhat vain and empty-headed character; but any imagined deficiencies of that kind are compensated by the two traits which Shakespeare puts in a prominent light, his strong affection for his father, and his tender solicitude for his sister. And he certainly shows

no want of delicacy and tact in the way in which he warns the latter against putting too much faith in Hamlet's tenders of affection. He does not indulge in any invective against Hamlet, which might have driven her into his arms; but shows her, calmly and reasonably, the difficulties of the position that he is in. This speech, it seems to me, does not receive the honour it deserves: it is full of delicate and beautiful writing. Its language surely is not that of an empty-headed booby.

Ophelia's reply deserves attention. It is the one instance in the whole play of a gentle playfulness, which, poor girl, she has no more opportunity of showing.

The chief interest, however, and value of the scene lies in the estimate which it gives us of Hamlet's character, as judged by those who had some opportunity of weighing his acts. Neither Laertes nor Polonius represent him as vicious, but rather as a trifler without any active seriousness in life—one who would flirt and toy with a maiden like Ophelia, thoughtlessly damaging her fair name—one who begins with most honourable intentions, but is quite weak enough to let himself be carried away by a temptation to evil, if those first intentions cannot be carried out. And this his character is so well known, that to give words or talk to him is to slander your leisure.

Polonius' fussy sermonising to Ophelia, is very different from the delicate caution which her brother gives. Here, as everywhere in the play, he fails for want of all understanding of the characters with which he has to deal.

The opening of *Scene 4*, shews an evident desire on the part of the interlocutors to avoid talking about the ghost—the kind of avoidance which might very well accompany a state of subdued excitement and expectation. Hamlet betrays his tendency to ponder and to philosophise upon any subject that is suggested for his meditation. If it be true that the latter part of his speech was added after the arrival in England of

Anne of Denmark, in order to tone down the severity of the former part, Shakespeare has shown his power by making the insertion serve to the fuller portrayal of his main character, and the explanation of the drift of the play. Hamlet's account of the way in which one flaw, or the over-developement of one side of a character mars the whole, is a very delicate piece of mental analysis, and is doubly interesting because we recognise in it the portrait of the speaker himself. In him the plausible manners of which we have just had one specimen in his disapproval of the heavy-headed revels of his country, take corruption from the habit of too much looking upon the event, from the overgrowth of the meditative side of his character.

The appearance of the ghost betrays the excitement which he has felt; yet he is prepared for its advent—it has no terrors for him. After the first start of alarm ("Angels, &c.") he addresses it in excited, but still perfectly coherent, words. He is conscious that his father's spirit would not thus revisit the glimpses of the moon, unless something were to be *done*. He has pondered over Horatio's report, and this corroboration of it suggests thoughts of horror which his soul can scarce fathom. His weariness of life, under the burden of suspicion and mistrust thus sadly confirmed, is again asserted; and his wild excitement and his previous melancholy together make his friend fear for his reason. He follows the ghost.

Scene 5. The art of the poet is well displayed by the way in which the ghost at once enlists our sympathies and pity. We do not hear first of the murder which cut him off in the blossom of his sin, but of the sulphurous and tormenting flames to which he must render up himself—of the prison-house, whose secrets are not for ears of flesh and blood. When Hamlet's pity is thus excited, when he is evidently ready to do whatever he can to do his father ease, the key to the whole scene comes out in the one word *murder*. The

story of hypocrisy and crime is told with simple pathos: all its circumstances of aggravation and horror are dwelt upon. There is one thing in this speech specially to be noticed: I mean the tenderness shown throughout for the poor queen, seduced from her allegiance. It is by *witchcraft* of his brother's wit that she was won; he is *robbed* of her by his brother: she, he knows, is not happy in her new union—there are thorns lodged in her bosom to prick and sting her. Hamlet is not only to leave her to heaven, he is not to cherish evil thoughts against her. And in spite of this injunction, it is on his mother's frailty that he especially dwells.

His short soliloquy deserves careful study. Its words partake of that wild, almost hysterical excitement, which we have just seen: they are at first slightly bombastic and exaggerated—possibly expressive of a first outbreak of madness. They show very markedly the unsteadiness of Hamlet's character, and that readiness to be diverted by a trifle which, though ever breaking out in him, may here be looked upon as the common effect of an undue strain upon the mind. But one point must not be overlooked. His father's commandment, he says, shall live all alone in his brain; and yet his very first comment, *O most pernicious woman!* gives the lie to his words. His jesting with his friends and with the ghost, the wild and hurling words on which Horatio remarks, are all signs of this same hysterical excitement which is beginning to disturb the balance of his mind. Quick as ever of perception, he feels that he may not always hereafter be master of himself; and is perhaps conscious, too, of what he may gain by this antic disposition, and so at once secures his friends' secrecy. But the strong feeling, the heart's bitter grief, which produces this strain, and is perhaps at the root of this unseemly jesting, bursts out at times:

And for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

He feels already the insufficiency of culture for the new circumstances in which he is placed; they require something which the studies of Wittenberg have not provided for.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

He feels, too, the want of human affection and sympathy, cut off as he is from the mother that he had so fondly loved:

So gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you.

The scene closes with the sigh under a task or burden too great for him to bear, which Goethe has taken as the key to the whole play:

The time is out of joint! O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to put it right.

ACT II. *Scene 1.* The earlier part of this scene is valuable for the light which it throws on the character of Polonius, the father whose death Laertes will be so prompt to revenge. The way in which he instructs his emissary to pry into his son's doings puts him certainly in a somewhat contemptible light, and the limits which he puts to the forgeries that may be put upon him, slight sullies as he calls them, show him to be devoid of any higher principle than that of expediency, of any rule more strict than that of the world's morality. The second part of the scene is more interesting. Ophelia's speech is very artistically composed. She comes in breathless with excitement and fright, which is well portrayed in the disjointed and almost interjectional form of her words: and Polonius, in some excess of parental affection, becomes almost respectable in his confession that he has been in the wrong.

The account of Hamlet's visit to Ophelia first raises the question of his madness. Was it real or feigned?

The disordered dress is the recognised sign of the sentimental lover (*As you Like it*, ACT III. *Sc. 2*), and

many commentators have fancied that Hamlet, feigning madness, adopted this exaggerated form of it, in order to divert suspicion from the true cause of his melancholy. But whatever levity there may be in his character, there is nothing to make us think that he would wilfully be guilty of such wanton cruelty to one whom he afterwards professes to have loved so dearly, were it not that his mind has been warped by the general notion of woman's untruth which his mother's conduct has given him: the "long perusal of her face" seems to ask the same question, which at a subsequent interview he puts in words, "Are you honest?" The "look so piteous in purport," the "sigh so piteous and profound" are surely not feigned—this ecstasy is real, this insanity no mockery. That love for Ophelia is not without its share in causing the sad overthrow may be quite true. His belief in honesty and truth has been sadly shaken by the ghost's revelations; his mother, whom he had trusted and loved, is fallen from the high place which he had given her, and Ophelia's rejection of his visits and letters has not only robbed him of his last solace in his misery, but has made him begin to think that all women are alike in their false seeming. As yet, however, he has scarcely reached this last point; the almost despairing doubt is there, but it is not till the next act that it finds full expression. Thus, almost heartbroken and frenzied by the brooding thought, he tries to read in her face the truth or falsehood of his suspicion. Surely this is more than acting.

Scene 2, introduces us to two fresh characters, Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, schoolfellows of Hamlet, whom the king has sent for in order to fathom the causes of the change which has come over him. The meanness of *his* character betrays itself in his words. His anxiety is not to remedy the disorder, but to see whether his suspicions of its cause are just. He seems to suspect that the madness is possibly feigned ("Get from him why he *puts on* this confusion," ACT III. *Sc.* 1.), and

wants to discover whether it may not cover some deep design on Hamlet's part.

Rosencrantz and his friend are generally put down by critics as two base spies—because Hamlet, in a state of excitement, calls them sponges (ACT IV. *Sc.* 2). True, they are not men of any strong principle; the untruthfulness of their replies to the king's inquiries about their interview—for they will not confess their failure—(ACT III. *Sc.* 1) is a proof of that; but we must not forget that

Two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres:

and that Hamlet himself, even when he knows that they have been sent for, is anxious to give them all a friend's welcome, and even goes so far as to confess to them his real state. I cannot think that they had any idea of the king's ultimate designs when they started for England, whatever Hamlet may have suspected, or that they are more than two ordinary young men, glad to do what they fancy may be for the good of their friend, and somewhat flattered at being chosen by the king and queen for such a task.

The news from Norway, which forms the second division of the scene, gives us a pleasant contrast in its tale of frank and open dealing to the plots and counterplots of this other uncle and nephew. Old Norway, sick and impotent, retains his hold on Fortinbras, great and spirited as he is: Claudius is obliged to set spies upon his nephew to prevent his mischief—procrastinator though he be.

Polonius next tells his story. Ever anxious to gain special credit for himself, and to make the most of what he has done, he tries the patience of the queen by the soullessness of his wit, but at last produces a letter which Ophelia has had from Hamlet. There is nothing to tell us when the letter was written. It may have been before she began to repel his letters—it might possibly be a kind of apology for his visit. The letter

itself has often been commented upon as the extravagant effusion of a madman; but if it is, then half the valentines written every 14th of February are so too. There is in it no dethroning of reason, but a settled sadness and melancholy which is very pathetically expressed. I should fancy it was written between the death of his father and the appearance of the ghost, from which time he was to wipe away all trivial and fond records from his memory. The words which Polonius uses, describe very well the stages of the disorder, but on his part they are mere unprincipled prosing; for Ophelia's announcement in *Scene 1*, is the first information that he has of what is wrong. As he takes to himself the credit of the first discovery of the addresses of Hamlet—as he professes to have been guided not by care for his daughter's fair fame (the real cause of his interference), but by thoughts of his duty to the king and queen: so now he pretends to have watched the stages of Hamlet's disorder.

To form a correct estimate of what follows we must remember in what position Polonius stands to Hamlet. He has been the chief agent in the election of Claudius to be king: he is the father of Ophelia, and so Hamlet, a man of deep penetration, who at once sees that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have been sent for, naturally attributes to him Ophelia's altered behaviour, and he knows him too as a "tedious old fool." What wonder then that he resents the old man's intrusion upon his privacy and fools him to the top of his bent! It is absurd to seek a depth of meaning in his words. Fishmongers do not catch fish, and to be honest as a fishmonger is no special commendation. Dealers in such perishable wares are not generally patterns of honesty. The famous passage "If the sun breed maggots," &c. may best be taken as an extract from the book which Hamlet is reading—and the sudden remarks on the daughter "who is not to walk in the sun," are possibly an allusion to the way in which she

had locked herself from his resort. He seems in almost all his converse with Polonius to play upon this subject. His motive is doubtful. Such a cause of madness might keep him from being confined, but yet it would be expected to cease if his love could have a fair issue, and then where would he have been? The plain satire of the rest of the conversation loses its effect when we cannot see the old man standing for his portrait.

Polonius retires: Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter. They receive a friendly greeting, but their remark that the world is grown honest, combined with the suddenness of their appearance, rouses Hamlet's suspicions that they are sent. He is more alive to such suspicions now. No such thought suggested itself when Horatio suddenly appeared, but these two months have produced a great change in him. They try to stave off his questions. They are possessed by the one idea that he is disappointed that his uncle has been preferred before him—that brooding ambition is the cause of his disorder. Hamlet at last gets from them a confession that they were sent for. (Note how he appeals to the consonancy of their youth and their ever-preserved love—surely a fair voucher for their respectability). In graphic words he depicts to them his mental state—the fruits of his melancholy induced by his father's death and his mother's o'erhasty marriage, quite independently of the ghost's revelations. "He sees all things as they are and feels them as they are not" (Dr. Bucknill). His language is remarkable and bears a slight trace of excitement in a style perhaps more inflated than usual with him, but he is in full possession of his faculties. He notices at once the significant smile with which his friends greet his saying, "man delights not me" and puts his own construction on it. It is straining a point to see here a dislike to have it thought that he is mad for love of Ophelia. The reading of their thought is a perfectly natural one.

Critics of the Voltaire school object to the passage about the "aiery of young children" as a piece of contemporary allusion which might be allowed in an ephemeral comedy, but is below the dignity of tragedy. I cannot see the reason why. At any rate their much vaunted Greek models observed no such rule. The Eumenides is not spoiled by its references to the Argive alliance.

Polonius when he appears again gets quizzed once more about his daughter. Then the players are introduced and receive a hearty welcome. It was the fashion with a former generation of critics to look on the passages recited by Hamlet and the players as parodies, intended to bring ridicule on the old style of tragedy, but such a criticism results from too close an identification of the writer with the speaker. The meaning of these passages must be interpreted by the piece of criticism which introduces them. Hamlet, a man of refined and cultivated taste, and able to appreciate the solid beauties of the old school, looks down with a dash of contempt and pedantic superiority on the lower taste of the "general." The passages given, whether they be quotations from a lost play, or simply Shakespeare's own work, are fair specimens of the Seneca school of tragedy—and are really respectable poetry. If any expression of Shakespeare's own opinion is to be assumed, it is rather a protest against the "jigs and tales of bawdry" of the time.

The actors take their leave, and Polonius receives that golden rule for their entertainment, "Use them after your own honour and dignity." It is worthy of note that Hamlet, who has been quizzing Polonius throughout this scene, yet shows so much respect for his age and position as to warn the players not to mock him.

The soliloquy that follows, delivered under very strong excitement, is very eloquent as to Hamlet's character. The man of thought, dull and slow of action, though

excitable and brave, feels that the actor's power of realising the feelings of a fictitious character is a reproach to him, on whom such promptings from the invisible world have been thrown away. He can *say* nothing—of *doing* there is no question. His excitement finds some vent in foul names—but he is not beside himself—he is conscious of the weakness and folly of his conduct. The close of the speech tells us the reason of all his delay. The deed to which he is prompted is an awful one—one whose consequences cannot be trammelled up, and he feels that the information or suspicion on which he acts is not sufficient to justify him in the eyes of the world—hardly even in his own.

ACT III. *Scene I.* The division of the play into Acts and Scenes is, as usual in the printed copies of Shakespeare, quite arbitrary. This and the following scenes belong to the action of the last and are bound up with it in more particulars than one. And first in the report of Hamlet's madness. The interview with Polonius has deepened the king's impression of it. The transformation of the previous scene has now become a "turbulent and dangerous lunacy." The two friends have been misled by Hamlet's graphic description of his state, which they fancied to be a mere put off—they confess that they have not found out the cause of his disorder, but are unwilling to shew how far they have failed in imposing on him, and so are somewhat untruthful in one part of their report. Here as in the last scene the different motives of King and Queen are well hinted at. The King wants to know if they have found out the cause of his madness—the Queen asks if they have tried to cheer him :

Did you assay him to any pastime?

With all her fear that the mischief is in "the main, his father's death and our o'erhasty marriage," she welcomes the hope that Ophelia's love may be at the

bottom of this distemper—feeling that then it is not past cure.

It is hard to understand the king. His usual callousness and indifference hardly prepare us for the pang of remorse which Polonius' speech causes him.

The soliloquy which follows must be *felt*—it is quite impossible to explain or paraphrase it. There are several things in it, however, which admit of comment.

1. The notable difference between it and the former soliloquy, "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, &c." in which he is also meditating suicide. Then the motive of religious obedience was enough to stay his hand—"or that the Everlasting had not fixed His canon 'gainst self-slaughter." Here he is weighed down by the heartache, and so depressed, that he would welcome annihilation in death as a consummation to be wished for. He is deterred from suicide only by the same "thinking too much upon the event," which holds back his hand from avenging his father's death.

2. His own woes are predominant among those which would not be borne, but for the dread of something after death: the oppressor's wrong—the pangs of disprized love—the insolence of office.

3. The "conscience which makes cowards of us all" is the same with the "thought whose sickly hue infects resolution," without excluding entirely the feeling that sins unpunished here may meet their reward hereafter.

4. The whole speech—or rather that which is the key to the whole—is an instance of that power of rapid association which we have before seen to be characteristic of Hamlet. *Sleep* at once suggests dreams.

It seems to me to be a piece of hypercriticism to cavil at the lines—

That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,

as implying forgetfulness on Hamlet's part of the ghost's appearance. The point of the passage is that

nothing is known of that undiscovered land; no traveller returns to tell the story of what he has seen; and substantially this is true even of his father's ghost, who is "forbid to tell the secrets of his prison house."

The conversation with Ophelia is a natural sequel to this soliloquy. The stage tradition which would have us imagine Hamlet to catch some glimpse of the listeners to this conversation, and to be thus prompted to a cruel harrowing of the poor girl's feelings by "wild and hurling" words, seems to me almost beneath notice—it rests upon such a shallow reading of the whole passage—every line of which is eloquent. It is worth our while to examine it in detail.

We cannot be too often reminded that the original cause of Hamlet's melancholy is his mother's speedy transfer of her affections from his father, or his father's memory, to his uncle. This it is which appears in his first soliloquy, and though the deep-brooding sorrow which shakes the balance of his mind is deepened and intensified by the appearance and the revelations of the ghost—yet its direction seems never to have been entirely changed. Of this melancholy we have just had the most touching expression to be found in the whole play. It has settled upon him like some dark pall, hiding from him all comfort and cheer, and so penetrating his very nature with its shadow that he is forgetful for the moment of the cause which first stirred it. It has become a confirmed habit of mind with him. In this frame of mind he meets Ophelia apparently reading a book of prayers. It may well have been that his quick eye would soon discern some signs of constraint in the manner of one with whom he had once enjoyed such free and loving converse, and who had once listened with maiden shyness, but with blushes which told her love, to his "words of sweet breath:" but at first there is no such feeling. "Nymph in thy orisons be all my sins remembered"

is a greeting which breathes nought but tenderness and respect. But Ophelia's reply, "how does your honour *for this many a day?*" at once calls back his thoughts to his letters rejected and his visits refused. And there is mixed perhaps with this an instinctive consciousness, not yet developed into a strong feeling, of the dishonesty of the question, which half implies by the form in which it is put that this long separation had been Hamlet's fault, not her's. He replies with a delicate touch of irony, "I humbly thank you: well, well, well." Your solicitude on my behalf deserves my thanks—but I also have to thank you in part for my present condition—the words are words of good omen, but their triple repetition makes them far more expressive of deep sadness and misery than any other words could be. It is not however till Ophelia attempts to return his presents and so entirely break off the connexion between them, that the spring which had been underlying this sadness wells forth afresh and disturbs once more the whole current of his thoughts. He denies all his former gifts, "I never gave you aught." He would like if words could do it to blot out altogether this passage of his life from his memory. But poor Ophelia would not have it so, she knows right well he did, and with them words of sweet breath, the remembrance of which is only made more bitter by the cold words he has just used. And here her weakness comes out. She is the unresisting tool in the hands of her father and the king. She has sucked in the honey of his music vows, and it is not by any *wish* of hers that that music is silenced: but she forgets her own weakness in consenting to his rejection, and in submitting to be made an instrument in her father's plots, and puts down all the "unkindness" to Hamlet. It is evident, I think, that she is not here merely playing her part as decoy, there is a tender earnest pathos in her words which must come from her heart.

Hamlet however knows that she has shut the door

upon him, that she is the giver who has proved unkind, and so this speech appears to him utterly dishonest and false. He startles her with the question, "ha, ha! are you honest?" There is no need here to define *honest* by *chaste*. The frequent use of the word in that sense and the association of his mother's falsehood make him pass on to that, but at first he seems to use the word simply in its first meaning. The whole of what follows may be explained by a reference to that picture of his mother's frailty which Ophelia has thus brought again vividly before him. Her innocent surprise at his questions seems somewhat to lessen his suspicions of her. By this all thought of the watchers has left her—she speaks her own honest thoughts. He seems to wish that she should be preserved from temptation to which others had succumbed—wed her himself, he knows he cannot, and he fancies with some displeasure that she may be induced by another's wooing to forget her love for him; this at any rate seems to be expressed by his "get thee to a nunnery" and his "if thou dost marry, &c." So with his mother's example before his mind's eye he warns her of the power of beauty to corrupt honesty, of which the time now gives such patent proof; nay, even in his own case, this was true—he must relish of the old stock—his mother's falsehood must have its counterpart in him, and so she should not have believed his professions of love. This thought seems enough to account for this retracting of his words. He is carried away to it by excited feeling which makes him speak somewhat wildly. That his disclaimer of love for her is not true, is proved by his very next words. A marriage even with himself could have but poor fruits, and yet as the world went he was fairly honest; let her however shut herself up not only from his resort but from that of all other men. Marriage he had seen in one case had ended so badly that he in his morbid generalising (*cf.* ACT I. Sc. 2) would have all other marriages cease.

But it is not merely this that makes him wish that Ophelia should get her to a nunnery. The plague, that he gives her for her dowry should she marry, must I think be taken as an indication of his unwillingness that the love which had once been given to him should be transferred to another.

The rhapsodical outburst against "paintings," &c., is another side of the picture of the falsehood of women.

The only thing difficult to explain in the scene, is Hamlet's inquiry and injunctions about Polonius. Once adopt the stage tradition and it seems easy enough, and to my mind it is the only thing that can be urged in its favour. May it not be simply suggested by the words "*arrant* knaves all?" It is a parting bit of advice. Hamlet prepares to leave the room but comes back again.

In forming any judgement of Hamlet's behaviour in this scene it is surely unfair to pass over such hints of what the author intended as we can get. These may be gathered from the impression which he represents as made upon the by-standers. Now to Ophelia's eye this distraction is that of a mind o'er-thrown, of a noble and most sovereign reason out of tune. The vigour of his mind may be asserted on the authority of this passage in opposition to Goethe's theory, that the key to the character is the idea of a somewhat weak mind with a task given it too great for it to perform. The king also reads aright his state, not madness, but melancholy—the brain still beating on a something-settled matter—which puts him from the fashion of himself. We may, I hope, take this evidence against the opinion of an actor who finds it easier to represent a counterfeit passion than the genuine distraction which Shakespeare has depicted.

A word before we leave this scene on the character of Ophelia. She—

Of ladies most distract and wretched
That sucked the honey of his music vows—

must, in the acting of this scene, where all the cruelty seems to be transferred to Hamlet, attract all our sympathy. The tenderness of her words, the "sweet compassion" for his state—

"O heavenly powers restore *him*."

"O help *him* you sweet heavens;"

the way in which all thought of herself is kept under, until he is gone, wins our love. And this almost blinds us to the part which she is playing. No girl with strength of character would lend herself to such plots and combinations. Her abandonment of her love at her father's command, is an act of filial obedience which we can commend, for we see the suffering which it costs her; but this act, of treachery I had almost said, we find it hard to forgive. She is loving, true in her love; but too feeble and pliant in others' hands.

Scene 2. The next scene tells its own tale more plainly, and requires little comment. The advice to the players, while supplying the soundest principle for theatrical criticism, contains some traces of a pedantic assertion of superiority over "the groundlings," "the barren spectators." It is true that the function of the actor is to hold the mirror up to nature; and so by developing all that is natural and good, to raise the popular taste to a higher level: but to do this, it must needs appeal to the mass of the people—it must be attractive to them, or they will give no heed to it. There would soon be an end to all the usefulness of the theatre, if the censure of one judicious critic were to outweigh a whole theatre of others.

The character of Horatio, one of the most marked of the additions of the later quarto, is a very interesting set-off to that of Hamlet. The steady fixity of purpose, the constancy under either fortune, are just those qualities which are wanting in him, and whose excellence he recognises in his friend. On him Fortune's finger may sound what stop she pleases. He is not passion's

slave it is true—he may be carried away by it for the moment, but he does not follow up its dictates, still he is not its master. Horatio is informed of the purpose of the play, the “mousetrap” in which the king’s conscience is to be caught, and so the truth of the ghost to be tested.

When the court comes in, Hamlet assumes a distracted air which is simply an exaggeration of the excitement expressed in his last words to Horatio. He quizzes Polonius on his acting, and treats Ophelia as if the interview of the last scene had never taken place. He is evidently in a state of great excitement, and the key-note of it all is the “brevity of woman’s love.”

Then follows the play. Its antithetic character is due to the necessity of having something perfectly distinct from the framework in which it is set. It is full of admonitions to Hamlet himself if he could only heed them—

What we do determine oft we break—
Purpose is but the slave to memory.—
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.

The play is successful. But Hamlet’s first thought is not of the consequences of this success, but of his own cleverness in devising it. Still this may only be the natural levity of great excitement, since he bursts out immediately with “O good Horatio, I’ll take the ghost’s word for a thousand pounds.” But what is its effect? Why! he fears lest his heart should lose its nature, and become that of a Nero. He nearly forgets his filial duty in his resolve to “shend” his mother—he will obey, were she ten times his mother.

His conversation with Rosencrantz is quite that of a man who is conscious his wit is diseased, and who frets under the constant observation of his movements by spies. He may be a pipe for Fortune’s finger to sound, but he is not to be played upon by theirs.

Scene 3. This scene is one of the most interesting in a comparison between the first and second quartos. The first part of it is entirely wanting in the former, and the prayer scene is expanded from the following few lines :

Oh that this wet, that falls upon my face,
Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
When I look up to heaven I see my trespass,
The earth doth still cry out upon my fact!
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I have committed:
Oh these are sins that are unpardonable!
Why say thy sins were blacker than is jet,
Yet may contrition make them white as snow:
Ay, but still, to persevere in a sin,
It is an act 'gainst the universal power.
Most wretched man stoop, bend thee to thy prayer,
Ask grace of heaven to keep thee from despair.

The king's sense of the danger that he runs, from Hamlet's being at large, which in the first part of the play has been for a time lulled to rest, is stirred more keenly than before, by the evident knowledge of his crime which the play-scene has shown him to possess. He gives instructions to the two friends for their mission to England. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern begin to justify the epithet which Hamlet applies to them afterwards. And yet the poet adds a certain dignity to their servile devotion by the picture which he draws of the true king of men—the king who rules because he is not merely the representative of the people, but the people itself; such a king as David or Charlemagne: the king whose majesty draws like a gulf all that is near it, whose very sighs are but the united expression of the general groan.

It has been remarked before now, that Shakespeare's most contemptible characters are often the mouth-pieces for the expression of the noblest truths. This speech of Rosencrantz is an instance in point, but nowhere can a more striking one be found than in the soliloquy of the king which follows it. By a few bold touches he

has drawn the character of the king more vividly than anywhere before. The hardened heart, the conscience seared, but still making itself feebly heard, the ineffectual effort to combine repentance with the continued retaining of the offence, tell us of one whose sole rule of life has been the gratification of every selfish longing, who has steadily refused to listen to any higher voice; of one who is dead to all higher feeling than the pangs of remorse. Nothing but a steady neglect and defiance of God's law could bring him to such a state. All for which he has sinned he possesses, yet it brings him no satisfaction. There is no peace to the wicked—the stronger guilt defeats the strong intent; they are like a troubled sea tossed to and fro. The habits of a lifetime cannot be thrown off at a moment's notice. The very struggling of the limed soul only engages it more deeply.

And what a noble homily is read to us here, and in the following speech, on the true nature and efficacy of prayer—its twofold force

To be forestalled—ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down.

But the man who systematically neglects it in the former case will find it more difficult in the latter. No mere form of words can serve the sinner's turn. "Words without thoughts never to heaven go." But real sincere prayer is the "purging of the soul" that "fits and seasons it for its passage." The Christian "enters heaven by prayer."

Some commentators, misled by the passages in which Hamlet, under the influence of momentary excitement, shows a readiness for action, have represented him as an energetic man who only bided his time. Such, I think, was hardly Shakespeare's idea. Here is an opportunity for action. Hamlet is under great excitement—there is no thought present with him of the uncertainty of the evidence on which his suspicions rest—yet he does nothing. And why? There is some-

thing which would be scanned. The thought of his father taken in the blossom of his sin makes him cherish more diabolical schemes of revenge. There is nothing in the refined cruelty of this thought inconsistent with Hamlet's general character: it is one mark of that egotism or selfishness which is one of his prominent features. Similar cruelty we have already seen in his treatment of Ophelia—and we shall see it again in his unfeeling conduct when he has killed Polonius, and in his unscrupulous sacrifice of his two friends who are not near his conscience. The feeling was real at the moment, but most of all it was a motive for further delay. He still "lives to say this thing's to do."

Scene 4. In a state of the greatest excitement Hamlet passes to his mother's chamber. The very call, mother! mother! mother! with which he approaches shows this. His answer to her first words confirm it. The poor queen has not often been so rudely addressed by a son whom she throughout so tenderly loves. And yet in it all there is a depth of tender melancholy:

You are the queen—your husband's brother's wife
And—would you were not so!—you are my mother.

Though innocent of complicity in her husband's murder, the queen is not ignorant of the causes of Hamlet's altered state, and so this rough beginning excites her fears. He probably lays his hand upon her and she cries out for help. Polonius echoes the cry, and so the "rash intruding fool" gets his death-thrust. The behaviour of Hamlet here is very instructive. He has let slip an opportunity of executing his revenge only a few minutes before, in order that his sword might know a more horrid hent, that he might catch his uncle drunk or in his rage, and here the moment after he makes this pass through the arras thinking it was the king, "I took thee for thy betters." And when he finds his mistake there is no feeling of pity or sorrow; the feeble expression of compunction at the end of the scene

For this same lord I do repent,

is shoved aside by a weak excuse of fatalism. Here as elsewhere he tries to divest himself of all responsibility for his acts. So the death of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is none of his doing—they did make love to their fate. No doubt this feeling was strongly fostered by the ghost's appearance, and the consequent consciousness of being a minister of destiny—but it is a common trait of a self-indulgent character.

Polonius is thus dismissed with scant pity, but the rash and bloody deed serves as the peg on which the rest of the scene may hang. Even without the evidence of the first quarto the surprise of the queen at the words "as kill a king," to which she wants the clue, would be sufficient to exonerate her from complicity in her husband's murder. The first part of Hamlet's objurgation may be quickly dismissed. His language is a little strained at first, but as the contrast between the past and the present king, which he draws in such poetical language, more and more fills his mind, all affectation disappears, and we feel the passionate earnestness of his words. The difference between the two speeches is marked in the queen's replies—compare the "act which roars and thunders in the index"—words indicative rather of fear lest this bluster may lead to some unhappy end than of any real feeling of wrong done—with the conscience stricken cry "Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul." But Hamlet is not satisfied with the effect that he has produced, and dwells in a somewhat coarse way on this portrait of the present object of his mother's affection. And what are we to think of her? She has nothing to say for her husband—nothing but this repeated cry "No more!"

It seems to be very doubtful whether the second appearance of the ghost is more than an objective representation to the spectators of Hamlet's inmost thoughts. His mother is unconscious of the apparition which on the former occasions was visible to the

bystanders. He has been dwelling on the picture of the father that he loves and the wrongs that he has suffered, and is naturally reminded of his former visitation. The motive of the apparition, whether it be real or a mere "coinage of the brain," is evident. Hamlet is in danger of forgetting the ghost's parting injunction:

Nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

It is to recal this that the ghost again appears—and henceforth Hamlet's tone to his mother is entirely changed: all his words are full of affectionate solicitude.

It is but natural that the queen, knowing nothing of the previous visitation, and seeing no cause for Hamlet's sudden terror, should put it down as the bodiless creation of ecstasy—and not less natural and in accordance with the strong feeling of the moment that Hamlet should protest that it is no madness that he has uttered, a confession which he afterwards appears to regret. He would not have it thought that he was "not essentially in madness, but only mad in craft." Let doctors decide about the test which he proposes. He confesses afterwards to Laertes the sore distraction with which he is visited, and prays forgiveness for the acts of his madness; and yet I think that here he speaks truth. *This vision* is no fruit of madness—whether it be a true apparition—or the vivid memory of the former one, *it* is no offspring of a disordered brain. And this is the proof. His language after is calmer even than before. Before it he was passing from earnest but subdued passion to rant—now he is again calm, affectionate, subdued. What a contrast between the rude reproach of the earlier part of the scene—and the tender though reproving farewell:

Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest
I'll blessing beg of you.

Hamlet already knows of the king's plan of getting him out of the country—how, we are not told,—and he seems also to know of the meditated treachery which this mission conceals, and to have formed already the plan of sending his two school-fellows to the fate which is meant for himself—

'Tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.

That he should do this from the instinct of self-preservation when he discovered the plot might claim some indulgence—but this deliberate premeditated murder is quite inconsistent with that noble weakness which some have accepted as the theory of Hamlet's character. He cannot say of this act of cruelty as he says of his words to his mother,

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Neither does he by this act gain anything for the accomplishment of his meditated vengeance on his uncle. On the contrary his submitting to be shipped off to England at all frustrates his schemes. He serves no purpose by it, save it be to justify a subsequent attack by the evidence of Claudius' designs upon his life; and of this there is no hint in the text. He is removed from the scene of action, and when he returns does not come upon the king by surprise, but sends him notice of his coming. I can see no motive for the voyage but the delight in the meeting of two crafts, the same delight in his own ingenuity which he showed in the play scene and which he was ready to gratify without any thought of the cost.

(To be concluded.)



THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

FROM HAFIZ.

'Twas morning, and the Lord of day
Had shed his light o'er Shiraz' towers,
Where bulbuls trill their love-lorn lay
To serenade the maiden flowers.

Like them oppressed by love's sweet pain,
I wander in a garden fair;
And there to cool my throbbing brain
I woo the perfumed morning air.

The damask rose with beauty gleams,
Its face all bathed in ruddy light,
And shines like some bright star that beams
From out the sombre veil of night.

The very bulbul, as the glow
Of pride and passion warms its breast,
Forgets awhile its former woe
In pride that conquers love's unrest.

The sweet narcissus opes its eye,
A teardrop glistening on the lash,
As tho' 'twere gazing piteously
Upon the tulip's bleeding gash.

The lily seem'd to menace me,
And show'd its curved and quivering blade,
While every frail anemone
A gossip's open mouth displayed.

And here and there a graceful group
Of flowers, like men who worship wine,
Each raising up his little stoup
To catch the dewdrop's draught divine.

And others yet like Hebes stand,
Their dripping vases downward turned,
As if dispensing to the band
The wine for which their hearts had burned.

This moral it is mine to sing,
Go learn a lesson of the flowers,
Joy's season is in life's young spring,
Then seize like them the fleeting hours.

HAJJI.



A WANDERING EAGLET.

By the Author of "Karl's Legacy."

FLIGHT THE FIRST. — NUREMBERG.

"But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfixed thy powers;
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made:
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours."

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *The Scholar Gipsy.*

[One seldom is left quietly to realise a favourite ideal of life. So many jarring circumstances and clashing interests of other people come to interrupt our calm repose of solitude, or tempt our ambition to change its course of action, that no very piteous Lament need be uttered by any *Eagle* contributors at the present time, for having been summoned away from their own particular bachelor eyrie (wherever it may be situated) into the pages of their College Magazine. It may be very much for their own benefit, being recalled from a contemplation of exile and loneliness, to a renewal of intercourse with the buoyant spirits and pure ambition of their successors, or older comrades, who study the humanities, or coach the Lady Margaret on the banks of Cam. If each of us, the expatriated, not rusticated, the earlier writers of *The Eagle*, were to waft a feather more frequent back to the pinions of the noble bird whom we still love, surely there might be profit and pleasure to more than one. We do not sufficiently value the privilege of our *Eagle*. Whilst we are in residence, it ought to be a joy to us to therein record some useful discoveries made in our noble libraries. When we have left our Alma Mater, there should be delight in sending any serviceable hints to those who in turn are dwelling where we dwelt, to save them from neglecting opportunities, and to guide them to fresh enjoyment of study. The present writer feels ashamed of himself for having so long

delayed renewing his acquaintance with Johnian quills, and promises amendment. But he is of solitary habits, with much more of the owl than of the eagle in his composition, and claims to be allowed to follow his own habit of flight while chasing "rats and mice, and such small deer," according to his individual appetite, and that, moreover, in out of the way corners. And where could he have felt more removed from the beaten track than when he first found himself in Nuremberg ?]

§ I.

NUREMBERG is the quaintest and most delightfully aged city in Bavaria—the Chester of Germany—the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Europe. To strangers it is a mediæval perplexity. Wherever we turn there is something to enthrall and fascinate us. We are poverty-stricken by the abundance of its riches. Not a dull street corner is to be had for love or money. The place suffers from a redundancy of interest. Vain is the attempt to arrive at a proper state of mind, wherewith to keep remembrance of its peculiarities. One feels the truth of what worthy Fuller says, in regard to the memory—"Like a purse, if it be over-full, so that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it."

We have seen the countless varieties of Nuremberg, and lived in the past. Each street seems rich in works of art as a museum, with charming statuettes of the Madonna sculptured at many a corner. The fountains also have pleasant figures, including the man with two geese under his arm. The churches, of course, are treasuries of study, especially St. Lawrence and the *Frauenkirche*, with its singular pillars destitute of capitals, its images and pictures, where gilding struggles with paint for the mastery. Come to the Old Castle, with its deep well, whereto the returned water sinks flickering like rain, whizzing and scattering drops, till it comes splash, splashing on the surface that had lain so calm and solemn down beneath. Now through the Knight's chambers and their chapel, and away to Albrecht Dürer's houses and his statue, and the

Beautiful fountain (Schönebrunnen), with its delicate tracery and array of sculptured knights; and the deep moat, of modern use for cabbage-gardens and for fruit-trees; and the walks outside the town walls, and the view from lofty *Heidenturm*, and the quaint bells dangling beside the doors, and elaborate keyholes, and complicated locks, and labyrinthine hinges, and dusty stall, and queer sun-browned market-women with scarlet head-gear and leathery faces. We despair of arranging anything like a description of the place; for who can live this double life of past and present without confusion of his own identity? Who can walk about in a region where every body is three hundred years old, where the very smoke is cobwebbed, and the beer suggestive of having weathered two thousand thunder-storms; who can do this, and not find his belief in the modern trifles of railways, electric-telegraphs, photography, tubular-bridges, and Mechanic's Institutes considerably shaken, even if it be not reduced to downright scepticism? One becomes inclined to discredit the printing-press, and resume missal illumination and alchemical researches. The stars reproach us for neglect of astrology, and the goblin-heads on gargoyles are familiarly haunting us at luncheon. We already feel ourselves on visiting-terms with Hans Sachs, chief of the Master-singers, and the cobbler-poet of antiquity—the "old man, grey and dove-like," who is a sort of German mixture of Edie Ochiltree and S. T. Coleridge. What a swarm of notable men nod to us through the ages, Minnesingers and guild-poets, from Walter von Vogelweide to Hans Fels—whom friend Karl describes as a barber-ous rhymer, whose lather and poesy were unitedly soap-horrific. Really, when we had sat down at the table of Albrecht Dürer, or walked about his studio downstairs, and admired his choice of light for pictures now removed, we seemed to be as much at home as if we had been hitherto rambling away from Nuremberg during a fortnight's

holiday, which weak-minded people call a life-time, and deserved a scolding for absence and keeping the dinner waiting, until the very curls of the fur-tipped Albrecht untwisted themselves owing to the intensity of his indignation.

But no! we must not wrong his gentle nature by the supposition. He never scolded anybody, but bore in Christian resignation uncomplainingly, though with a breaking heart, the misery of an ill-assorted union. As Bulwer Lytton has it: "Every ant on the hill carries its load, and its home is but made by the burden which it bears."

Saddening is the remembrance of all such wedded misery, not only of Dürer, but of many another enthusiast. The thought arises, how much better may it be for them to devote a life in lonely worship to the pure ideal, and its own path of duty, than to accept a compromise fraught with so much regret! For unsuccessful love is tenfold better than the disappointment of embittered triumph. To gain what we have striven for, and find it worthless, this is worse to bear than non-attainment of possession, whilst yet retaining the reverence and love that had sanctified our early hope. But each one of us may brood over the wound, not knowing where to look at once for the healing, and only later understanding how it had been well for us that we were afflicted. All suffering turns to our good, if rightly borne. As regards Albert Dürer he deserves true sympathy. Our heart keeps with him in all his journey, from when he leaves old Michael Wohlgemuth, the quietly industrious painter, to his return, four years later, and marriage with the beautiful vixen, Agnes Frei; an ill-omened wedding, arranged by the parents, one that shortened the life of the noblest artist in Germany. We find his manhood fulfilling the promise of his youth; received with honour throughout the Netherlands (so graphically described by himself), and entering into friendship with Raphael and Bellino in

Italy. Gentle and affectionate in the highest degree, an enthusiastic visionary, a worshipper of beauty, handsome in person, and gifted with most varied knowledge, it might have seemed that to him, at least, life would be happiness. The record of his friend Willibald Pirkheimer, proves that it was not so.

Much of Dürer's peculiar quaintness may be fitly traced to this domestic unhappiness. In his works he mingles the beautiful, the familiar, and the grotesquely melancholy, to the extreme of contrast, even as he had met with them in experience. In his "Madonna with the Monkey," a woman holds a child fondling a captive bird, whilst a chained ape crouches at her feet and keeps a half-wakeful observance. Here may have been symbolized the subjugation of man's lower nature; the fluttering bird indicating his restless spirit seeking the incarnate divinity. It is eminently characteristic of Dürer's genius. But a greater favourite with us, his "Melancholy," appears to have been inspired by sadder contemplation of life. We see therein a woman, beautiful, but with a weird expression, heavily attired in gorgeous raiment, inharmonious with the wild-weed wreath that encircles her dishevelled hair, or with her unused and shadowing wings. She holds a closed volume and a pair of compasses; musingly she reckons up some chances, or meditates some problem—perhaps suggested by those cabalistic signs marked on the wall of the espial-tower; but keeping meanwhile *her back to the light*. The sand is running swiftly in the hour-glass above, and the passing-bell is ready to toll forth a funeral knell. Strange implements surround her: a ponderous many-sided block, typical of inert matter; numerous tools of builder-craft, the plane, the saw, and hammer—emblems of the shaping faculty in man; a growing flower in its pan of earth, significant of germinating thought and culture; also the ladder, to indicate ascending progress. The equi-balance suspended over the sleeping cherub, who is seated on the

grindstone wheel, seems to betoken the pause from action. Moreover, the wearied dog, coiled at her feet, shows, in contrast to herself, obliviousness as rest from labour, whilst the setting sun, and the flitting bat with *Melancholia* on its wings, foreshadows that "the night cometh when no man can work." But there is more than this. Four nails, the implements of Our Saviour's passion, are beside the woman. From her girdle hangs a bunch of keys, and, with the heavy purse that presses on her garments, surely indicates a fetter of worldliness; in connection with which, the stillness of the slumbering ocean, and the fact of the book being tightly clasped, gives a clue to her melancholy reflections. If we read it rightly, the moral is Time rebuked by Eternity—the things of this world, arts, sciences, and riches, found to be vain and unsatisfying when weighed beside the longings after the eternal and the infinite.

That Dürer was a man to feel this, and to attempt a symbolization of mighty spiritual truths, our knowledge of his life and works makes more than probable. The failure to reach his ideal of happiness here, in wedded life; the protestantism and political heat into which circumstances forced him, while his soul inclined naturally towards the sensuous beauty of Catholicism and the mild indifference to local or temporary strifes for power; even, perhaps, some haunting doubts, whether there was not higher work intended for him than what his brush or burin could accomplish, all helped to make him strive to symbolize such truths as we fancy to lurk in this picture of Melancholy. He delights in shewing the grim picturesqueness of the middle-ages; the ghastly fun that mingles as a travesty of tragic horror with the luxury of selfish pride and voluptuousness; but he also tasks his energies to set forth the beauty of holiness, the sad reality of the Redeemer's agony, and the loathsomeness of sin from which He came to free mankind. We might read

invaluable lessons from the teaching of such a meditative artist as Albert Dürer.

§ II.

The Rath-haus or Town-Hall is full of corridors, with old carvings, sculptured tournaments and histories, on vaulted roofs and whitewashed walls. We peer into numerous little rooms, choked with dusty parchments and undistinguishable smoky pictures. We descend to its torture-dungeons, named ludicrously after animals—dark, clammy, shut apart from light and the free air of heaven.

Shout if you will, no sound escapes from these gloomy vaults; but by the secret passage we can emerge at the old castle, or a distant forest.

See this hideous pit, these mouldering beams, staples, and rusty iron hooks, that have such fearful memories attached, and then bethink you of the Vehm Gericht and Anne of Gierstein, or Goetz von Berlichingen, and Baden-Baden with its rival horror of the Virgin's Kiss (*Baiser de la Vierge*), where, as in Nuremberg, the doomed criminal was forced to the embrace of a mechanical statue, and cut to pieces by its concealed machinery of dagger-blades. Ugh! those old times had awkward ministrations!—rather worse than our Penitentiaries on the Silent System, or Workhouse Bastiles, where we punish for the heaviest crime of poverty. Yet these are not exactly sybaritic couches. When we feel inclined to rave about degeneracy from the glorious old times, the delightful mediæval customs, had we not better remember a few facts, such as this Rath-Haus dungeon reveals, to steady our judgment, and let the words of Coleridge sink into our heart:—

“And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps, and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,

His energies roll back upon his heart
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
 They break upon him like a loathsome plague-spot !
 Then we call in our pampered mountebanks,
 And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
 And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
 And savage faces at the clanking irons,
 Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
 By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
 'Circled with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds his essence, hopelessly deformed
 By sights of evermore deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature,
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters ;
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angry spirit healed and harmonised
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Remorse, Act . Sc. .

§ III.

Evening twilight has gathered round us, calm and holy all seems to us now ; we return to a sight of the skies in the solemn stillness. We go forth again, and when we are next surrounded by walls, it is to feel the grandeur, the almost mournful magnificence, that fills the churches of Nuremberg.

The many-coloured light from each rose-window falls upon the shrines of saints and tombs of knight or lady ; upon wondrous carvings, pulpits, and pendants, where the labour of a lifetime had been bestowed. In St. Lawrence's Church is the delicately sculptured Pix (*Sacraments Hauslein*), by Adam Krafft, that tapers upward till it meets the roof, and then bends forward gracefully, curling like a crosier ; one of the loveliest works in stone that the world holds. The gorgeous tomb of St. Sebald occupied Peter Vischer and his five sons thirteen years. Everywhere you come upon some name famous in German annals ; minstrels and crafts-

men, artists and stalwart warriors. When you go out into the crooked thoroughfares, watching the quaint gables and peaked roofs, the clever paintings on the signboards, where pictured loaves and sausages betray the German love for creature comforts. And when you stand upon the steep Rialto-like bridge across the Pegnitz, the thought must perforce come that Nuremberg is no ordinary dwelling place, but a choice morsel of antiquity. For, see the numerous other bridges of wood and stone, discoloured, rickety, and picturesque; the water-mills, and promenades beneath the trees; the projecting balconies and gardens, not only to the water's edge, but stretching over it, and peeping at their own reflections in the discoloured stream. Now the moon is up, and we walk beside the moat, and the massive round towers with double-peaked roofs, frequent on the walls. The sound of a thousand laughing voices rises, and many bursts of military music pouring forth that wildly beautiful overture by Karl Marda von Weber, his "*Der Frieschutz*," wherein the airs that follow throughout the opera flit in premonition through the stern or graceful murmurs of the symphony. A fitting strain for Nuremberg this evening, glancing awe-strickenly within the abysses of romantic superstition, and telling more than words can ever tell, of things that sadden and perplex the soul.

§ IV.

The little church and burial-ground of St. John, where Albert Dürer lies, are beyond the gates of Nuremberg. The path called the Dolorous Way, from the House of Pilate, is garnished at fixed intervals or stations with the Calvary sculptures of old Adam Krafft, according to the distances, as measured from those in Palestine, by the pilgrim Martin Kotzel. These figures are very rude, and much injured by time, in barred niches generally, and withered offerings have accumulated under dust. Outside the city walls, in gardens

on the road, through the happy Nurembergers, who don their best attire on this Sunday evening, and sally forth to enjoy the holiday. It seems like realisation of the early scene in "Faust." The German burying-grounds are simple and lovely. But this of St. John's is very different from the *Gottesacker* at Bonn, or those of Tyrol. Here, half the tombs, which lie flat, are decorated with bronze or iron ornament plates, containing in addition to inscriptions the armorial bearings of the deceased, elaborated in bold relief. One might deem that all the chivalry of Europe was congregated here, and were jealously retaining their privilege of precedence. Trees and flower-bushes, acacias and willows, are everywhere in wild luxuriance. On many of the stones, or around the little crosses, are wreaths of *immortelles* and flowers of every hue; and often beautiful is the arrangement, where the metal scutcheon gleams amid the roses on the monument. Near a high and richly sculptured cross is Albrecht Dürer's grave, his monogram and epitaph sufficient guide.

ME. AL. DU.

Quidquid ALBERTI DURERI mortale fuit

Sub hoc conditur tumulo

Emigravit VIII Idus Aprilis MDXXVIII.

His house near the Zeirkathener Thor is a simple and impressive mansion, suitable to the severe magnificence of the artist's manner, in his later paintings. His portrait, also, even the one taken latest, when time and sorrow had assailed the upright boldness of his glance, shews him to be one of Nature's noblemen. We remember his life, truly in keeping with his aspiration, his unselfishness, his freedom from envy, avarice, or meanness of any kind. Here was one record of him at our feet: but he has left a surer trace in our own heart, and in the heart of thousands in days gone by, helping them to help on others.

But look! in the distance is a long procession, clad in black; yet surely not a funeral? For in the front are many girls who bear a heaped profusion of gay

flowers, and following them another girl with basket slung upon her shoulder. Now we see that those behind are carrying something like a car of triumph, for it is crowned with white flowers, green wreaths, and garlands. One walks beside them, and exhibits tinsel decorations, silver crosses and insignia. But now they are close at hand, the crowd has gathered to one spot, and we perceive, what at first was unnoticed, a priest in simple black advancing with the bearers. It is indeed a funeral. They gather to the grave in silence, the white flowers are lifted from the pall, and the coffin is lowered to its solemn resting-place. Then from the group of mourners, the youngest of the band, arises such a hymn—so soft, so sad, and full of melody, that if the spirit still were lingering near, it might take its flight with a foretaste of heaven. Then the deep voice of the clergyman is heard, as he reads an exhortation to survivors, and tells the deeds of that departed one “not dead, but gone before.” “Neun und Zwanzig Jahr”—only nine and twenty? Old enough! perhaps: to fade whilst flowers still linger in our fancy, before the bloom of life has altogether faded. No need to weep—and yet, how few there are of all that large assemblage who are not in tears. Impressively the words are sounding. No pomp, no glitter seen now, all severely patriarchal, like a family meeting, not a convocation of fellow-citizens. When all is said that can be said for comfort or warning, when the Lord’s Prayer has been read and joined in by all near, then the girls who stand around the grave, weeping so bitterly, cast handfuls of fresh flowers into the dark trench: more and more flowers from the mother, from the little children, from the old women who press forward to add their tribute. Roars a peal of musketry—another—and another: and the death-bell of St. John’s is echoed by that of some church not far distant, and the sound borne on to Nuremberg by repetitions, whilst the flowers are heaped high within the grave; and one by

one the maidens cast three sprinklings of fresh earth upon it. Strangers, who have come far, as their dusty garments prove, step forward also, and scatter ashes unto ashes. They disperse at last towards the gates, and all is over.

We know not, Karl and I, but that in these foreign wanderings we more nearly understand the deep unspeakable mystery pervading life, than in our familiar haunts. Certainly we better recognise a similarity between diverse beings. The men with whom we converse, however, affect us less than those who are for ever removed from conversation. We seem to have long known and loved, not only Albert Dürer, but also this newly-buried *Herr von Schwalbach*. We surely had accompanied him in his student walks, had listened to his glowing words of love for Vaterland, for that blue-eyed girl who knelt beside us. Together we had traversed the bewildering philosophy of Hegel, and found safe ground beyond; had chaunted Korner's sword-lay, had murmured ballads of Uhland, laughed at Hans Sach's *Schumacher and Poet Dazu*, compared notes of admiration about Jean Paul Richter, wondered concerning Kasper Hauser, that modern marvel of Nuremberg; until we scarcely could believe that all yon dispersing crowd were strangers to us, and we ourselves but lonely dreamers of dreams, and seers of visions; dreams that appear so baseless and so idle, but which are interwoven in the mind more firmly than most daily actions; visions that no reality can surpass, no change obliterate. What save a live of fancies can lend that nameless charm to travel? It is the flowery garland wound around the pillar, as at Roslin Chapel, not weakening strength, but adding grace to the supporting column. It is not with a brooding over graves, but with a recognition of the universal brotherhood in life and in death—that we take our departure from Nuremberg.

J. W. E.



A HUNDRED MILES IN A LEAKY CANOE.

THE Lent Term was drawing to a close and becoming decidedly monotonous, when it occurred to my two friends and myself, that it would be pleasant to do something at which the world should turn pale. Being Mathematical men we should like to denote ourselves as α , α_1 , α_2 , but for greater perspicuity we will simply say A, B, and C. To accomplish our object, we decided that the pleasantest plan would be a canoe expedition, and thinking that a river voyage would lack excitement, we determined on essaying the nearest available part of the Briny Ocean, *i.e.* The Wash. Accordingly having chosen the most suitable of Mr. Rutt's canoes, and taking a 'last stirrup-cup' with our friends, we started on Tuesday morning with a pleasant breeze dead against us.

In discussing our route we had decided that it would be easy to reach Lynn in one day, that is, ten hours at five miles per hour. But finding the wind dead against us, we came to the conclusion that two days would be more probably the time, as our sails were of little or no use; and indeed I expressed my opinion that my sail would be the upsetting of me. However C assured us that it was impossible to upset, and went ahead in the most dashing style; but he had not enunciated this proposition of impossibility very long before, in taking a graceful swoop, his sail shifted and the contents of his canoe, including two bottles of highly prized cherry-brandy, went to the bottom. With

some difficulty we got C and his canoe ashore and did the best we could towards drying him, and as we were now near Ely we paddled on and put up there for the night; C having made friends with the landlord appeared at dinner, to our great amusement, in a pair of trousers and a coat that would have enclosed a bullock with ease.

The next morning we made a good breakfast and a good start, though the wind was still dead against us, and in the long reaches beyond Ely was very trying. Notwithstanding this, having lunched twice by mistake, we reached Denver sluice by four o'clock, and found to our dismay that the tide, which runs up to this point, would be hard against us, it was useless therefore to proceed, and to our further dismay we found that the only Inn at Denver could not put us up. So, leaving our boats in the care of a miniature Polyphemus, we walked on to Downham, where we were made very comfortable for the night, so comfortable indeed that B proposed to pass a second night in the same place. However, next morning, assuring each other that we were really roughing it, we took a dog-cart and drove down to Denver again, and getting under weigh ran down to Lynn with the tide (15 miles) in two hours; a very pleasant run it was too, as the wind was now for the first time just available and the tide running out at a good pace.

We reached Lynn about one o'clock, and after a small interchange of repartee with the bargees on the shipping, we landed at a boat-house, and finding that the tide would begin to run in again in a few hours, we decided to look about us. Accordingly we put up at "The Globe," where the civility we met with was only equalled by the length of our bill. Having refreshed the inner man, we strolled down to the boat-house and had a talk with some sailors there, who declared it perfect madness to venture near the sea in such boats as ours. As we had several hours to spare,

we thought the best thing would be to see how our canoes behaved on rough water, previous to crossing over to Wisbeach the following day. There was a stiff breeze and the tide just steady, so we had a very pleasant sail down the long cut from Lynn to the open Wash. Much to our amusement we soon discovered that we were followed by two enterprising sailors in a fishing-smack, who evidently expected to turn an honest penny by rescuing us from a watery grave; our canoes however behaved very well and rode over the long waves like corks, and we sailed nearly as fast as the smack; when we had got about four miles below Lynn the tide turned and carried us back very pleasantly, and we put up our boats for the night, fully determined to have a good trip on the "Briny" the next morning.

The next thing was to find some cheap excitement for the evening, and as Lynn theatre seemed to promise amusement, off we set. In the first place C, having been upset the first day, was quite unfit for polite society; we therefore invested in some collars, ties, &c., and then considering ourselves quite the cheese, took a private box in a most amusingly scrubby theatre. The piece acted was illustrative of Pit-life, and was ingeniously constructed to include the largest possible number of murders, suicides, rattennings, coal-pit explosions, and harrowing scenes of every description. The audience was chiefly composed of bargees, who applauded vociferously the many allusions to the "Horny Hand of Industry"—"The Bloated Aristocrat," &c.—The piece concluded with a Pyrotechnic display of squibs and crackers from the Pit's mouth, intimating that the villains had blown themselves up with the Pit; after which any number of faithful lovers married, and apparently not too soon.

The next morning we were ready to start by eight o'clock, and as soon as the tide ceased running up we launched our boats, the old sailors having given it as

their opinion that, "if we wanted to kill ourselves, it wasn't a bad idea." However we started in high spirits, and with the help of the tide soon came to the end of the Lynn Channel. Our intention was now to coast along to our left till we reached Wisbeach, keeping as near the shore as the tide would allow; but to do this we had to cross a sort of breakwater of piles, &c. which at high water was just covered; now however we could just see the tops of these piles in the hollow of each of the waves which here (owing to the breakwater) were dashing about in a furious manner; I was just going to sing out for a consultation, as to whether we had better go further out of the channel and avoid the breakers, when C taking advantage of a big wave made a rush over the piles and we quite lost sight of him; as we saw that every moment the piles were left higher out of the water. B and I cut short our parley and made a desperate rush after C, and thanks more to our good luck than good management, we were neither upset nor bumped on the piles, and in another minute, though wet through and half full of water, we were immensely relieved to find ourselves right side up and in comparatively smooth water. The next thing to do was to empty our canoes, and as there were long rolling waves running up on to an embankment skirted with piles, this was no easy matter; however, C being in a sinking condition, paddled straight ashore; the consequence was that one wave left him high and dry, and the next washed everything out of his canoe, including a bottle of beer, which to our horror we saw smashed by the next wave, and C standing up to his knees in water the picture of despair. B and I having found a more convenient place emptied our canoes, and having set C to rights started again. We could now use our sails a little, the day was lovely, the sea and sky a deep blue, large white gulls swooped curiously round us; and as our canoes skimmed over the long waves, I think I was

never in a more exhilarating position. And now on the misty horizon we could just see the Sutton lighthouses between which we had to pass; so keeping as near in shore as the receding tide would allow, we made straight for them. As the tide ran out, leaving bare immense tracts of muddy sand, we were obliged to edge out more and more, till at length we were obliged to stick to the regular ship's channel, which is marked out by buoys. But by this time the wind had risen considerably, and we had to do all we knew to 'dodge' the waves, in order that they should not run over us, as our aprons were very badly fitted, and our toes had worn holes through them; while the waves were long and rolling we were safe, as we rode over them; but now they became short and choppy, and the noses of our canoes buried themselves in one wave before the stern had fairly cleared the last. It now struck us forcibly that it was impossible to follow the course marked out by the buoys; and as a fishing-smack was not far off we crossed over to it and asked our way. They told us we should be able to reach the Wisbeach channel over the sands in a straight line; accordingly we made for the sands, but as we got near them, the waves became much more dangerous and chopping, and before we had got to the nearest bank it was quite evident that both B and C were sinking fast, as every wave ran into their canoes; both of them now shouted to me to keep near them, for had they sunk, they might have swam to the nearest sand, but must have left their canoes. As each made for a different point of the sand-banks, I was in somewhat of a predicament; however, as my canoe was as yet above water (being more seaworthy than the others), I set all my sail and followed B as hard as I could, expecting every moment that I should have to tow him and his boat to the sand-bank; he was now so much under water that his boat would not move an inch, when on sounding with our paddles, we found it shallow enough

to jump out and empty our boats, which we did standing up to our middles in water. About a quarter of a mile off we saw C tossing about, and were much relieved to see him at length stand up in the water, for had he upset, it was quite impossible for us to have assisted him. Having emptied our canoes we started down a channel between two sand-banks which seemed to be in the right direction; here we joined C, but had to empty our canoes again, then the channel came to an end, and we had to carry our canoes a quarter of a mile before we could float them again. This occurred over and over again till, as the tide gradually left us, it became apparent that we must either put out to sea again and find the channel, or drag our canoes over the sand, we did not know how far; the nearest point of land being at least five miles away. We were now thoroughly exhausted, and began to examine our stock of provisions; in emptying the canoes our last bottle of beer was smashed, our sandwiches were drenched with sea-water, and the only things left were a few biscuits and some brandy; it was now two o'clock and we had breakfasted at seven, so we were dreadfully thirsty, and the brandy only made us more so; moreover our fuzees were wet, so that it was impossible even to smoke. We were now in a thoroughly bad temper; C was anathematising his canoe, Mr. Rutt, and his bad luck in losing the beer, and I was anathematising C for losing it, when B took us up sharply by saying, "Well I would not swear if I were you, when the chances are ten to one we never get to shore again." And certainly had the tide turned at that moment, sweeping as it does over acres of sand at a time, we must have left all and run for our lives. As it was we yoked ourselves to our canoes by means of our paddles, and set to work to drag them laboriously over the soft muddy sand, sinking up to our ankles every step. We could now see a long line of beacon-posts reaching from the light-houses out to sea, indicat-

ing a channel ; to the nearest point of which we directed our weary tramp. After somewhat more than an hour of this work, we found ourselves in a large channel, having a sea embankment on each side ; and coming across some barges at work on it, found we were twelve miles from Wisbeach, but in the right channel, and the tide steady. So getting afloat once more, we drifted at a good pace up the channel, called Sutton Wash, for the wind had risen very high, and was dead behind us. And now our only difficulty was to prevent our canoes burying themselves in the waves, which were very short and high, so that we had to be continually 'holding up.' Notwithstanding this, we travelled about six miles an hour ; and, by six o'clock, found ourselves at Wisbeach. We were so stiff and benumbed, that we had great difficulty in getting out of our boats ; and we looked such pitiable drenched objects, that we soon had a small crowd around us, from whom we enquired for a suitable place to put up, and were directed to "The Old Bell." Here we met with every comfort. We were so benumbed, that we were lost to every sense of decency ; and when the landlady offered to take our wet things, my friends say that I slipt off my inexpressibles and handed them to her. C now wrapped himself up in a blanket, and walked about the room after the manner of the "last of the Mohicans," while B and I wrung our nether garments over the fire. At this moment a gentleman bowed himself into the room, and begged to be allowed to lend us some dry clothes. Of course we were delighted, and in a short time a large assortment arrived, in which we arrayed ourselves : I had a pair of sailor's trousers, painfully tight above and ludicrously loose below ; C looked like a decayed hairdresser, and B like a methodist parson out for a holiday. By this time the landlady of the "Bell" had contrived a "sumptuous repast to which we did ample justice ;" (I believe the last two expressions are correct.) Nor was the pleasure thereof lessened by the

presence of two juvenile belles, who seemed to take a great interest in the shipwrecked mariners who had fallen under their care. And now we found we were an object of interest in the town of Wisbeach; gentlemen called to see us with huge charts under their arms, old sailors, the whole female kindred of "The Old Bell," and many others: in fact, we held a regular levée, and it was some time before we could get rid of our visitors.

The next morning, after paying a ludicrously small bill, and an equally exorbitant charge, for travelling over five miles of a canal, we started at nine o'clock hoping to reach Cambridge before midnight, (a distance of fifty miles). For the first few miles the wind was with us and we made good progress but it dropt soon after we left Denver, and the last thirty miles had to be doggedly paddled against stream. As our rate of progress looked very unlike reaching Cambridge that night, we did not stop any where for dinner; and it was with great difficulty that I could prevail on the others to stop for some bread and cheese and beer; this was at 4 P.M. and we had breakfasted at 8 A.M. Soon after we passed Ely it became nearly dark, there being very little moon, this made the distance seem much longer, and now I was always in the rear, B and C occasionally waiting for me, to explain that I paddled *idiotically*, and was therefore always behind, to which my only reply was "you won't catch me paddling against stream again with two fellows who are never hungry, thirsty, or tired." However we at length reached Upware about 9 P.M. and had some beer, after which I steadily refused to move another inch, so B and C, went on without me, reaching Cambridge at half-past one on Sunday morning. I at once went to bed, and was horrified on waking in the middle of the night to hear a loud snoring in the room, and hideous visions of drunken bargees crossed my mind. However next morning I found my head and my half-crown untouched, and my snoring friend caused me no inconvenience by using

the soap or water. I arrived in Cambridge in time for breakfast, where our ruddy countenances were a great source of amusement to our friends. Among our numerous visitors at Wisbeach was the editor of the *Wisbeach Advertiser*, and accordingly the next morning we received a paper, containing a paragraph headed, *Perilous Trip*, which afterwards appeared in the Cambridge Papers.

And certainly it was a perilous trip, with only ordinary river canoes and no proper aprons; had we possessed Rob Roy canoes nothing could have been more pleasant or safer.

Should any of our friends purpose a canoe voyage, we would recommend them to get or hire a proper canoe from Searle, which can be forwarded to any proposed starting point; in a properly fitted boat the sea is perfectly safe in ordinary weather, but "do not attempt to paddle against the stream," is the advice of those who have travelled more than

"A HUNDRED MILES IN A LEAKY CANOE."



OUR CHRONICLE.

THE May Term with its usual invasion of fair visitors has passed away, and it only remains for us to chronicle the events that have had special interest in Johnian eyes. To a large proportion of our readers the Boat Races figure among the most intensely exciting incidents, and even those who have ceased to take an active part in these aquatic sports, will be pleased to note how well the Lady Margaret crew have borne themselves in the contest.

The Rev. Canon Atlay, D.D., formerly Tutor of the College, has been appointed Bishop Designate of Hereford. The Rev. James Atlay was a Bell's University Scholar, and graduated in 1840; being a Senior Optime and 9th in the first class of the Classical Tripos. He was ordained Deacon in 1842; and was for some years Vicar of Madingley. On the promotion of Dr. Hook to the Deanery of Chester in 1859, he was presented to the Vicarage of Leeds. It is expected that Dr. Atlay's consecration will take place on the feast of St. John the Baptist.

The Rev. H. J. Sharpe, M.A., has accepted the College living of Cherry-Marham in Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Browne.

Mr. J. F. Moulton, B.A., has been elected to a Fellowship at Christ's College.

The following University honours have been obtained by members of the College since the publication of our last number:

C. E. Haskins has been elected a Bell's scholar.

The Browne medal for a Greek Ode has been adjudged to G. H. Hallam.

One of the newly-founded Winchester Reading Prizes has been obtained by A. N. Obbard, B.A.

One of the Members' Prizes for Bachelors has been awarded to A. S. Wilkins, B.A.

In the recent Theological Examination H. M. Gwatkin, B.A., was alone in the 1st class, and obtained the Scholefield Prize for Biblical Greek and the Hebrew Prize. Mr. Gwatkin had already taken a first class in Mathematics, Classics, and Moral Sciences.

The College prizes for English Essays have been

awarded to: 3rd year, H. B. Cotterill; 2nd year, Frank Watson; 1st year, H. S. Foxwell.

The College Prizes for Moral Philosophy have been awarded to: *Bachelors*—A. S. Wilkins; 3rd year—D. Ibbetson; 2nd year—G. Henry.

The Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions have been adjudged as follows:

Minor Scholarships of £70.—Cowie, St. Paul's School. Morshead, Beaumaris School.

Duchess of Somerset Exhibitions of £50.—Jonson, Bedford School. Webb, Monmouth School.

Minor Scholarships of £50.—Foote, Charter House. Sibley, Abingdon House School, Northampton.

Open Exhibitions of £50.—Clark, Walthamstow School. Edmonds, Chester College. Rushbrooke, City of London School.

Natural Science Exhibition.—Garrod.

The first classes in the College Examination at Midsummer were as follows:

First Year.

Wood, W. S.	Butler	Miller	Savage
Genese	Collins	Heitland	Dymock
Bourne, A. A.	Hewett	Lawrence	Wooler
Foote	Hoskins	Channer }	Foxwell
Carver	Bishop	Gatenby }	Bethell
Syle	Carpmael, E. }	MacMeikan	Crouch
Carter	Adamson	Marshall	Haviland

Second Year.

Pendlebury	Noon	Griffith	Dickson
Greenhill	Hathornthwaite	Wheatcroft	Bridges
Levett	Hilary	Martin	
Haslam	Baynes	Hogg	

Third Year.

Elliot	Drake	Cassels	Robinson
Carpmael	Chamberlain	Boutflower	Barnes
Smith, G.			

The following gentlemen obtained a first-class at the Voluntary Examination at Easter:

Baker	Hallam	Saward	Watson
Bennett	Hart	Saxton	Whitaker
Cotterill	Marklove		

Greek Testament Prize.

1 Drake	2 Hodges
	Robinson, G. } <i>æq.</i>

The vacancies of the Editorial Committee, caused by the retirement of Messrs. Lee Warner and W. E. Hart, have been filled up by the election of Messrs. J. Benson and F. W. C. Haslam.

The officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the present term are:

<i>President:</i> Rev. E. W. Bowling.	<i>1st Captain:</i> A. J. Finch.
<i>Treasurer:</i> J. Watkins	<i>2nd Captain:</i> F. A. Macdona.
<i>Secretary:</i> W. H. Simpson.	<i>3rd Captain:</i> R. Hey.

The crews of the College boats in the races during the present term were:

1st Boat.	2nd Boat.	3rd Boat.
1 J. W. Bakewell	1 E. W. Jones	1
2 F. A. Macdona	2 W. Hoare	2
3 W. A. Jones	3 H. Howlett	3
4 E. S. Saxton	4 H. H. Cochrane	4 J. W. Horne
5 J. Watkins	5 E. Carpmael	5 W. Almack
6 J. Noon	6 H. Latham	6 E. W. M. Lloyd
7 F. Baynes	7 F. S. Bishop	7 T. B. Spencer
A. J. Finch (<i>stroke</i>)	R. Hey (<i>stroke</i>)	A. C. D. Ryder (<i>stroke</i>)
J. W. Weldon (<i>cox.</i>)	C. Carpmael (<i>cox.</i>)	A. F. O. Bros (<i>cox.</i>)

The following is the plan of the late May Races. The brackets denote the bumps:

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20. *Second Division.*

1 King's	8 Queens'	15 Clare 2nd
2 3rd Trinity 2nd }	9 2nd Trinity 2nd	16 1st Trinity 5th }
3 3rd Corpus 2nd }	10 Trinity Hall 3rd	17 Downing }
4 1st Trinity 4th }	11 Caius 2nd	18 Pembroke 2nd }
5 Christ's 2 }	12 Lady Margaret 3rd }	19 Corpus 3rd
6 Emmanuel 2nd }	13 Jesus 2nd	20 1st Trinity 6th }
7 Sidney 2nd	14 St. Catharine's }	21 Emmanuel 3rd }

First Division.

1 1st Trinity 1st	8 Pembroke 1st }	15 Lady Margaret 2nd }
2 3rd Trinity 1st	9 Sidney 1st	16 Magdalene }
3 Lady Margaret 1st	10 2nd Trinity 1st }	17 Jesus 1st
4 Trinity Hall 1st	11 Trinity Hall 2nd }	18 Peterhouse 1st }
5 Emmanuel 1st	12 Caius 1st	19 1st Trinity 3rd }
6 1st Trinity 2nd	13 Clare 1st	20 King's
7 Christ's 1st	14 Corpus 1st	

THURSDAY, MAY 21. *Second Division.*

1 King's	8 Queens' 2nd	15 Clare 2nd }
2 Corpus 2nd	9 2nd Trinity 2nd	16 Downing }
3 3rd Trinity 2nd	10 Trinity Hall 3rd	17 1st Trinity 5th }
4 1st Trinity 4th }	11 Lady Margaret 3rd }	18 Pembroke 2nd }
5 Emmanuel }	12 Caius 2nd }	19 Corpus 3rd
6 Christ's }	13 St. Catharine's }	20 Emmanuel 3rd }
7 Sidney	14 Jesus 2nd	21 1st Trinity 6th }

First Division.

1 1st Trinity	8 Sidney	15 Magdalene
2 3rd Trinity	9 Pembroke }	16 Lady Margaret 2nd }
3 Lady Margaret	10 Trinity Hall 2nd }	17 Jesus
4 Trinity Hall	11 2nd Trinity }	18 1st Trinity 3rd
5 Emmanuel	12 Clare }	19 Peterhouse }
6 1st Trinity 2nd }	13 Caius 1 }	20 King's }
7 Christ's }	14 Corpus 1 }	

FRIDAY, MAY 22. *Second Division.*

1 Peterhouse }	8 Queens' 2nd	15 Downing
2 Corpus 2nd }	9 2nd Trinity 2nd	16 Clare 2nd }
3 3rd Trinity 2nd }	10 Trinity Hall 3rd }	17 Pembroke 2nd }
4 Emmanuel 2nd }	11 Caius 2nd }	18 1st Trinity 5th }
5 1st Trinity 4th }	12 Lady Margaret 3rd }	19 Emmanuel 3rd }
6 Christ's 2nd }	13 Jesus 2nd }	20 Corpus 3rd
7 Sidney 2nd	14 St. Catharine's }	21 1st Trinity 6th }

First Division.

1 1st Trinity	8 Sidney	15 Magdalene }
2 3rd Trinity	9 Trinity Hall 2nd	16 Jesus
3 Lady Margaret	10 Pembroke }	17 Lady Margaret 2nd }
4 Trinity Hall	11 Clare }	18 1st Trinity 3rd }
5 Emmanuel	12 2nd Trinity }	19 King's }
6 Christ's }	13 Caius }	20 Peterhouse
7 1st Trinity 2nd	14 Corpus }	

SATURDAY, MAY 23. *Second Division.*

1 Corpus 2nd }	8 Queens'	15 Downing
2 Peterhouse }	9 2nd Trinity 2nd }	16 Pembroke 2nd
3 Emmanuel 2nd	10 Caius 2nd	17 Clare 2nd
4 3rd Trinity 2nd	11 Trinity Hall 3rd }	18 Emmanuel 3rd }
5 1st Trinity 4th	12 Jesus 2nd	19 1st Trinity 5th
6 Christ's 2nd	13 Lady Margaret 3rd }	20 Corpus 3rd }
7 Sidney 2nd	14 St. Catharine's }	21 1st Trinity 6th }

First Division.

1 1st Trinity 1st	9 Trinity Hall 2nd }	13 2nd Trinity 1st }
2 3rd Trinity 1st	10 Clare 1st	14 Caius 1st }
3 Lady Margaret 1st	11 Pembroke 1st }	15 Jesus 1st }
4 Trinity Hall 1st	12 Corpus 1st }	16 Magdalene 1st }
5 Emmanuel 1st		17 1st Trinity 3rd
6 Christ's 1st		18 Lady Margaret 2nd }
7 1st Trinity 2nd		19 King's
8 Sidney 1st		20 Peterhouse

MONDAY, MAY 25. *First Division.*

1 1st Trinity 1st	8 Sidney 1st	15 Caius 1st
2 3rd Trinity 1st }	9 Clare 1st	16 2nd Trinity 1st }
3 Lady Margaret 1st }	10 Trinity Hall 2nd }	17 1st Trinity 3rd }
4 Trinity Hall 1st }	11 Corpus 1st	18 King's
5 Emmanuel 1st }	12 Pembroke 1st }	19 Lady Margaret 2nd }
6 Christ's 1st	13 Magdalene	20 Peterhouse
7 1st Trinity 2nd	14 Jesus 1st	

TUESDAY, MAY 26. *First Division.*

1 Trinity 1st	8 Sidney 1st	15 Caius 1st
2 Lady Margaret 1st	9 Clare 1st }	16 1st Trinity 3rd }
3 3rd Trinity 1st	10 Corpus 1st }	17 2nd Trinity 1st }
4 Emmanuel 1st	11 Trinity Hall 2nd }	18 King's
5 Trinity Hall 1st	12 Magdalene }	19 Peterhouse
6 Christ's 1st	13 Pembroke 1st }	20 Lady Margaret 3
7 1st Trinity 2nd	14 Jesus	

In the recent competitions to select the representatives of the University Corps at Wimbledon, the following members of the College have been chosen :—

For the Queen's Prize—Capt. Roe, Lieut. Wace, and Corp. Noon.

For the St. George's—Capt. Roe, Lieut. Wace, Corp. Noon, and Private Hey.

For the Bronze Medal (against Oxford)—Lieut. Wace and Corp. Noon.

The Company Challenge Cup has been won this term by Lieut. Wace, and the Roe Challenge Cup by Private T. D. Griffiths.

Captain Roe, and Ensign Sparkes being about to resign their commissions, a meeting was held on Friday May 29th, to choose their successors, when the following were unanimously elected : To be Captain, Lieut. Wace. To be Lieutenant, Sergt. E. K. Bayley. To be Ensign, Sergt. H. H. Cochrane.

The University Corps took part in a review at Woburn, on May 28th, at which the Oxford Corps was also present; and in the review at Cambridge on Whitsun Monday.

Cricket has flourished this year, as the First Eleven is a strong one, and has been deservedly successful.

The officers of the Club for the present year are :

Captain : H. B. Cotterill. *Secretary* : J. T. Welldon. *Treasurer* : J. S. ff. Chamberlain. *Sub-Treasurers* : W. Hoare and A. A. Bourne. *Captain of Second Eleven* : W. W. Cooper.

Four members of the College played in the Freshmen's match at Fenner's—A. A. Bourne, R. P. Echenique, R. Whittington and J. Wilkes, and the College was also represented in the 'Two Elevens of Seniors' by E. W. M. Lloyd and J. W. Dale.

In the Perambulators *v.* Etceteras, E. W. M. Lloyd and R. Whittington played for the former, and J. W. Dale and J. Musgrave for the latter. J. W. Dale has played for the University Eleven against the M. C. C. (in which match E. W. M. Lloyd and J. T. Welldon, played as emergencies for the latter), and also against Cambridgeshire.

A match was played at the end of the Lent Term *v.* κ.τ.λ.'s, in which the latter scored 89 and 51 (for 5 wickets), whilst the St. John's Eleven obtained 46 in their first innings.

May 2nd. The Eleven *v.* Sixteen Freshmen and others. The Eleven 196, of which J. W. Dale obtained 37, E. W. M. Lloyd 45, and J. E. Congreve 29. The Sixteen 115, for the loss of 6 wickets; R. Echenique getting 24 and F. Savage 35 (not out).

May 4th. St. John's *v.* Trinity Hall. The latter scored 121, 8 wickets falling to J. Musgrave; whilst the College obtained 412, with only 6 wickets down: of this number E. W. M. Lloyd contributed 120, J. T. Welldon 70, H. B. Cotterill 23, J. W. Dale 29, R. Whittington 82, J. Wilkes 13, F. A. Mackinnon 24 (not out), and J. S. ff. Chamberlain 16 (not out).

May 5th. St. John's *v.* Clare. St. John's scored 204: J. W. Dale getting 26, E. W. M. Lloyd 28, G. L. Bennett 29, F. Savage 39, and J. Musgrave 38. Clare obtained 84: 7 of their wickets falling to J. Musgrave.

May 7th. St. John's *v.* Emmanuel. St. John's scored 313: J. W. Dale 112, J. T. Welldon 69, R. Whittington 32, J. S. ff. Chamberlain 21. Emmanuel got 82 for the loss of 6 wickets, of which 5 fell to J. Musgrave.

May 11th. St. John's *v.* Christ's. St. John's 451: G. L. Bennett 23, J. T. Welldon 59, J. Wilkes 133, J. E. Congreve 97, H. B. Cotterill 49 (not out), A. A. Bourne 25. Christ's did not get an innings. The score of 451 is the highest yet made in one innings on the Johnian ground.

May 15th and 16th. St. John's *v.* The Perambulators. The latter scored 143 and 266. The former 212 and 57 (for 2 wickets)—J. Musgrave getting 25 and 10, J. E. Congreve 38 and 19 (not out), R. Whittington 50 and 11 (not out), H. B. Cotterill 31 and 11, and F. A. Mackinnon 24.

May 18th and 19th. St. John's *v.* The Etceteras. St. John's scored 415: J. W. Dale 69, J. E. Congreve 24, E. W. M. Lloyd 168 (the highest individual score yet made on the ground), J. T. Welldon 42, G. L. Bennett 21, and J. Musgrave 30 (not out). The Etceteras scored 60 and 45, in the two innings together: 7 of The Etceteras wickets were taken by J. Musgrave, and 11 by A. A. Bourne.

May 20th and 21st. St. John's *v.* Trinity. This match was played on the Trinity ground, and was carried on under difficulties and interruptions, as several members of the Johnian eleven had to leave the ground in the middle of each day to row in the third Lady Margaret boat; and in the second innings three members of the eleven were absent. The scores were: St. John's 162 and 52; H. B. Cotterill 35 and 6, F. A. Mackinnon 16 and 21, G. L. Bennett 26 and 1. Trinity 204 and 14 (with 10 wickets to go down).



HAMLET: AN ANALYSIS.

(*Concluded from p. 164.*)

ACT IV. *Scene 1.* The king, when he hears of Polonius' death, is true to the character which had before been drawn of him. Not a single expression of pity for his fate, but first the thought that that fate might easily have been his own, and indeed was probably intended for him; and next, the fear that the death of one who, from the part which he had borne in his election, was evidently a man of influence in Denmark, would be laid to himself. The queen is still in the tender mood which Hamlet's remonstrances have called up; but she meets the king as before. Hamlet's sorrow for Polonius' death has appeared to her more real than we can deem it ourselves. His removal is finally determined upon—it would seem by the language of the king that it had before been mooted.

We must notice here once more the utter absurdity of the division of the acts. This scene is inseparably connected with the three previous ones, as indeed are the three that follow.

Scene 2 is chiefly remarkable for the mixture of biting earnestness and ambiguous talk. Hamlet's indignant denunciation of these "sponges" that soak up the king's authority, &c. is a natural fruit of his knowledge of their counsel, which he can keep so well. (The allusion, I suppose, is to the plans of their voyage). There is something ridiculous in the way in which Guildenstern fires up at the king's being called a *thing*,

and yet it shows some trace of honesty in his courtiership.

Scene 3 gives the reasons for the king's discord and dismay. On the one side stand the dangers that arise from Hamlet's going loose; on the other the affections of the multitude, who, attracted by his many brilliant qualities, would be likely to look only at the punishment and not at the offence.

Hamlet is brought in a prisoner, and entertains his audience with one of those disquisitions on the progress of bodily decay, of which we have so much in the graveyard scene. He seems to be partial to this revolting side of death. • But here there is a slight undercurrent of meaning which must not be unnoticed—"your *fat king*, and your lean beggar is but variable service. . . . that's the end." The king himself will come to this same death.—Hamlet is sent away, and at his last parting refuses to take any notice of his uncle.

Scene 4 is another of those interesting additions which belong to the play in its later form. The character of Fortinbras, which is omitted in the acting editions, is of very little importance in the developement of the story, and can well be dispensed with from that point of view: but as the type of a bold and chivalrous soldier, who cannot be content to rest at home, he only brings out in stronger relief the weak points in Hamlet's character, his want of *energy and sustained effort*. Laertes is the man of the world, not a man of restless activity, but ready, when once an object is set before his eyes, to follow it up at all hazards: Fortinbras is the man of honour that will, in honour's cause, greatly find quarrel in a straw—restless and longing for employment—two sides of the active temperament both in strong contrast to Hamlet.

The latter on his way to the coast, to take ship for England, falls in with a detachment of the army which was originally levied against Denmark, but now is being led against the Poles. The question in dispute

is the possession of a little patch of ground of no value in itself; but the brave soldier looks not at that, but at the stain on his honour if he resigns it without a struggle. This gives Hamlet an occasion for another of his delicate analyses of character. He cannot but be struck by the contrast. His very sense of the loftiness of the powers of man serves to taunt him with his inaction. He is perfectly sensible of his own weakness, that looking with craven scruple too precisely on the event, that scanning it ever on all sides, which is fatal to action. Action must proceed from extremes; the judicial and the executive faculty must always be distinct. No truer, no nobler definition of true greatness could be found than those lines—

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake.

To abide by principles and not to suffer them to be attacked in the slightest way, but to be ever ready to make concessions on points of little consequence where no principle is involved.

And yet, like all his great soliloquies, it leads to nothing:

From this time forth
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.

Bloody they are, but the blood is that of his two innocent mates. He makes no effort to escape the voyage; but though he has cause and will and strength and means and the strongest excitements to his revenge, yet he lets all sleep.

Scene 5. Some short time has elapsed: Hamlet is gone. Polonius' death has produced the troubles which Claudius feared, and he himself by letting him be buried in secret, has only deepened the impression which he thus dreaded, and given rise to more unwholesome thoughts and whispers. Laertes, on the news of his father's death, has secretly come from France,

and is led to suspect foul play. Ophelia's mind has not been strong enough to bear up against such a blow, her reason is gone, and she is a poor harmless maniac. Yet the old threads of thought are not wholly severed: the very words of her madness are suggestive of its cause, the very songs she sings of that which is uppermost in her thoughts. Her true love is gone across the seas like a pilgrim:

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Her father "is dead and gone":

At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

We know what we are, but we know not what we shall be—who would have thought such a fate would be her's?

I do not know what to say of the Valentine song; whatever may be said of the songs of Shakespeare's time, I do not find that in other places the songs are inserted haphazard, certainly not here. The main idea expressed by this, is that of *desertion* by her lover; the form of it implies a more sensuous mind than that of an Imogen or an Isabella. But whatever we may think of this, no one can refuse a tear of sympathy to that pathetic sigh, "I cannot choose but weep to think that they should lay him in the cold ground."

The guilt of king and queen has some of its fruits in an uneasy conscience, which dreads every comer. The queen refuses to speak even with the innocent and harmless Ophelia, and it is only the thought of the dangerous conjectures which she may strew in ill-breeding minds that make her consent to give her admittance. The king is haunted by the same fears: "Follow her close—give her good watch." "Where are my switzers? let them guard the doors." The queen as yet knows nothing of the plot against Hamlet's life, to

her he is still "the most violent author of his own remove."

At this juncture Laertes arrives, and such is the decline of the king in the popular favour that the people at once espouse his cause, and offer him the kingdom: "Choose we: Laertes shall be king!" Laertes bursts in, and in passionate language demands his father. The king's confidence in the divinity which doth hedge a king, is somewhat inconsistent with his previous fears, and partakes of the nature of bombast.

The character of Laertes is valuable only as a foil to that of Hamlet. We have seen in him the man of tact, listening with reverent attention to his father's counsel, and giving careful and affectionate advice to his sister. I have given my reasons for declining to look upon him as an empty-headed dandy, as he is sometimes represented. He here shows the same affection for his father and sister, together with a stern resolution for which we are hardly prepared. And this resolution is expressed not merely in violent words: "To hell! allegiance," &c, but in all calmness:

My means, I'll husband them so well
They shall go far with little.

Nor shall his revenge draw together both friend and foe—but the same love for his father, which makes him bent on revenging his death, shall make him open wide his arms to all that father's friends. He has not a moiety of Hamlet's mental gifts: but he beats him in his careful discrimination of friend and foe.

His passion is turned, and his longing for revenge whetted by the appearance of Ophelia:

Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

I do not know whether Shakespeare intended to use the language of flowers; if so, the fennel, the sign of *libertinism*, and columbines, the *thankless* flower, are meant for the king who has been so ungrateful to the

minister to whom principally he owed his election to the kingdom: the rue, the sign of *sorrow* and *repentance*, for the queen and herself. Violets she would give, the emblem of *faithfulness*; but they all withered when her father died—he was the only one who had been faithful to her. What a depth of simple pathos in these few words!

Scene 6 requires no note save that here, as later, Hamlet speaks as though what he had discovered concerning Rosencrantz's mission had been entirely unexpected by him.

Scene 7 throws some light upon the character of the king and developes somewhat further that of Laertes. The two have conferred together and the king has explained in his own way the circumstances of Polonius' death, and has paved the way for the compact which they afterwards make, by showing that he too had equal reasons for hating Hamlet and for taking revenge upon him. Hamlet's misdeeds have been represented by him in the blackest light, for Laertes at once asks why feats so criminal have not been signally punished. The reasons he assigns are plausible and not altogether untrue, but the main cause is without doubt his sense of his own insecurity. His throne was not so firmly established that he could afford to set popular opinion at defiance or to offend the queen. Hamlet had won the affections of the people, whether it were by his own noble qualities or by the memory of his father's deeds, and any attack upon him would remind them that he had been baulked of the election to the kingdom, which he might fairly look forward to at his father's death. But now that the cunning king has found some one who may bear the burden of blame, his plans to secure himself and his position may no longer sleep. There is however apparently no haste, but Laertes shall presently hear more—hear, that is, how he and his new ally are alike avenged by Hamlet's treacherous death. The words are hardly out of his lips, when another turn is

given to their whole design by the news that Hamlet is returned. The news is at first unintelligible to the king, who thinks that he has checked at the voyage, and refuses to undertake it further, (a proof that he might have avoided it altogether, had he so chosen).

With the quickness of thought he has a new plan ready; it would almost seem as if he had had some inkling of the possible failure of his former one. Laertes is to kill his foe by secretly choosing an unbated sword in a fencing match, and, to make certainty doubly sure, the king will have prepared a poisoned cup for him to drink of while he is fencing. Such is the sum of the plot—what deserves notice is the crafty way in which Claudius introduces it. He is evidently not prepared for such a ready acceptance of his proposal. He begins by an insidious eulogy of Laertes' skill in fence, which he represents as specially commended by one whom Laertes evidently regards as a model of skill in knightly exercises,—the gem of the whole nation—one whose praise confers especial honour. This praise has excited Hamlet's envy; he has often wished to play with him. Then before he proposes his treacherous scheme he stirs up his intended tool to the necessary pitch of unreflecting passion by an appeal to his love for the father. When Laertes professes himself ready even to violate the sanctity of the church if so he could obtain his revenge, he thinks he may safely disclose his plan, which Laertes improves upon by suggesting the use of a poisoned sword, whose least graze will not fail of doing deadly hurt. To secure the match they lay a wager upon it. We have seen more than once before how much in the play seems to be spoken *at* Hamlet—here is another instance:

that we would do

We should do when we would; for this *would* changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing.

The queen's report of Ophelia's death is very beautiful, but it presents difficulties. Why did not those who saw her, when

her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old songs,

come to her aid and rescue her? Has the "good Homer" been drowsy when he penned these lines, or does the queen give a circumstantial fictitious account in order to hide from Laertes a suicide which is hinted at in the next scene? But whether she was thus accidentally drowned—or did violently fordo her own life, can make no difference in our pity for this fair maid, whose share of life's happiness was so brief, whose tender affections had been the plaything of fortune. Holding as I do that she is somewhat commonplace compared with many others of Shakespeare's heroines, that in strength of character, that is, she is immeasurably inferior to an Imogen or a Beatrice, yet I think there are very few characters more true, or portrayed with greater tenderness and simplicity in the whole of his writings. She is a good type of the weak and trusting woman, needing some support to cling to, father or brother or husband, and content ever to submit lovingly and dutifully to the wishes of others, rather than take a stand for herself, and while we condemn her weakness in yielding so promptly to the somewhat degrading commands of her father, we must not forget that she is but a girl, innocent and unversed in the ways of the world. Such women may not be heroines, but they are women, true, loveable women.

Laertes' manly grief is to our mind somewhat marred by his illtimed play on words—the rest of his short speech bears the mark of genuine feeling—and the king evidently dreads the effect of the news on his passion previously kindled.

ACT V. *Scene 1.* This is hardly the place to enter the lists with Voltaire, and the defenders of the unities and the dignity of tragedy, whose critical taste is so shocked by scenes like this. But we can afford to say thus much. Shakespeare is the poet of human life, and Hamlet in particular is the drama of a human life—for, however different men may agree in their idea of some characters in his plays, every man is his own Hamlet. And in human life the direst tragedy does not come in solitary dignity with tragic mask and cothurnus, but walks side by side with the most trivial incidents, the most everyday events. It is this very contrast that brings out the tragic pathos of human life. It were hard to define where comedy ends and where tragedy begins—where we are to draw the line between the genial merriment of the former, and the hysterical laughter of the latter. The two extremes are ever meeting. This is true in one individual life: it is still more true that “tragedy may be acting in high places, and gnawing care prevailing in kings’ houses, and still the sequestered life of vassals and villagers may proceed serenely; and common thoughts will still make up the daily sum of their existence.” (Dr. Conolly). Nor is it only as a picture of the combinations of actual life that this scene may be defended. Even in an artistic point of view it is not out of place. After the strain of the deep tragedy of the last few scenes the mind needs some rest, and so the almost violent change serves that artistic purpose of repose which Sir Joshua Reynolds has so beautifully illustrated in the opening of the sixth scene of the first act of *Macbeth*. And further, it has a distinct part in the play as one of the few places where Hamlet is shown to us in a sober rational mood. This of course refers only to the middle and latter part of it—but that is invaluable. We can readily see how a mind so fond of minute moralizing on the shallowness and emptiness of all this world’s show—on the vanity of human

wishes—so fond of verbal quibble and fence—is just the one to burst into a sudden electric flame of passion—just the one to be unstrung by a sudden emotion. And this is precisely the account which his mother gives of his fits of madness:

Thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

Everything in this scene points to the theory of Ophelia's suicide. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation? asks one clown. If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial, shrewdly suggests the other.

But that great command o'ersways the order
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged.—
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls—

are the words of the priest.

Hamlet is just returned—and is walking with his friend Horatio through the churchyard. His sense of propriety is shocked that a man should sing at grave-digging; but his philosophic mind not only assents to Horatio's remark that it is the effect of custom, but generalises upon it: "The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." It is futile to ask with Dr. Bucknill, "Does custom blunt the fingers of a watchmaker, the eyes of a printer, or the auditory nerve of the musician?" Just as the gravedigger performs his business without any thought of its seriousness, so the watchmaker does his work without any thought of its difficulty, or of special skill on his own part—he loses all thought of its concomitants. So that even in this view the maxim is true. But it has a far deeper and wider meaning. Activity implies one-sidedness. The gravedigger, the watchmaker, the musician, all

cultivate their particular craft at the expense of some one faculty. The keen speculative faculty, the faculty of overcultivated thought—which sees at a glance the different sides of a question—is inconsistent with a life of activity. A Fortinbras would not be able to analyse character with the close perception and the keen eye of a Hamlet; and a Fortinbras would see no such incongruity in the gravedigger's singing, nor would his bones ache to think they might be used to play at loggats with. The whole character of the passage forbids the literal interpretation—the daintier sense is mental, not bodily.

The conversation with the gravedigger, with all its quips and puns, shows us how Hamlet had won the affections of the people: his natural way of holding intercourse with them. I need not dwell on its details—the world-famed “Alas poor Yorrick,” and the dust of Alexander stopping a bunghole—save to notice the words “Now get you to my lady's chamber and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come,” which, were they found in Sophocles would be quoted as an instance of his well-known irony—such an unconscious prophecy are they of that which is to come. But Hamlet knows not the woe that has befallen him, and it is not till Laertes speaks of his sister that he gathers the reason of his presence. What a blow it was to him we may see in his sudden cry, “What! the fair Ophelia!” He listens in silence to his mother's affectionate farewell to the dead, and to Laertes' curses on himself, he is too stunned to reply to them; but when the bravery of Laertes' grief takes so extravagant a form, the madman in him is stirred—he cannot thus forego his share in the grief for the poor girl's death. The passionate fit soon passes; but as usual he does not see his own responsibility for his own outburst—

What is the reason that *you* use me so?
I loved you ever.

The king looks forward with longing to the time when all this worry shall be over—

An hour of quiet shall we shortly see,
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

In the former part of *Scene 2* the meaner qualities of Hamlet's character are distinctly brought out. He gives no reason for his suspicion, nor explains why he sought out his companions, and fingered their packet. He only tells us he was in a state of general unrest. And note how the man in all his tale of trickery drags in the name of providence. Has he known that there is some treachery afoot which makes him try to outwit his companions, innocent though they be—there's a divinity doth shape our ends. Does he want to seal the commission for the murder of these same comrades—then his having his father's seal is the ordinance of heaven; the knavery and its consequence to innocent victims are alike indifferent to him. But he has gained one point by his voyage; he who could not be stirred by the frequent admonitions of his father's ghost, who did not find sufficient motive for revenge in his father's murder, his mother's seduction, and the frustrating of his own hopes of election to the kingdom, finds all his scruples of conscience vanish when the king has thrown out his angle for his proper life.

His paroxysm of madness is past, and he is calm enough to regret what he has done. He sees how strong were Laertes' reasons for passion,—

by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his,—

words which are the key to Shakespeare's dramatic purpose in the character of Laertes. It is hard to see why the silly and affected Osric is introduced. We have had sufficient specimens of Hamlet's power of quizzing. The reason can only be found, I think, in the bad fashion of the time, against which Shakespeare wished to protest. To decipher this inflated talk in detail is a

thankless and a useless task, which neither helps us to an understanding of the play, nor gives us any greater mastery of English.

We come to the match itself. The queen, who knows nothing of the treachery which this match conceals and is anxious only that Hamlet should act like a noble gentleman, sends to suggest that he should make a proper *amende* to Laertes before engaging with him. Hamlet consents. He feels pretty confident about the result of the fencing, but he is overpowered by a strange despondency, "Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart;" he tries to speak lightly of it, professes to disbelieve all such omens, but it is there, and he takes refuge in a sort of fatalism: "if it be now 'tis not to come," &c.

The king and queen with the rest of the court enter, and Hamlet with noble courtesy goes up to Laertes and asks his pardon for the wrong he has done him.

This speech is important if we are to decide the question of his madness. There have been occasions when he has clearly been feigning, but that feigning has always been confined to acts, and he has never distinctly proclaimed his madness, but rather has qualified it: "I am but mad north-north-west—when the wind is in the south I know a hawk from a handsaw." But here is a speech delivered at a solemn time, with a dark foreboding at his heart, a speech which bears every mark of honest truthful utterance, he distinctly confesses that there are times when he is not himself, that he is punished with a sore distraction. Laertes by a nice distinction or quibble takes care that the match shall not be broken off. He reserves his terms of honour. He could hardly accept Hamlet's apologies unreservedly, and be guilty the next moment of the treachery which he was meditating; he is ready to sacrifice much of his knightly honour to secure his revenge, but this is too much for him. The match begins. The king tries to divert suspicion from himself by his pre-



THE SONG OF THE PIPE.

FROM THE MASNAVÍ OF MAULAVÍ RUMÍ.

List to the reed that now with gentle strains
Of separations from its home complains :

Down where the waving rushes grow
I murmured with the passing blast,
And ever in my notes of woe
There live the echoes of the past.

My breast is pierced with sorrow's dart
That I my piercing wail may raise,
Ah me! The lone and widowed heart
Must ever weep for byegone days.

My voice is heard in every throng
Where mourners weep or guests rejoice,
And men interpret still my song
In concert with their passion's voice.

Though plainly cometh forth my wail
'Tis never bared to mortal ken ;
As soul from body hath no veil,
Yet is the soul unseen of men.

Not simple airs my lips expire
But blasts that carry death or life,
That blow from love's consuming fire,
That rage with love's tempestuous strife.

I soothe the absent lover's pain,
The jealous suitor's breast I move,
At once the antidote and bane
I favour and I conquer love.



A WANDERING EAGLET.

By the Author of "Our College Friends," &c.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.—ACROSS BELGIUM.

Valentine. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:.....

I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.....

Proteus. Think on thy Proteus when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I., Sc. I.

PRELUDIUM.

Idly dreaming, while the College sparrows twittered,
(Long before Youth lost her lively tune),
Turned I from the desk, with Problems littered,
In the latest sunny eve of June;
Said I, "Grinding here, methinks, no longer
Is it good to wait and to repine:
Soon may health be won, and hope grow stronger,
If I start to-morrow 'Up the Rhine!'

"Doubtless, few amusements are sublimer,
Than to lie from morn to dewy eve
On some castled steep, and quaff Hochheimer,
Or, from legends old, new ballads weave:
Singing to one's self, in dreamy pleasure,
Gazing on the sky or trellised vine;
While beneath, fit burden to the measure,
Flows the lordly rustling of the Rhine.

"Vainly come forebodings of mischances,
 Of der Zollamt, and those million ills
 That make inroad on our small finances—
Kellners, Couriers, and Gasthof bills.
 Gog-Magogs I leave, for Switzer mountains;
 All unmarked by Buttress, let me dine:
 I'm athirst for Baierish-beer and fountains,
 And a long, long ramble up the Rhine."

§ I.

FROM DOVER TO OSTEND: A SKETCH IN
WATER-COLOURS.

NIGHT—a breathless night in July, with the stars almost hidden by the lingering twilight. Sounds of sailors swearing, dogs barking, ropes flapping, and heavy luggage being tumbled down the hold. On deck is a snug corner, wherein is gathered the suite of *Miladi Serenity*, a group of couriers and *bonnes*. They are at liberty to enjoy a gossip and the night breeze; the ladies having retreated to their berths before the paddle-wheels began to move. Some bright eyes and cigar-ends continue to sparkle, long after Dover lights have faded in the distance. Then *St. Something*, a tall portly courier, with bushy whiskers adorning his good-humoured face, becomes quite chatty as he fastens on his wallet-purse, to look professional. His companion, *Louis*, tries to appear forgetful of a fear haunting him that, as usual, he is to be sea-sick.

Half an hour has passed. Already the wind has risen, blowing coldly. *Louis* has disappeared, somewhere to leeward, and is only audible at intervals. His interjections are not cheerful. *St. Something* smokes incessantly, and offers brandy to every one. Owing to brandy, tobacco-smoke, and sea-sickness, the log of *Louis* becomes defective at this point. But in the grey of morning we approach a flat coast-line, and are informed that yonder small dingy nest of bathing coaches is Ostend.

From out his carriage, on the deck, steps Lord Qualmsbury, in his poncho, curling his moustache with a playful pretence of not having been at all unwell. His companion, who follows him presently, feels too much dispirited to attempt any such vain show. The world seems, to him, made up of dirty water, dirty wood, dirty sand, and dirty weather. Soon my Lady Serenity quits her cabin, a majestic *blonde*, with her grandeur worn easily on her. Next come the two fair daughters, who must be very charming when seen to more advantage, sickness having spoilt neither their looks nor temper. By this time Louis is in universal requisition, and the ladies'-maids become meekly inaudible. St. Something has to take sole charge of 'Fid.' But Fid objects to the foreign sailors who come on board—knowing their habit of promiscuous feeding, and not liking the admiring gaze which they cast on his plumpness. As the tide is stated to be unfavourable for landing, two sluggish barges take us to shore, at two francs a-head. A study for any painter was St. Something's face, when about to be left on board in charge of the packages, after resigning Fid to his fair owners. Nevertheless, in divers languages, all mis-pronounced and mingled together, he hurries the sailors. Somehow the heavy luggage is all stowed away in the boats, and very slowly we proceed towards the harbour. So slowly, that by the time we have arrived, and the ladies have ascended the awkward ladder, our lumbering steamboat has come alongside. We might as well have stayed on board and saved the landing-money. But foreign shores thus receive us, absit omen! with a little bit of jobbery.

§ II.

THE SPECTRE OF BRUGES.

Cheerful is the country near Bruges; rich level pasture-land, and broad canals with picturesque boats. After flinging his knapsack into the hotel omnibus, the

Wandering Eaglet traverses the streets of the ancient city. Ah, luckless wight! ignorant of the harpies of Bruges. A hungry-eyed *commissionaire*—one of the gang prowling about the railway station—a wretch who scenteth prey, hovers upon the track of the Eaglet; will not be shaken off; finds out his eyrie in the *Hôtel du Commerce*; is present there as an unseen horror, whilst the duties of the toilet are performed; and slinks after him again when he emerges and wends his way towards Les Halles. Small is the hope of getting rid of such an importunate tormentor; who, like the Giant in Killer-Jack's history, is ravenous to make his bread out of the Englishman, after having learnt to smell his blood: (*i.e.*, loose cash—a proper circulating medium, not running in vain). Something was foolishly paid to bribe the miscreant to vanish, and leave undisturbed a traveller's first impressions. Alas! O sun-gazing bird of St. John's, that thou should be so besotted, as to deem that a *commissionaire's* thirst would abate, after tasting the sweetness of coin!

Having paid a half-franc to the portress of the tower, there was for awhile an escape from the companionship of the villainous *Commissionaire*. Yet when the height was reached, the caitiff was beheld in the *Grande Place* beneath, awaiting the return of his caged victim. With such anticipations of reunion, even the working of the chimes could scarcely afford oblivious pleasure. From this *carillon-turret* is seen a fair prospect of cultivated meadows, poplar groves, and the quaintly picturesque Flemish city. One almost envies the old master bell-ringer, who dwells there, far above the cares of the world—and the sight of *commissionaires*.

The excruciating guide, on the full-fledged tourist emerging from the gateway, coils around him, ruffles the stranger's feathers, and drops venomous accents in his ear. It is vain to attempt giving this viper the slip. As well attempt to escape the income-tax. He is well practised in the chase. With such a sleuth-

hound, one becomes dogged. Having read about the privileges of the Sanctuary, the narrator rushes to the Cathedral of St. Sauveur. But the olden immunities are abolished. The vagabond is assailant here also, grinning a ghastly smile of triumph. No wonder that Hans Hemling's martyrdom (of Saint Hippolytus) is scarcely heeded, through the suffering of one's own. At Notre Dame the commissioner lurks behind every pillar, and re-appears at every doorway. He is so ubiquitous that he seems to be multitudinous. Only the conviction that Nature could not have been so cruel as to make a plurality of such abominations, keeps reason from tottering. For many nights horrible visions shall haunt the pillow: of ghouls, in this hideous shape, feeding on tourists; of such vampire-bats, with leathern wings, sucking blood; and of Stygian tormentors very similar.

§ III.

Ghent.

To wander about foreign cities, during the novelty of Continental travel, is the most delightfully busy laziness in existence. Everywhere there is something to attract attention. If the stroll be made unaccompanied, enjoyment is well ballasted with instruction. If we depend on our own resources, although liable to misinterpret, we have the foundations of true research on which to build. Preserve us from each lying *valet de place*, who is generally ignorant of all things, except how to hurry through the greatest number of paying places, whereby to obtain his per centage from custodians! Go alone, and study for yourself, if possible, make due enquiries beforehand, defy fatigue, using feet rather than railroads, and take nothing on rumour that can be personally examined. By judicious change, enjoyments may be heightened; the beauties of nature and of art, when studied in alternation, are increased tenfold.

In Ghent we meet the same picturesque quaintness of gabels as in Bruges, the same love of carillons, and sleepy faded luxury, almost the same stagnation. Wandering through such towns that had formerly towered in pride of place, but are now drooping with blighted trade and energies, is somewhat melancholy, even for an Eaglet. Thoughts come of the lively portraiture of Ghent in *Quentin Durward*, although Sir Walter never viewed the ancient glories, revellings, and luxuriousness therein described. As we pass the house of the Van Artevelde, not alone is Froissart's Chronicle recalled; but also the later author, Henry Taylor, who has revived the lustre encircling the name of Philip Van Artevelde, in a work unsurpassed for development of character belonging to those olden times. By a master-hand are shewn the studious and serene existence, abandoned when

"He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men must be himself in arms;"

the all-guarding generalship and readiness, that are exerted when leadership is gained; the courage that dignifies defeat when it has followed early triumph. In no other modern drama do we find that unity of character preserved, amid the diversities of action and repose. The second part is saddening, being painfully true to nature. We needed it to complete the picture and show the insufficiency of life. Our thoughts dwell not abidingly among the famine-stricken burghers, aroused to the last struggle, giving battle to the chivalry of Christendom, or falling a mere hacked and routed mass into the bloody waters of the Lis at Rosebecque. It is the single figure of Artevelde that remains with us; the idealist and man of theory, transformed by a sense of duty: revealing promptitude in action, yet with his heart fixed on all that is peaceful and lovely. A man resolute and sufficient for the hour; but far beyond the needs of the hour, in the grandeur and repose of his soul.

§ IV.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp has left many memories of delight. Chief among them is that evening when I sat at my bed-room window opposite the cathedral; watching the golden light, with a shadow creeping up the airy architecture. It all returns to me. From the public square, close by, arises martial music; swallows are circling with shrill sounds across the heavens; and the people, freed from labour, are laughing and walking in the streets beneath. All seem happy. The chimes, lovely beyond any I had hitherto heard, are pouring forth the notes of the hymn from *Le Prophète*. There I sit and muse, reascending in fancy the pinnacle, with its marvellous delicacy revealed, whence had been viewed a panorama of the lazy Scheldt beneath, with the dykes and fort opposite the city, and the ferry steamer lying ready near the railway. There are seen the flat sandy pasture-lands, again reclaimed from the tide, the grassy slopes and demi-lunette of the citadel; the fine *Hôtel de Ville*; and the expansive quays, crowded with a busy population, and vessels alongside. But now the golden tints have faded, and a pale greenish hue has overspread the sky; and the swallows are at rest; and the pretty damsels at the *Magazin des Modes* have given their last glances towards me, as they leave the window, and depart to their own homes. Again are signalled the chimes that go five times an hour, longest at the half-past and when the hour is ended. Hark to the notes! trickling through the calm night-air, dropping lovingly against each other; now rising with a wild and spirit-stirring cadence; now with a softer flow of melody, entwining like the white arms of a suppliant around the manlier clang of metal. And now they are hurtling forth a jubilee of triumph, in disordered *Io Pœan*; fading soon, or growing fainter, as if remorseful for their merriment and liberty; falling,

falling, dashed, as it were, against the faëry buttresses and groinage; so dying, dying, dying into peace. The blue sky reigns, with a solitary star, and a dim spiritual haze hovering where the sun had sunk to rest.

§ V.

BRUSSELS TO LIEGE.

One gladly lingers at Antwerp, often visiting the cathedral, so delicately vaulted, with such airiness and quiet grandeur, impressive in its simplicity and beauty beyond more gorgeous structures. The only disagreeable thing marring the solemnity, is the elaborately carved pulpit. Devoid of all taste and beauty, it has heavy clusters of foliage, parrots, and unknown birds more wooden-like than wood itself. It is by Verbruggen.

After swallowing innumerable paintings, by Rubens, voraciously; devouring Vandycks leisurely; chewing tough Matsys (preferring his iron-work, as more light and graceful than his pictures); or picking the bones and sucking the marrow from the Van Eycks, Kranach, and others, one feels delight in arriving at a city where the objects of interest are not pictorial, or where there are no objects of interest whatever. Thus the traveller can be happy at Brussels. For a good-humoured, lazy man no better place of residence is desirable. It is formed especially for loungers. Groups of well-dressed, bon-vivants sit tippling in the open air, outside the cafés. Belgian dandies saunter listlessly about the charming parks and botanic garden. The market people chaffer near the fine Hôtel de Ville, with an apparent busy content; pleasing to contrast with the dead languor that consumes Bruges. Of course Waterloo was visited; but of this place, as of Namur, we need not speak at present. Then on beside the Meuse, with the scenery no longer tame. No more commissionaires, and deeply growled choruses from blue-chinned priests. Nature

herself woos us again with variety of charms. The tan-skinned peasants, grimy artizans, or clay-stained potters are good company; the woods and cornfields, nestling churches and mouldering castles; the quarries, gardens, mines, abbeys, rocks of all fantastic shapes, and flowers of every hue, with a clear current continually winding by our side—now swift, now shallow—Belgium has offered these for our full enjoyment, before we reach the flourishing town of Liege.

§ VI.

LIEGE.

Here the past and present mix together. Quaint buildings, river scenery of cheerful banks and crowded bridges, a multiplicity of fountains, and tree-avenued market places with picturesque country girls, might tempt to a longer stay. But we do everything in a hurry now-a-days. We keep skating over the surface, and bobbing down to the depths in hasty diving-bells; whirling along everywhere, as Americans say, on greased lightning; and then off again, in a balloon, for a change. We breakfast at the pyramids, dine on Mont Blanc, sup in Antiparos grotto, or Wanlockhead lead mines; whence we escape by atmospheric railways to a station, where a hundred Esquimaux dogs and their drivers (mutually undistinguishable) soon whisk us off to the North Pole; and so, a little tired and with frost-bitten noses, we return after three months of absence, fibbing like Mandeville, and declaring that we have seen the world, but there is nothing in it. We may well become confused, after a few years of travelling, and be doubtful whether Cambridge, Timbuctoo, and Nova Zembla are not within half an hour's pipe of one another.

The country, as we go on towards Aix-la-Chapelle, is wholly different from our first experiences of Belgium. Now hilly, and garnished with fashionable spa-towns, of pretentious trimness and occasional comfort. The yawning listlessness of Bruges is unseen here. Those

bedyked pasture-lands, with blinking cattle and idle herdsmen, lazy burghers, nodding priests, slumbering bead-tellers, listless waiters and gaping chambermaids; those droning barges, sluggish canals, or stagnant fountains, with irrecoverably slothful market people—all these have vanished utterly. In their stead appears many a token of Prussia being near. The cleanly shaven cheek and chin of Belgium are exchanged now for German hirsute embroidery. Pipes are invariable additions. The scenery grows full of interest. After Verviers and Limbourg, the Prussian frontier is reached. Next comes Aix-la-Chapelle.

§ VII.

AIX TO COLOGNE.

Cleanliness and aristocratic dignity reign at Aachen. It has a memory of departed royalty. Its inhabitants—or, rather, its resident visitors—moved along the bright streets with a superb consciousness of ten descents, and the very women selling cherries did it with a look of benign condescension. The place is purified by its own baths, unlike Baden. A sweetness of person has induced a sweetness of disposition; and if ever a *commissionaire* penetrated these hallowed precincts, he became converted from his evil ways, lost his badge of mental or moral degradation, and died immediately in the odour of sanctity.*

In the Cathedral, silence and solemnity reign. The orientalism of the building, approaching to gorgeousness, combines with a sort of faded greatness, as though its own antiquity and frequent use for coronations were made evident. To the simple marble

* Is it not somewhat saddening to remember that the persons who see most of sacred places—those closely connected with the higher inspirations, and remote from selfish or sensual enjoyments—are generally the least impressed by the treasures whereto they guide? Must it always be that Vulcan associates himself with Venus, and the beauty of a Circe attracts a crew foredoomed to bestial transformations.

slab, nearly in the centre of the church under the dome, marked *Carolo Magno*, our eye turns, fascinated : not to the pretended relics of swaddling-cloths, Aaron's rod, sponge or nails, arm bones or locks of hair, whereof the sacristans keep charge. Even the ancient throne is less interesting than the tomb whence it was taken. That busy life of Charlemagne—hastening from war to war, from Italy to Germany, to Spain and Italy again, ever and ever conquering or giving battle; never long at peace, yet bearing a calm, kingly heart withal; and only racked by thoughts of the succession to himself. Of him, with Schiller's Wallenstein, as with Napoleon also, might it be said :—

“Our life was but a battle and a march,
And like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.”

Peace to their mighty spirits, if it be kind to wish for such to those for whom, in life, peace was the hardest trial. Even their bodies rested not after death. From the lone isle of St. Helena—whereto many eyes turned anxiously, fifty years ago—across the sea came the burial fleet, bearing what remained of the modern Cæsar, to his tomb awaiting among the *Invalides*. And here before us, in much older time, was the vault opened, where sat Charlemagne, crowned, sceptred, and attired in all the panoply of state; such a *memento mori*, such a homily, *vanitas vanitatum*, as his successors in empire might quail to see. His white marble chair seems scarcely empty now. As we pace this sepulchral church, the silvery voice of old romance breathes a whisper of Ariosto, and again is heard the winding of Orlando's horn at Roncesvalles.

It was night when Cologne was entered, but not so late that the hum of a large population had become silenced. The path that tempted led straight to the docks. I was at length beside that river which had awakened so much longing—the river, consecrated by many songs and legends of heart devotion and patriotic

love—the Rhine. In the clear moonlight the noble stream swept onward, reflecting a thousand stars; the faint and rosier coloured glitter of the lamps upon the bridge of boats crossing to Deutz, and those in windows of Cologne, giving a social warmth that did not mar the solemn feeling. Very dimly was discernible the outline of the Cathedral; and the roof of many a lofty building showed like toys beside the larger structure. Afterwards, if I felt lonely in the silent hours of night—for all the deeper emotions have their root in sadness; and quailed a moment at remembering that I was a stranger, not robust or equable of spirit, with a toilsome life before me, with no hand perhaps to clasp my own, and no voice to cheer me if despondent—did such twilight sorrows come across the mind, they were not suffered to remain oppressive. I remembered that to work my way through difficulty was better for me, as also for others, and more suited to my humour, than mere idle pleasure. Next morning I stood within the cathedral, than which there never rose before my eyes, in the most favoured hour of dreams or waking contemplation, a nobler structure.

Many years have passed since then. What matters it that mere detail has faded; that when I think of it, only the airy vastness and the graceful form are present with a dim inspiring beauty: and I feel as a dreamer dwelling in faëry visions, rather than as one who wandered in a real triumph of man's art, a temple raised in honour of his Maker? The sensation can never die in one who has gained what such a cathedral as Cologne teaches. There was something learnt that day which no lesser buildings can give; for no accumulated trifles are equal to the unity of art, no assemblage of small talents can balance in sublimity the weight of one solitary genius.

Here at Cologne I had gained, moreover, my first sight of the RHINE.

J. W. E.

(To be continued.)



TURGIDUS ALPINUS.

My miserable countrymen, whose wont is once a year
To lounge in watering-places, disagreeable and dear ;
Who on pigmy Cambrian mountains, and in Scotch or
Irish bogs
Imbibe incessant whisky, and inhale incessant fogs :
Ye know not with what transports the mad Alpine Club-
man gushes,
When with rope and axe and knapsack to the realms of
snow he rushes.
O can I e'er the hour forget—a voice within cries
“Never !”—
From British beef and sherry *dear* which my young
heart did sever ?
My limbs were cased in flannel light, my frame in
Norfolk jacket,
As jauntily I stepped upon the impatient Calais packet.
‘Dark lowered the tempest overhead,’ the waters wildly
rolled,
Wildly the moon sailed thro’ the clouds, ‘and it grew
wondrous cold ;’
The good ship cleft the darkness, like an iron wedge,
I trow,
As the steward whispered kindly, “you had better go
below”—
Enough ! I’ve viewed with dauntless eye the battle’s
bloody tide ;
Thy horse, proud Duke of Manchester, I’ve seen straight
at me ride
I’ve braved chance ram-rods from my friends, blank
cartridges from foes ;
The jeers of fair spectators, when I fell upon my nose ;

I've laughed at toils and troubles, as a British Volunteer ;

But the thought of that night's misery still makes me pale with fear.

Sweet the repose which cometh as the due reward of toil ;
Sweet to the sea-worn traveller the French or British soil ;

But a railway-carriage full of men, who smoke and drink and spit,

Who disgust you by their manners, and oppress you with their wit ;

A carriage garlic-scented, full of uproar and of heat,
To a sleepy, jaded Briton is decidedly not sweet.

Then welcome, welcome Paris, peerless city of delights !
Welcome, Boulevards, fields Elysian, brilliant days and magic nights !

"Vive la gloire, et vive Napoléon ! vive l'Empire (c'est la paix)

"Vive la France, the land of beauty ! vive the Rue St. Honoré !"

Wildly shouting thus in triumph, I arrived at my Hotel—
The exterior was 'palatial,' and the dinner pretty well :
O'er the rest, ye muses draw a veil ! 'Twas the Exhibition year—

And every thing was nasty, and consequently dear—
Why should ye sing how much I paid for one poor pint of claret—

The horrors of my bedroom in a flea-frequented garret—
Its non-Sabæan odours—Liliputian devices
For washing in a tea-cup—all at "Exhibition prices ?"
To the mountains, to the mountains, to their snowy peaks I fly !

For their pure primeval freshness, for their solitude
I sigh !

Past old Dijon and its "Buffet," past fair Macon and its wine,

Thro' the lime-stone cliffs of Jura, past Mont Cenis' wondrous line,

Till at 10 A.M., "Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face."

And I take outside the diligence for Chamouni my place.
Still my fond imagination views, in mem'ries mirror clear,

Purple rock, and snowy mountain, pine wood black and glassy mere :

Foaming torrents, hoarsely raving ; tinkling cow-bells in the glade ;

Meadows green, and maidens moving in the pleasant twilight shade :

The crimson crown of sun-set on Mont Blanc's majestic head,

And each lesser peak beneath him, pale and ghastly as the dead :

Eagle-nest-like mountain chalets, where the tourist for some sous

Can imbibe milk by the bucket, and on Nature's grandeur muse :

Mont Anvert, the "Pas" called "mauvais," which I thought was "pas mauvais,"

Where, in spite of all my boasting, I encountered some delay ;

For, much to my amazement, at the steepest part I met
A matron who weighed twenty stones, and I think must be there yet :

The stupendous "Col du Géant," with its Chaos of seracs ;

The procession into Cormayeur, with lantern, rope, and axe :

The sweet girl with golden ringlets—her dear name was Mary Ann—

Whom I helped to climb the Jardin, and who cut me at Lausanne :

On these, the charms of Chamouni, sweeter far than words can tell,

At the witching hour of twilight doth my memory love to dwell.

Ye, who ne'er have known the rapture, the unutterable
 bliss
Of Savoy's sequestered valleys, and the mountains of
 'La Suisse ;'
The mosquitos of Martigny ; the confusion of Sierre ;
The dirt of Visp or Münster, and the odours everywhere :
Ye, who ne'er from Monte Rosa have surveyed Italia's
 plain,
Till you wonder if you ever will get safely down again ;
Ye, who ne'er have stood on tip-toe on a 'knife-like
 snow-arête',
Nor have started avalanches by the pressure of your
 weight ;
Ye, who ne'er have "packed" your weary limbs in
 "sleeping bags" at night,
Some few inches from a precipice, 'neath the pale
 moon's freezing light.
Who have ne'er stood on the snow-fields, when the sun
 in glory rose,
Nor returned again at sun-set with parched lips and
 skinless nose ;
Ye who love not masked crevasses, falling stones and
 blistered feet,
Sudden changes from Siberia's cold to equatorial heat ;
Ye, who love not the extortions of Padrone, Driver,
 Guide,
Ye who love not o'er the Gemmi on a kicking mule to
 ride ;
You miserable creatures, who will never know true
 bliss ;
You're not the men for Chamouni, avoid, avoid La
 Suisse !

ARCULUS.



A STUDY FROM MORTE D'ARTHUR.

MOST people, I imagine, are aware that besides the fragment which forms one of the most admired poems of the Laureate, there exists another Morte D'Arthur; that the latter is the production of one Sir Thomas Malory, and was among the first books ever printed in England. I fear, however, that there are many whose knowledge ends here, and who, trusting to impressions which they would find it difficult to trace to any substantial origin, mentally class the book with the antiquated tomes that swelled the libraries of our grandfathers, assigning it perhaps to the same mental bookshelf as *The Whole Duty of Man*, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, or *Sir Charles Grandison*. What will such people say when I inform them that they ought in that case to condemn Spenser's *Fairy Queen* to the same companionship? I can see their look of incredulous pity. And yet the merits of the one are also the merits of the other; and their faults are only the same. It is true that they are faults of a very unpardonable character in the eyes of the present generation; for they are liable to the charges of antiquity and prolixity combined. But if it is a virtue to depict human nature with a truth that comes home to every human heart in every age; if it is a merit to be master at once of that exquisite minor key which men call pathos and of that soul-stirring diapason which interprets and exalts heroic story to the dullest ear; in a word, if simplicity and force, truth and power, enhance the value of a book, I contend that the Morte D'Arthur is far from the vapid

and maundering imbecility which is the character, associated by too many with its name.

The *Morte D'Arthur* is to all intents and purposes a great and nobly conceived Epic. And here I might dwell upon the grandeur of the theme which runs in an unbroken thread through all the intricacies of the narrative. I might eulogize the splendour of the design and the unity and completeness of the plot, whose denouement might justly challenge a comparison with the noblest efforts of the Tragic muse. But I am tempted rather to take for illustration one or two of the episodes which to me form the greatest charm of this story of King Arthur and his chivalry. And here I might have found myself embarrassed by the wealth which lies ready to my hand, had not Mr. Tennyson travelled the same road before me and left his footprints in the track, footprints which I shall take for my guide, with the confidence that I shall not follow in vain the unerring instinct of my great pioneer.

Of those Idylls which are the most finished productions of the Laureate's genius, *Elaine* is to me the most touching because the most simple. But among those who read—and to read is to admire—that pathetic poem, I believe that few are aware how much of the groundwork of the story is due to Sir Thomas Malory and how little to Mr. Tennyson. I have understated the fact. It is not enough to say that the main incidents of the plot are absolutely identical in both; or even to add that many of the delicately marked traits in the characters of the latter are immediately supplied, or at least indirectly suggested, by the narrative of the former: the very words of the romancer are in many cases adopted by the poet; and where deviation either in the plot or in the language is apparent, it is not always clear that an improvement is effected.

The subjects supplied by prose narrative to form the basis of poetic story are of two kinds, which may be best described, the first as complete portions

of history or quasi history forming finished pictures, the second as mere episodes resembling imperfect sketches. In the former case the poet has to erase much and to substitute much; in the latter he has to fill in the outline, to heighten suggested contrasts, and to develop latent effects. The latter was the task undertaken by Mr. Tennyson when he conceived the idea of Elaine. But, to follow out our metaphor, he was singularly fortunate in the character of the sketch which was ready to his hand. It was no ordinary mind whose conceptions he had to develop; it was no 'prentice hand which had traced the bold outline of the central figures and dashed the brilliant colouring over the glowing panel.

It will be well to trace the broad features of the original story, and then briefly to notice the points of divergence which the Laureate has conceded to his taste, his fancy, or the exigencies of the laws of poetry.

I would first remark the peculiarly appropriate position which the episode occupies in the main narrative. Sir Lancelot has reached the zenith of his career. He is already the glory of King Arthur's court, the flower of Christian chivalry. There is but one cloud that dims the lustre of a star which has been ever in the ascendant since it first rose unnoticed above the horizon. That cloud is the breath of an ominous whisper that links the name of Arthur's Queen with the name of Arthur's best beloved knight. Alas that so foul a stain should mar the perfection of a noble nature! What but woe can result from so fatal an infatuation? But the situation is not without a gleam of hope. We can trace an inward struggle breaking forth now and again in impassioned utterance, which testifies that Lancelot's good angel has not yet finally averted his face and given over the great but erring soul to final destruction. But the hour is approaching when the sin must be abjured once and for ever, or the fallen nature will be left to the dominion of the powers of darkness,

and drag down in the vortex of its ruin the fortunes of the great son of Uther. It is at this crisis that the momentous choice between good and evil is suddenly offered to Lancelot, by the introduction upon the scene of Elaine ; and the fate of chivalry and Christendom is with marvellous dexterity made to depend upon an incident as insignificant as it is touching and natural. Sir Lancelot has just vindicated the honour of Queen Guinevere against the aspersions of Sir Mador, whom he has worsted in the lists, but not without receiving a wound, which is scarcely well healed when the King proclaims a great tournament at Camelot, a name which is in this instance identified with Winchester. To this tournament Queen Guinevere refuses to go on the plea of sickness. Sir Lancelot also begs to be excused on the pretext that he is not yet recovered from his recent wound. So Sir Lancelot and the Queen are left together. But when the King is gone, Guinevere rebukes Sir Lancelot for so rashly incurring the imputations which such conduct must necessarily engender among their enemies. Upon this Sir Lancelot changes his purpose, and starts for Camelot. On his way he comes at sunset to Astolat, and, with a confidence sanctioned by the usage of the times, claims the hospitality of an old knight who has two sons, Sir Tirre (or Sir Torre) and Sir Lavaine, and one daughter, Elaine the Fair. From his host he begs the loan of a blank shield, stating his wish to attend the jousts incognito, and receiving that of Sir Torre deposits his own shield in its place. Meanwhile, Elaine is possessed by a hopeless passion for her father's noble guest, and at his departure with her brother Lavaine, whom he has persuaded to accompany him, she begs him to wear a sleeve of hers upon his helmet in the tourney. To this request he yields the more ready compliance, because he reasons that its inconsistency with his previous habits will add to the security of his disguise, a disguise, however, which fails in its principal object from the fact, which

is unknown to Sir Lancelot, that the King has chanced to espy him as he takes lodging at Astolat, and has at once surmised that he will, after all, put in an appearance at the tournament.

On his arrival at Camelot Sir Lancelot is accidentally wounded by Sir Bors, after performing prodigies of valour in the lists. He therefore rides hastily off the field, accompanied by Lavaine, and takes refuge at a contiguous hermitage, where he slowly recovers from his wound. Meanwhile, King Arthur is anxious to present the prize to the hero of the day, in whom he alone recognizes Lancelot. Great is his dismay when he hears of his wound and hasty departure, and he readily accepts Gawaine's offer to go in search of the missing knight. In the course of his wanderings Gawaine is brought to Astolat, and recognizes Sir Lancelot's shield, which Elaine jealously guards in her chamber.

Upon this he reveals to the family of Astolat the world-renowned name of their late guest, and so startles Elaine from her propriety by a vivid description of his wound and probable danger, that she asks and obtains leave from her father to go in search of the great knight. Hard by Camelot she by chance lights upon Lavaine, and is by him escorted to Sir Lancelot, with whom we must leave her rendering the wounded hero such faithful service and comfort as love alone can bestow. Gawaine on his part returns to Camelot and expounds the enigma of the scarlet sleeve, driving the Queen to distraction by this proof of Lancelot's love for another.

Lancelot, who, after experiencing a dangerous relapse which calls forth all the hidden strength of Elaine's passion, has in the meantime been removed to Astolat, is at length healed of his wound and announces his intention to depart. Thereupon Elaine declares her passion and entreats him to return her love. To this Sir Lancelot, fettered as he

is by his guilty tie to the Queen, cannot consent; and his offer to endow her with an estate of 1000 pounds yearly on the day she weds another is all in vain. He takes his leave and from that hour Elaine pines away, until, when death is near at hand, she begs her father to write a letter which she dictates, to place this in her hand at the instant of death, then to deck her body in its richest apparel and allow it to drop down the river in a barge steered by one man to Camelot. His promise obtained, she dies. All is done in accordance with her directions: the barge carries her to Camelot, and excites the wondering pity of the court. The King commands Lancelot to see the body buried, and the Queen implores his pardon for her unjust suspicions of his fealty. Thus is the intervention of Sir Lancelot's good angel baffled, and the life which might have been crowned with the pure and elevated affection of Elaine is finally dedicated to the guilty passion of Guinevere. Henceforward the catastrophe hastens on with winged speed. Sir Lancelot feels that the die is cast and the struggle over. We see this inward conviction asserting itself in a greater recklessness of consequences and a more facile submission to the guidance of what was once temptation but is now destiny.

But, retracing my steps, I observe first what I have hinted above, that the story of Elaine is essentially an outline, but an eminently suggestive one. The character of Elaine herself is perhaps the most fully developed. It is the ideal purity which asserts itself in an ingenuous simplicity of word and deed, so unconventional as to be at times almost startling. Thus, when she hears from Sir Gawaine of Sir Lancelot's success at the tournament, she exclaims in the transport of her joy, "Now blessed be God that that knight sped so well; for he is the man in the world that I first loved, and truly he shall be the last that ever I shall love." And again, "Then know ye not his name, said

Sir Gawaine. Nay truly said the damsel, I know not his name, nor from whence he cometh, but to say that I love him: I promise you and God that I love him." Nor, is she less unreserved to her father. "Now, fair father said then Elaine," (when she is told of Lancelot's wound received at the tournament), "I require you to give me leave to ride and to seek him, or else I wot well I shall go out of my mind, for I shall never stint till that I find him." She never affects to conceal her love even before Sir Lancelot himself. It is true that we may regard her as surprised into self-betrayal by the ravages which she traces in the wounded Sir Lancelot, when she first sees him at the hermitage: and again, when Sir Lancelot's wound bursts out afresh, and "she weeps as though she had been wood, and kisses him, and rebukes her brother and Sir Bors, and calls them false traitors, why they would take him out of his bed; and cries that she will appeal them of his death." But we can scarcely apply the same standard to the deliberate offer of her love which we have recorded in these words. "And so upon the morn, when Sir Lancelot should depart, fair Elaine brought her father with her, and Sir Tirre, and Sir Lavaine, and thus she said: my lord Sir Lancelot, now I see ye will depart, now, fair Knight and courteous Knight, have mercy upon me and suffer me not to die for thy love. What would ye that I did, said Sir Lancelot. I would have you to my husband, said Elaine. Fair damsel, I thank you, said Sir Lancelot, but truly, said he, I cast me never to be wedded man. Then, fair Knight, said she, will ye be my love? Jesu defend me, said Sir Lancelot, for then I rewarded to your father and your brother full evil for their great goodness. Alas, said she, then must I die for your love." In this scene I see Elaine exhibiting the artless candour of a child, which sees no shame in asking plainly for the object of its desire. But I discern something more. It is to Elaine

a solemn moment; life and death hang upon the decision. She brings her father and her brothers. Clearly she feels no shame in her purpose. Her passion runs in too deep and strong a stream to be ruffled by the light airs which would sway the inclinations of a shallower nature. But when her first proposal is rejected, I see in the words, "Then, fair Knight, will ye be my love?" the death-cry of one who clutches at a straw of hope before sinking for ever beneath the dull dark waters of despair. And that Sir Lancelot viewed it in no other light, that he regarded it as the wild utterance of the lips, and no trueborn offspring of the pure and maidenly heart within, is evident from his parting words to her father: "As for me, I dare do all that a good Knight should do, that she is a true maiden, both for deed and will, and I am right heavy of her distress, for she is a full fair maiden, good and gentle, and well taught." And her brother Lavaine, bears the same testimony. "Father, I dare make good she is pure and good as my lord Sir Lancelot hath said; but she doth as I do; for since I first saw my lord Sir Lancelot I could never depart from him, nor nought I will, and I may follow him." I think, then, that even if our defence of Elaine ended here, we should pass no very harsh judgment upon this single blot in a character which is otherwise so faultless and so winning; but who can read the words in which the dying maiden expresses her repentance for her one sin, without according to Elaine herself the freest forgiveness, and tracing in the hand which delineated such a character the skill which introduces one dark spot into the picture only to enhance by contrast the effect of the mellow light around? "Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat, that made such sorrow day and night, that she never slept, eat, nor drank; and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she feebled so

that she must needs pass out of the world, then she shrived her clean and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sir Lancelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? and all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man, and I take God to my record I never loved none but Sir Lancelot du Lake, nor never shall; and a clean maiden I am for him and for all other. And since it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a Knight, I beseech the High Father of heaven to have mercy upon my soul and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered, may be allegiance of part of my sins. For sweet Lord Jesu, said the fair maiden, I take thee to record, on thee I was never great offender against thy laws, *but that I loved this noble Knight Sir Lancelot out of measure*, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death." Surely few things can be more touching than the fearless innocence combined with unaffected humility which characterizes these words.

We cannot but think that Mr. Tennyson, in an attempt to tone down the character of Elaine to the conventional level, has thus lost much of its true power and interest. In his account of the final interview between Lancelot and the love-stricken girl, he omits the all-important solemnity with which the presence of Sir Bernard and his two sons invest the scene. Moreover, by representing Elaine's avowal of her love as an unpremeditated outburst he detracts from the unconscious simplicity which forms the distinctive and charming feature of her character. I venture to assert that there is more true modesty in Elaine's open and deliberate confession of love with her father and brothers summoned to be witnesses of the solemn act than in the private interview with

Sir Lancelot and the presupposition of a former reserve which she has not strength of purpose to maintain, implied in the words :

"Then suddenly and passionately she spoke :
I have gone mad ; I love you ; let me die."

And again, by softening the expression of that wild wish : "Then, fair Knight, will ye be my love," into

"'No, no' she cried, 'I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you and to follow you thro' the world ;'"

he loses all the touching human interest which is attached to the record of earnest penitence in a nature so refined and elevated as Elaine's.

The character of Sir Lancelot is almost as fully and distinctly marked as that of Elaine. He stands forth in bold relief from the canvas between the two figures of Elaine and Guinevere, figures which, with their vividly-contrasted beauty, seem like the personifications of his good and evil influences contending for the possession of his soul. In Guinevere we see all the energy of a strong and passionate nature concentrated upon one object. To retain the love of Sir Lancelot is to her all in all. To all others the fire of passion, which burns with a still intensity of heat within, is covered by a crust of cold and haughty reserve, which may well deceive the unsuspicious eye—index of a soul which cannot stoop to think evil—of the great-hearted King Arthur. But that fire needs only the fuel of jealousy to blaze up into an angry and lurid flame. Who could have expected that a woman left alone with the man to whose love she had sacrificed all the higher and better impulses of her nature could only frame her tongue to the cold and cautious words : "Sir Lancelot, ye are greatly to blame, thus to hold you behind my lord : what trow ye, what will your enemies and mine say and deem ? nought else but see how Sir Lancelot holdeth him behind the King, and so doth the Queen, for that they would

be together; and thus will they say, have ye no doubt thereof"? Yet we find the same woman at the first hint of the appearance of a rival in Elaine swept away by such a torrent of uncontrollable rage, that she instantly casts from her not only the apprehensive caution of her former conduct, but even every semblance of decent reserve. "When Queen Guinevere wist that Sir Lancelot bare the red sleeve of the maiden of Astolat, she was nigh out of her mind for wrath. And then she sent for Sir Bors de Gauis in all the haste that might be. So when Sir Bors was come before the Queen, then she said: Ah! Sir Bors, have ye heard how falsely Sir Lancelot hath betrayed me? Alas, madam, said Sir Bors, I fear he hath betrayed himself and us all. No force, said the Queen, though he be destroyed; for he is a false traitor Knight. Madam, said Sir Bors, I pray you say ye not so, for wit you well I will not hear such language of him. Fie on him, said the Queen, yet for all his pride and boasting, there ye proved yourself his better. Nay, madam, say ye never more so, for he beat me and my fellows, and might have slain us, and he would. Fie on him, said the Queen, for I heard Sir Gawaine say before my lord Arthur, that it were marvel to tell the great love that is between the fair maiden of Astolat and him." Nor is this even a sudden and transitory outbreak succeeded by as sudden a calm. The tempest still rages with apparently increased violence when Sir Bors returns and reports Sir Lancelot's prostrate condition arising from his premature exertions, adding: "And all that he did, madam, was for the love of you because he would have been at this tournament." Guinevere only vouchsafes the reply. "Fie on him, recreant Knight, for wit ye well I am right sorry and he shall have his life." It is only when the dead body of her rival comes before her to attest with voiceless lips the fealty of Sir Lancelot, that Guinevere's anger is dispelled;

an anger which finds its last utterance in the inconsistent words: "Ye might have shewed her some bounty and gentleness, that might have preserved her life." With a true woman's instinct she thus endeavours to cover her retreat by impugning conduct the very opposite of that which had before excited her unreasoning fury. But even this last expiring echo of the storm is at length hushed, and the Queen "sends for Sir Lancelot and prays him for mercy for why she had been wrath with him causeless."

It may at first sight surprise us that Sir Lancelot should be made to prefer the haughty and passionate Queen to the simple-minded and winning Elaine. But as there are some minds which revel in the wild warfare of the elements on the inhospitable mountain top or the tempestuous sea, so it is probably in the grandeur of Guinevere's dark and terrible moods that we must look for her true attraction to the fancy of Sir Lancelot. To a soul schooled by chivalry to hold nothing glorious that was not difficult, there must have been something irresistibly alluring in the feeling that he and he alone could call forth all the lightnings of that grey impassive sky; that for him alone its clouds would part and discover all the wealth of summer brightness that lay beyond.

I have said that the episode of Elaine is a suggestive sketch. Perhaps it is least so in the three characters whose lineaments I have endeavoured to trace; for they form almost finished portraits of themselves. Yet even in them there are suggestive touches, as we see when we compare Mr. Tennyson's development of the story with the story itself. For instance, when Sir Lancelot is rebuked by the Queen for staying behind with her we find him replying, "Madam, I allow your wit, it is of late come sin ye were wise." The latent motive of this answer is supplied by Mr. Tennyson in the words, "Then Lancelot, vexed at having lied in vain." And again, when the Queen asks Sir Lancelot's

forgiveness, we cannot fail to discern in his reply, "This is not the first time ye have been displeased with me causeless; but, madam, ever I must suffer you, but what sorrow I endure, I take no force," the germ of that fine soliloquy:

"Ah simple heart and sweet,
You loved me, damsel, surely with a love
Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?
Ay, that will I. Farewell too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily. 'Jealousy in love?'
Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride?
Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of love,
May not your crescent fear of name and fame
Speak as it waxes of a love that wanes?"

Among the minor characters that of Sir Bernard is as suggestive as any; and that Mr. Tennyson found it so, a diligent study of his writings will, I think, satisfy the impartial enquirer. For although in his *Elaine* Sir Bernard plays but a subordinate part, yet in his Enid much of the conception of Yuiol seems to be borrowed from that loving and patient nature. Compare, for instance, the courtesy which actuated Yuiol in his orders to Enid—

"Enid, the good knight's horse, stands in the court:
Take him to stall, &c.,"

with that which prompts Sir Bernard in his conduct to Gawaine, when he sends for Sir Lancelot's shield for the latter's inspection. And in the patience of Yuiol, I am reminded of that submissive spirit which is implied in Sir Bernard's last interview with Sir Lancelot, when the latter is leaving behind him a legacy of bitter grief to the household at Astolat. For when he has made one last despairing appeal on his child's behalf in the words, "I cannot see but that my daughter Elaine will die for your sake," he listens in silence—a silence more touching than the most pathetic expression of sorrow—to the reply in which Sir Lancelot exculpates his conduct.

The elder of Elaine's two brothers, Sir Tirre (or Sir Torre) is little more than a lay figure in the original

romance. Mr. Tennyson has given him an individuality in the following allusions :

"Then added plain Sir Torre,
'Yes, since I cannot use it, you may have it.'"

"Then turned Sir Torre, and being in his moods,
Left them."

"Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs, and say,
'I never loved him: so I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him down—
Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead,
For this discomfort he hath wrought the house.'"

And yet, even here, the poet seems only to have given utterance to the suppressed conception of the romancer, whose description is irresistibly suggestive of a disappointed man; and when we remember that the description is put into the mouth of a father, we shall not be far wrong in assuming that, what is disappointment in the language of so indulgent a critic, would be moroseness in the less partial judgment of others.

There is more originality in Mr. Tennyson's assignment of a personality to the "one man such as ye can trust to steer me thither," who appears in the poem as

"An old dumb myriad-wrinkled man,"

and as the faithful servitor whom

"The heathen caught and reft of his tongue,
He learnt, and warned me of their fierce design
Against my house, and him they caught and maimed."

If I have not spoken before of Sir Thomas Malory's conception of King Arthur, it is because it corresponds so closely to the well-known hero of the laureate. If there is any difference, it is that the latter has refined upon the ideal of the former, and has adorned with all the virtues of Sir Galahad the character which the romancer has depicted as essentially imperfect in spite of its amiability. It is, I imagine, in pursuance of this ideal that Mr. Tennyson has introduced the first of two important alterations into the plot of *Elaine*. The second is an alteration which affects another of Sir

Thomas Malory's characters in a manner scarcely so advantageous.

I have said above that Sir Lancelot's disguise was rendered ineffectual as far as concerned the king, the latter having descried Sir Lancelot as he claimed the hospitality of Astolat, and having drawn the inference that his favourite knight would, after all, be present to grace the lists at Camelot. This circumstance Mr. Tennyson studiously omits, I imagine, in order that Arthur may not appear to connive at the inconsistency of Sir Lancelot's conduct with his declaration that he will not attend the tournament, and so stamp his approval upon the false pretext which Sir Lancelot alleged for his determination. Hence the king is placed upon a moral vantage-ground, from which he can say—

“Far lovlier in our Lancelot had it been,
In lieu of idly dallying with the truth,
To have trusted me as he has trusted you”;

and it is from her husband that Guinevere learns the significant incident of the red sleeve. I am not sure that the effective situation thus produced does not justify the modification of the plot in this instance; but I am not prepared to extend the same indulgence to Mr. Tennyson's misrepresentation of Sir Gawaine. The character of that knight is one of the most strongly marked in the *Morte D'Arthur*. He is the leader of the faction opposed to Sir Lancelot, but he is an honourable and upright adversary, not a secret and insidious foe. Thus we find him sending to Sir Lancelot the message, “Say that I, Sir Gawaine, do send him word, that I promise him by the faith I owe unto God and to knighthood, that I shall never leave him till he have slain me or I him.” But we also find him speaking of Sir Lancelot to Elaine in terms like the following: “And he be your love, ye love the most honourable knight of the world and the man of most worship.” And his first emotion, when he discovered the identity of Sir Lancelot with the knight who was so grievously

wounded in the tournament, had been one of sorrowful consternation: "Ah! mercy," said Sir Gawaine, "now is my heart more heavier than ever it was before." And who can read the letters of the dying Gawaine to his lifelong foe and not feel that it is the generous expression of a heart superior to the sordid impulses of treachery? Last, but not least, we have the testimony of King Arthur in that fine outburst of grief: "Alas! Sir Gawaine, my sister's son, here now thou liest, the man in the world that I loved most, and now is my joy gone; for now, my nephew, Sir Gawaine, I will discover me unto your person: in Sir Lancelot and you I most had my joy, and mine affiance, and now have I lost my joy of you both, wherefore all mine earthly joy is gone from me." What is there in common between this generous, if erring, spirit, and that Gawaine

"surnamed the Courteous, fair and strong,
 a good knight, but therewithal
 Sir Modred's brother, of a crafty house,
 Not often loyal to his word, and now
 Wroth that the king's command to sally forth
 In quest of whom he knew not, made him leave
 The banquet and concourse of knights and kings"?

The last part of this description, indeed, is in direct antagonism to the statement of the romance, which makes Gawaine volunteer to undertake the quest:—"By my head, said Sir Gawaine, if it be so, that the good knight be so sore hurt, it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found, I shall find him." It is almost needless to add that there is no trace in the *Morte D'Arthur* of that

"Courtesy, with a touch of traitor in it;"

which, according to Mr. Tennyson, characterizes Gawaine's conduct to Elaine. In striking contrast to the

"Sighs and slow smiles and golden eloquence
 And amorous adulation,"

which the poet makes him employ on his own behalf, is the hearty and unaffected eulogium which he pronounces upon Sir Lancelot: "Truly, fair damsel, ye have right; for, and he be your love, ye love the most honourable knight of the world, and the man of most worship."

I do not deny that the introduction of a traitor adds to the effect of the picture; but need that traitor have been Gawaine? When the romancer's conception of the other prominent figures in the tableau was adopted with faithful accuracy, was it necessary so utterly to distort one portrait, and that not the least conspicuous in the group, that no resemblance could possibly be traced to the original? Would it not have been better, instead of transforming Gawaine into a second Mordred, to introduce Mordred himself into the story? To me, it is as though a Greek dramatist had taken for his subject some episode of the Iliad, and had invested Ajax or Diomed with the attributes of Ulysses, when Ulysses himself could have been introduced without any violation of Homer's ideal.

I have been unconsciously led on to mention the *Morte D'Arthur* in the same breath with the Homeric poems. And, indeed, the resemblance between them is neither slight nor superficial. In its truth to nature, in the homeliness of its language, in the beauty and variety of its episodes, in the grandeur of its plot, and even in the similarity of its individual characters, there is much in the *Morte D'Arthur* which reminds me of the Iliad; and that there is no absurdity in this instance in comparing a prose romance and an epic poem, Mr. Tennyson's *Elaine* will for ever testify. For I trust that I have not altogether failed in my endeavour to establish the claims of Sir Thomas Malory—whether he is to be regarded as the author or as the compiler of *Morte D'Arthur*—to the gratitude of the Laureate and consequently of posterity. That almost every incident in the plot of *Elaine* is due to the

Morte D' Arthur, will sufficiently guarantee the excellence of the latter to the numerous admirers of the most finished of modern poets. To those who see in Mr. Tennyson nothing but artificial perfection of language and rhythm, I trust that the passages I have cited from the romance will commend themselves by that forcible simplicity which such critics esteem above all the elaboration of art.

But I confess that, in my own mind, the effect of the re-perusal of these two parallel creations of mediæval and modern thought has been to increase my admiration for both. If it is art that has filled up the interstices of a mediæval structure, and transformed it into an edifice faultless to the modern eye, it is art which is akin to the originality of genius. On the other hand there is much in the bold irregularity of the earlier architecture which many will prefer to its more symmetrical modern development. I cannot do better than conclude by appealing to both schools of critics for their admiration of the moral suggested by this exquisite story, a moral which is expressed by Sir Thomas Malory in the pregnant words, "Love is free in himself, and never will be bounden; for where he is bounden, he looseth himself"; and by Mr. Tennyson in the fine lines—

"Fair she was, my king,
Pure as you ever wish your knights to be,
To doubt her fairness were to want an eye;
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart—
Yea, to be loved, if what is worthy love
Could bind him, but free love will not be bound.

Free love so bound were freest, said the king,
Let love be free; free love is for the best:
And after heaven, on our dull side of death,
What should be best, if not so pure a love
Clothed in so pure a loveliness? Yet thee
She failed to bind, tho' being, as I think,
Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know."

T. M.



IDLE WORDS.

WHAT is an idle word? 'Tis like
An arrow drawn by careless hands
And aimed at nought, that yet may strike
The friend that by the archer stands.
Such is the idle rashly uttered word
That wounds the loving heart of him who heard.

'Tis like the down from thistle's top
That winds o'er many lands may blow,
Yet when it taketh root a crop
Of thorny weeds will from it grow.
Such is the idle word that lightly flies
And bears an evil fruit in hearts unwise.

'Tis like a stone dropped in the lake
That glassed God's heaven and hills and trees—
Rough ripples all its quiet break
Distorting all its images.
Such is the idle word that bringeth grief
Of shattered faith and desperate unbelief.

'Tis like the dust a child may throw
Against the wind, that backward flies
E'en where the wayward breezes blow,
And blinds itself the thrower's eyes.
Such is the idle word we lightly cast,
It will return and bring us pain at last.
W. E. H.



NEW POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NO greater contrast has been afforded by modern literature than that between the glowing rush of Mr. Swinburne's sensuous poetry, and the even flow of the chaste measures of Matthew Arnold. From all time the human heart has been eminently susceptible to influence through the medium of the passions, but it is specially in the present age that intellectual culture has tended to prefer the ornate to the ornamented, and to mould the material itself into forms of beauty rather than to make use of extraneous ornament. The especial apostle of culture has offered us in his poetical writings a noble example of the severe simplicity he has preached. No gaudy colouring, no ingenious trick of words, no fervent rush of rhythm mars his perfect lines. His earlier poems bore traces of the hand which, now grown firmer, has crowned the poet's fame by the production of the present volume. The first poem in this collection is undoubtedly Mr. Matthew Arnold's greatest work of art; though, had not its surpassing merits attracted the attention of that greatest of modern English poets Robert Browning, the world would have lost, at least for a time, the enjoyment of this exquisite production. In the opening of this poem Empedocles, weary of the turmoil of the busy world, sick in heart at the illiberality and bigotry of his brother philosophers, galled by the persecutions of those who were unable to reach the lofty heights to which his genius had soared, perceiving the littleness of men below, and scarce believing in the existence of God

above, is made the subject of conversation between two of his disciples, who, seated in a forest on Mount Etna, seek some means of dispelling the gloomy mist of melancholy which has settled upon their revered master.

The cold greyness of dawn has passed away, and the bright beams of the morning sun are gladdening the face of nature :

"The Sun

"Is shining on the brilliant mountain crests,
"And on the highest pines; but further down
"Herein the valley is in shade; the sward
"Is dark, and on the stream the mist still hangs;
"One sees one's foot-prints crush'd in the wet grass,
"One's breath curls in the air; and on these pines
"That climb from the stream's edge, the long grey tufts,
"Which the goats love, are jewell'd thick with dew."

The two friends, Pausanias and Callicles, arrange that the latter shall secrete himself, with his harp, in a neighbouring glade, while the former leads the philosopher where the entrancing strains of the sweet musician may, softly falling on the morning air, bring restful calm to the weary soul of the dejected sage.

In the second scene, Pausanias having led Empedocles to the appointed spot, Callicles is heard from below in a song which is too long to be inserted in its entirety, but the exquisite beauty of which it would be profanity to diminish by curtailment. He sings the cool fresh cattle-haunted glades, with the rippling stream babbling as it threads the mountain side, made more cool, more fresh by contrast with the bald head of old Etna blazing beneath the southern sun; he tells how Cheiron "in such a glen, on such a day" taught young Pelion all the lore stored up from the experience of years :

"He told him of the Gods, the stars,
"The tides; and then of mortal wars,
"And of the life which heroes lead
"Before they reach the Elysian place
"And rest in the immortal mead;
"And all the wisdom of his race."

And then, when the last echo has died away, Empedocles unburdens his soul and, to the solemn accompaniment of his harp, lifts the veil from the inmost recesses of his mind. His despair is not that of the feelings, but that of the intellect. For years he has gazed with wonder at the grief, the wrong, the sordid littleness with which the world is rife; he has felt that nobility, that holiness, that purity are not all a myth, and has sought with unutterable yearning after something higher, something greater than himself, in which he might find the embodiment of his ideal. But his yearning has not been satisfied, and the agony of a struggle which would have wrecked a weaker soul has now passed away. He sees before him a hopeless blank; he has learnt to believe that there is no help, no hope, no God:

"Fools! that in man's brief term

"He cannot all things view,

"Affords no ground to affirm

"That there are Gods who do!

"Nor does, being weary, prove that he has where to rest!"

He has schooled his mind to gaze unflinchingly upon the dismal void, and rather to seek what little good may remain, than sadly to dream of what never could have been:

"But thou, because thou hear'st

"Men scoff at Heaven a Fate,

"Because the Gods thou fear'st

"Fail to make blest thy state,

"Tremblest, and wilt not dare to trust the joys there are."

"I say: Fear not! Life still

"Leaves human effort scope,

"But, since life teems with ill,

"Nurse no extravagant hope;

"Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair!"

Then again borne upwards on the air bursts the sweet song of Callicles, who tells how

"Far, far, from here,

"The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay

"Among the green Illyrian hills; and there

"The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,

"And by the sea, and in the brakes.

"The grass is cool, the sea-side air
"Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
"As virginal and sweet as ours."

who tells the sweet sad story of Cadmus and Harmonia,
and how they

"Were rapt, far away,
"To where the west wind plays,
"And murmurs of the Adriatic come
"To those untrodden mountain lawns."

and there

"Wholly forget their first sad life, and home,
"And all that Theban woe, and stray
"For ever through the glens, platid and dumb."

And so Pausanias leaves him, and the shades of evening
close around the lonely old man.

With them the shadows deepen upon his soul. The
sombre gloom of the scene seems to bring him into
closer contact with the awful mystery of nature, and to
her, the universal Goddess in whom alone he believes,
he turns in his utter desolation. He advances to the
edge of the crater, and there, at the very altar of his
divinity, prepares to end his life. But still once more
the voice of the sweet singer breaks upon the solemn
stillness of the scene, as he hymns the mighty typho
writhing in his eternal bondage, and the Omnipotent
Father of the Gods seated on the throne of Olympus.
Then again he tells him how

"From far Parnassus' side,
"Young Apollo, all the pride
"Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
"To the Phrygian highlands came!
"Where the lay green reed-beds sway
"In the rippled waters grey
"Of that solitary lake
"Where Mæander's springs are born;
"Where the ridg'd pine-wooded roots
"Of Messogis westward break,
"Mounting westward, high and higher."

And sings the triumph of the truthful God.

Then the soul of Empedocles seems already to feel
the bonds which bind it to earth loosened from off it.

He gazes into the deep dark heavens above, he views
the yawning gulf below, and feels that in nature's
mighty powers alone he cares to be absorbed; and yet,
what of the mind? Will that find peace in the eternity
to come, or is it that

"We shall be unsatisfied as men,
"And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
"The ineffable longing for the life of life
"Baffled for ever; and still thought and mind
"Will hurry us with them on their homeless march?"

Yet sooner or later the end must come; there is no
peace in this life; he will venture upon the next; and
so, he plunges into the crater: and as his requiem
rises the chant of Callicles telling of the still vale of
Thisbi where

"In the moonlight the shepherds
"Soft lull'd by the rills,
"Lie wrapt in their blankets,
"Asleep on the hills."

where

"Apollo comes leading
"His choir, the nine.
"Whose praise do they mention?
"Of what is it told?
"What will be for ever;
"What was from of old.
"First by man they the father
"Of all things; and then,
"The rest of immortals,
"The action of men.
"The day in his hotness,
"The strife with the palm;
"The night in her silence,
"The stars in their calm."

The death of a much loved college friend, one who
himself was gifted with no mean powers of song,
inspires Mr. Arnold with strains full of subdued melan-
choly mingled with trustful hope. His Thyrsis is but
little if at all inferior to the exquisite elegy which a
like grief called forth from the blind old bard. The

writer, wandering in his riper age by the silvery Thames, viewing their own "sweet city with her dreaming spires," thus muses upon the loss of his dear companion.

"Yes, thou art gone? And round me too the night
"In ever-nearing circles weaves her shade,
"I see her veil draw soft across the day,
"I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
"The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey,
"I feel her finger light
"Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train,
"The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
"The heart less bounding at emotion need.
"And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

"And long the way appears which seem'd so short
"To the unpractis'd eye of sanguine youth,
"And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air
"The mountain-tops where is the throne of youth
"Tops in life's morning—Sun so bright and bare."

The cold autumnal blasts strewing the leaves around him suggest to him the icy hand of death which laid low his dearest friend :

"So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
"When the year's formal burst of bloom is o'er
"Before the roses and the longest day—
"When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor
"With blossoms, red and white of fallen May
"And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
"So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
"From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
"Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze,
"The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I."

He feels that, when the winter of separation is past, the never ending spring of reunion will bring him into still closer communion with his long lost friend—

"What matters it? next year he will return
"And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days
"With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern
"And blue bells trembling by the forest ways,
"And scent of hay new mown."

(To be continued.)



OUR CHRONICLE.

THE term which is just over is one that has made its mark in the Johnian annals, and will be recalled with satisfaction for a long time to come. The rapid progress of our New Chapel and the restoration of our Hall are signs of prosperity that cannot fail to leave their impression upon the least observant mind. But we have a surer indication of that prosperity in the number of our entry 112, which is greatly in excess of the average, and the reform of our dinner in Hall has at length been effected. It is very satisfactory to observe that this question, which assumed an almost revolutionary aspect in some Colleges, has with us been brought to a settlement entitled to the approval of all concerned by a milder course of constitutional action.

The following scheme drawn up by the Committee received the sanction of the authorities of the College.

That a dinner consisting of, entrees, meat, vegetables, sauces, and puddings, should be served at 1s. 9d. per head, subject to the following rules :

That there should be no sizing except for beer.

That the joints should not be pushed about the tables.

That all at the same table should leave Hall together.

One hundred and sixty names having been entered for the new plan it was commenced on December 2nd, and seems on the whole to give satisfaction.

There will always be a Committee of five members to receive all complaints, and suggestions, and to act as the medium between the Undergraduates and the Cook.

Not more than two Members of the Committee to be in the same year.

Two places in the Committee vacant by the retirement of Messrs. Simpson and Norton will be filled up at the beginning of next term, and a list of the Committee will be posted in Hall.

It is particularly begged by the Committee that all complaints may be made to them, and not to the servants of the College.

The vacancy in the Editorial Committee, caused by the retirement of Mr. T. Benson, has been filled up by the election of Mr. C. E. Haskins. Mr. T. Moss has been appointed Secretary in the place of Mr. E. H. Palmer resigned.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the College on November 2nd, 1868.

A. J. Stevens, 4th Wrangler, 1867.

H. M. Gwatkin, 36th Wrangler; 10th in the First Class Classical Tripos; First Class Moral Science, &c., &c.

W. A. Cox, 6th First Class, Classical Tripos.

T. Moss, 4th First Class, Classical Tripos, 1868.

The Rev. T. G. Bonney, B.D. has been appointed Tutor of this College. The undermentioned gentlemen were on June 15th, 1868, elected foundation Scholars of the College.

Cassels	Bennett, G. L.	Pendlebury	Noon
Carpmael, C.	Chamberlain	Haslam, W. A.	Saward
Barnet	Cotterill, H. B.	Watson, Frank	Wood
Hart, W. Elleky	Marklove	Whitaker	
Robinson	Levett	Greenhill	

Mr. Verdon bracketed 6th Wrangler and second class, Classical Tripos has gained the distinction of Senior in the Moral Science Tripos.

Mr. Gwatkin, Fellow of this College, whose University honours we so often have had the pleasure of chronicling, has won another University prize—the Crosse Scholarship.

The following were also elected Exhibitioners:

Smales	Baker, H.	Dixon	Genese
Hallam	Griffith, C. A.	Baynes	Flewett
Hewison	Saxton	Bridges	Haskins
Howlett	Hilary	Saward	Carter
Drake	Hathornthwaite	Wheatcroft	Syle
Elliott	Martin, G.	Bourne, A. A.	Butler
Smith, G.	Hogg	Heitland	Foxwell
Pendlebury			

The following prizes for English Essay were awarded to: *3rd year*, H. B. Cotterill; *2nd year*, Frank Watson; *1st year*, H. S. Foxwell.

Reading prize.—Foster, Whitaker.

Hebrew prize.—Gwatkin, Hodges.

Greek Testament.—*1st* Drake; *2nd* { Hodges.
Robinson.

The officers elected for the Lady Margaret Boat Club this term were as follows :

President : Rev. E. Bowling.
Secretary : J. Watkins.
Treasurer : J. Noon.

1st Captain : W. H. Simpson.
2nd Captain : J. W. Bakewell.
3rd Captain : F. Baynes.

The University Four-oared Races were rowed on Wednesday and Thursday, November the 4th and 5th, when the Sidney crew won.

The following was the Lady Margaret crew :

W. A. Jones (*bow*).
 F. Baynes, 2.
 J. W. Dale, 3.
 J. H. D. Goldie (*stroke*).
 H. B. Adams (*cox*).

The Races for the Colquhoun Sculls began on Monday the 16th of November. The following list shows the bumps on the several days.

1 E. Phelps, Sidney	9 J. H. Ridley, Jesus }
2 J. R. Paget, Trinity Hall.	10 J. R. Muirhead, Sidney }
3 C. F. Davison, Magdalene }	11 J. Watson, Christ's }
4 W. Lowe, Christ's }	12 A. T. Aitchison, Christ's }
5 J. W. Bakewell, Lady Margaret }	13 F. E. Marshall, First Trinity }
6 J. H. Moxon, First Trinity }	14 R. L. Latham, Peter's }
7 A. B. Tarbutt, Clare }	
8 W. Beauclerk, Third Trinity }	

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17.

1 J. H. Moxon	5 R. L. Waltham }
2 J. Watson }	6 W. Beauclerk }
3 J. R. Muirhead }	7 W. Lowe
4 F. E. Marshall	8 E. Phelps
	9 J. R. Paget

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

1 E. Phelps	5 J. H. Moxon }
2 J. R. Muirhead	6 W. Lowe }
3 J. R. Paget }	7 W. Beauclerk }
4 F. E. Marshall }	

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

1 W. Lowe	3 W. Beauclerk }
2 J. R. Muirhead	4 F. E. Marshall }
	5 E. Phelps }

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

1 W. Lowe	3 J. R. Muirhead
2 F. E. Marshall	4 E. Phelps

As there had been no bump made, it was decided that two time races should be rowed on Saturday. The following were the heats :

First Heat.—1 F. E. Marshall; 2 J. R. Muirhead.

Second Heat.—1 E. Phelps; 2 W. Lowe.

MONDAY.—Final Heat.—Mr. Phelps drew the first station, Mr. Marshall the second, and after a most exciting race the two crews went off simultaneously. At a meeting of the Lady Margaret Committee held the same evening, it was unanimously decided that the race was a dead heat, and that each winner should hold the Challenge Sculls for half-a-year, and should receive a cup of the value of £7. 10s.

The University Trial Eights were rowed on Thursday the 3rd of December, over the Ely course. Mr. Goldie's boat took the lead from the beginning, and finished about four clear boats length in front of Mr. Blake Humfrey's. The following were the crews;

1 E. Hoare, First Trinity	1 H. Roberts, Sidney
2 J. D. Inverarity, First Trinity	2 R. Neville, Emmanuel
3 W. Lowe, Christ's	3 J. W. Dale, Lady Margaret
4 A. J. Jenkins, Pembroke	4 F. J. Young, Christ's
5 F. Ayers, First Trinity	5 W. F. MacMichael, Downing
6 F. H. Hunt, Third Trinity	6 E. Phelps, Sidney
7 A. Rushton, Emmanuel	7 P. H. Mellor, First Trinity
J. H. D. Goldie, Lady Marg. (<i>st.</i>)	J. Blake-Humfrey (<i>stroke</i>)
H. E. Gordon, First Trinity (<i>cox.</i>)	H. B. Adams, Lady Marg. (<i>cox.</i>)

The Lady Margaret Scratch Fours were rowed on Saturday, the 28th of November, when eight crews started. The following boat won:

- 1 J. T. Welldon (*bow*)
- 2 Mosshead
- 3 J. W. Dale
- J. E. Johnson (*stroke*)

Mr. J. W. Dale, of this College, was one of the eleven who this year represented the Light Blues against the Dark Blues at Lords. In the 1st innings he scored 13, in the 2nd innings 18.

C. U. R. V. B Company.—In the annual returns to the War-office sent in on the 30th of November last, this Company appeared as having 75 Efficient, including 44 Extra-Efficient, and 18 Marksmen, as compared with 34 Efficient, 24 Extra-Efficient, and 12 Marksmen for the preceding year.

The "best shot of the Battalion" for the current year is Private F. Ritchie of B Company, who in his class-firing made a score of 54 in the second class and 39 in the first class.

Lance-Corporal C. Carpmael of B Company was one of the six competitors who were selected at a preliminary match to contend in his final match for the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup. The Cup was eventually won by Lieut. H. S. Atkinson of D Company.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Monday, December 7th, and was won for the present term by Lance-Corporal R. Hey.

The Roe Challenge Cup, for Recruits who had joined since the last competition, was shot for on Tuesday, December 8th, and was won by Private F. Ritchie.

The Officers' Pewter for the present term was won by Private J. F. H. Bethell.

A vacancy for a commissioned Officer having been caused by Mr. E. K. Bayley's resigning the Lieutenancy, to which he was elected at the end of the May Term, the following promotions were made at the Company meeting held for that purpose:—Ensign Cochrane, to be Lieutenant, vice Bayley resigned, Private A. C. D. Ryder, to be Ensign, vice Cochrane promoted.

At the commencement of the term a meeting was held of the Committee of the Football Club, and a Captain elected for the ensuing season; also it was resolved that the Committee should meet at the end of the term to appoint fresh members for the Committee, and to elect a Captain for the next season. The games were played every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, unless there was notice given to the contrary.

On Thursday, Oct. 29th, the Football Club played their first match, against Jesus College. It took place on the Jesus ground, there being 13 players on each side; notwithstanding there being a considerable wind there was a good deal of fine play exhibited on both sides: the Johnian team consisted of the following players:—W. Hoare, W. F. Smith, W. Lee-Warner, B. W. Gardom, E. M. Jones, E. L. Levett, C. H. Griffith, H. Plumer Stedman, A. Shuker, W. E. Hart, E. S. Saxton, H. Benson, and J. Noon. Although the Johnians lost the services of Mr. Hart and Mr. Stedman early in the game, owing to their being hurt, still they won the match by three 'touches-down' to nothing.

On Monday, Nov. 9th, a match was arranged to be played with perhaps the strongest Club in the University, viz. the Eton Football Club. On this occasion also there were 13 players on each side; the match, which was played on the Johnian ground, was very closely contested, and occasioned a considerable amount of interest which was evinced by the presence of numerous spectators. In the first five minutes a goal was obtained by the Johnian side; and this start, notwithstanding the experience of their opponents who with a hard fight obtained three 'touches-down,' they kept to the end. The players on the Johnian side were W. Hoare, W. Lee-Warner, G. H. Hallam, B. W. Gardom, H. B. Cotterill, C. H. Griffith, F. Bishop, E. M. Jones, A. Shuker, R. N. Close, H. P. Stedman, H. Phillips, and J. P. Farler; Mr. Smith was unable to play.

On Tuesday, Nov. 10th, a match was commenced with the Harrow Club, but unfortunately in consequence of a player being hurt and the consequent absence of one or two others, the play although not stopped took the form of a game only.

On Saturday, Nov. 21st, the University Football Club brought a team of 15 to play against the Johnian forces. The number of players on each side prevented any individual good play, still the match was of a very exciting nature, but our men pulled it off, thus winning for the third time in succession. The University obtained one goal and one 'touch-down,' whereas the St. John's men had kicked two goals, feats which were performed by Messrs. Lee-Warner and Mackinnon. The following are the names of those who represented the St. J. C. F. C.:—W. Hoare, W. Lee-Warner, G. H. Hallam, B. W. Gardom, F. Bishop, E. M. Jones, H. B. Cotterill, C. H. Griffith, F. A. Mackinnon, A. Shuker, A. P. Hockin, H. Philips, J. S. ff. Chamberlain, R. N. Close, and F. Coleby.

On Thursday, Nov. 26th, the Corpus Club brought 11 men to oppose 11 of St. John's. Notwithstanding the afternoon being so wet, the match was commenced at a quarter to three, our men being at a considerable disadvantage owing to the loss of Mr. Gardom's services who did not appear on the ground. Still the Corpus men had rather the worst of a closely contested match, and had it not been for the ingenious manœuvre of Mr. Phillips, who persuaded one of the Corpus men to kick the ball through his own goal the match might have ended in a tie: when time was called the Johnians were thus the winners by one goal to nothing. H. Hoare, W. Lee-Warner, B. W. Gardom (absent), F. Bishop, H. B. Cotterill, E. M. Johns, C. H. Griffith, H. Phillips, and J. S. ff. Chamberlain. — Coates and R. N. Close played for the College Club.

On Monday, Dec. 7th, a return match was played with the University Club on Parker's Piece, 12 a side. This match was the most closely contested of any throughout the term, and till the last two minutes looked as if the Johnians must remain the victors. The Universitymen began by obtaining a goal in the first ten minutes, against which the Johnians soon placed to their credit a 'touch-down,' obtained by Mr. Griffith, followed by another by Mr. Gardom, and

after change by a third by the same player which he converted by a good place-kick into a goal. From this point of the match to the end the play was very spirited, the Johnians playing well, except perhaps in the back play which was not marked by good judgment or united efforts. The second goal of the University was obtained, like the first by a good run-down, in the last two minutes; and gave them the match against the goal and two 'touch-downs' obtained by the Johnians. The following gentlemen played for the College:—W. Hoare, F. Bishop, B. W. Gardom, H. B. Cotterill, E. M. Jones, A. Shuker, C. H. Griffith, J. S. ff. Chamberlain, A. P. Hockin, H. Phillips, — Coates, and R. N. Close.

On the same day, on the Johnian ground, the second fifteen of the same Club played our second fifteen, and were beaten by one goal, which was somewhat disputed owing to the absence of an umpire, to two 'touch-downs.' The fifteen was composed of the following:—A. A. Bourne, J. W. Dale, J. Welldon, W. W. Cooper, F. Baynes, J. P. Farler, C. Carpmael, R. Benson, H. Dymock, Coates, Pierson, Butler, Haskins, and F. Coleby. T. Bainbridge did not appear.

On Wednesday, Dec. 9th, the second fifteen went to play on the Corpus ground, and showed themselves to be a far better trained team than their opponents: the Corpus men obtained nothing, whereas two 'touch-downs' were accredited to the Johnian side; and thus the last match of the term was brought to a satisfactory termination.

The success of the Club this year has been marked by many decided victories, for with the exception of the return match with the University it has won every match it has played: this is mainly we think to be attributed to the steady manner in which the games have been carried on. In conclusion we can only hope that this national sport may long continue to prosper in this University, and we feel sure that all who join in the College games will feel the benefit of such a healthy and inexpensive amusement.

Our Musical Society, which is now in so flourishing a condition, numbering as it does among its subscribers the majority of the resident members of the College, gave its first concert in the Town Hall on the 27th of November, which was in every respect a great success.



THE GHOSTS WE RAISED. A REMINISCENCE.

IT is many years ago, I will not undertake to say whether the exact number is fourteen or fifteen, but at all events it was in the early days of *The Eagle*—at a time, indeed, when it is not generally known that *The Eagle* existed; but exist it did, or how could this article have been written?—that three of the editors, of whom I was one, happened to be assembled in the Permanent Editor's rooms on the night of the 27th of December. I was staying up, if I remember rightly, to read for some Scholarship, which, by some infatuation on the part of the examiners, I did not succeed in getting; indeed, I was told afterwards that I was not even in the first twenty for it. But, however that may be, certain it is that I had denied myself the pleasures of a Christmas at home for no other reason than in order that I might read for that Scholarship; and I appeal to the reader whether it is likely I should have done that, if I had not been good enough to get it? I imagine not, indeed! However, as I was saying, we three—O'Connor the Permanent Editor, Macdonald the Secretary, and myself—were assembled in the Permanent Editor's rooms. Macdonald was in for his degree on the 2nd of January: that was his reason for being up. As for the permanent editor, he was generally in residence at most times; but I believe he was more particularly so at the present time, because of the approaching Feasts. Well, we were sitting round the fire after tea, and I had just been animadverting with some warmth of expression upon the inconsistency of

people, who were perpetually complaining that *The Eagle* ought to be published earlier in the term, while it seemed never to occur to them that they might assist that desirable consummation by occasionally contributing an article themselves, when I thought I observed that neither O'Connor nor Macdonald was paying that attention to the subject which I thought it merited. O'Connor was leaning back in his chair and gazing with an expression of serene enjoyment at the ceiling, while Macdonald was looking hard into the fire, as though he wished to stare it out of countenance. I broke off abruptly, therefore, in the midst of my philippic, and asked O'Connor what he was thinking of? "Who! What! Do you mean me?" he replied absently. "Oh! I was only thinking of the sherry beak—— I mean I was wondering whether we were going to get the Senior this year." "And what do you see in the fire to fascinate you so pleasantly, Macdonald?" "I was trying to see whether I could make out from it my place in the list," he said. "Did you never try to read the future in the fire?" Before I could answer, O'Connor said hastily, *faces* in the fire. "I could tell you a tale about——." He stopped and shuddered perceptibly. "A tale?" said Macdonald. "I wish you would tell it; I want something to put that horrid Tripos out of my head for an hour; have you any objection to relate the story, O'Connor?" "No," said O'Connor, "I don't know that I have; but, as it involves a ghost, I hope you are both believers; for there is nothing I dislike more than telling this particular story to a man who listens with a superior smile, and at the end asks with a sneer, "And you are really persuaded this happened? Very good indeed!" We both assured him that we were firm believers, and he then proceeded to tell

THE PERMANENT EDITOR'S STORY.

A good many years ago I was pressed by a friend

of mine to come and stay awhile with him in a strange old house which he possessed in a wild part of Ireland. A strange house, I say; for it was a sort of tower standing alone in a desolate district, with a few cottages scattered around over a circle of about ten miles diameter, of which this tower was the centre. My friend having taken a fancy to live alone there, had bought it some while back; but at the time of my visit I heard, before starting, that the Roman Catholic priest who attended to the spiritual wants of the inhabitants of the scattered cottages aforesaid, had been invited by Mr. Elliott (that was the name of my friend) to take up his abode with him, and now occupied a room in the tower. Here I also arrived rather late one evening, but how I found my way to it I had not much idea then, and have still less now. After wandering up and down, and receiving most contradictory answers to my oft-repeated question, "Which is the way to Mr. Elliott's tower?" I came to the conclusion that the rustic of those parts must have been convinced at least as strongly as Mr. Tennyson, that "the merry world was round, and we might sail for evermore," or walk either for that matter. However, as I stopped at a cottage and was despairingly about to ask my way once more, the door half opened, and with his hand still on the latch and his face half turned away while he talked earnestly to a woman inside, I beheld a tall man in the dress of a Roman Catholic priest. Finding he was not aware of my presence, I touched him lightly on the arm, and inquired if he could tell me "where Mr. Elliott's tower was?" He started slightly, and turned on me a face on which the earnestness of the words he had just been uttering was plainly visible, together with another expression which I could not analyze at the time; for he recovered himself quickly, and replied in a quiet voice, entirely free from the Irish "brogue," "You will find it about two

miles farther on, sir, over that rising ground—.” He hesitated as if about to say something more, and half made a step forward, then looked back at the woman who now appeared in the doorway of the wretched cabin, with traces of tears on her countenance; then, raising his hat slightly, wished me good evening and turned to speak to her again.

Following his directions I pursued my journey and was soon welcomed by my friend, who, when I told him of my wanderings, and how they were fortunately brought to an end, said—“Ah! that was Father Connolly; didn’t he come along with you?” “No,” I replied, “I left him talking to the woman I told you of; I suppose he is the priest you mentioned in your letter as living with you.”

“Yes,” was the answer; “but if he has got talking to widow Corrigan down there he will not appear at dinner:” and pushing both hands into the side pockets of his shooting-coat, Mr. Elliott took a turn up and down the room, with his head bent and a slight frown on his forehead, while he kicked the footstool in front of him in a thoughtful manner. “Can’t we do without his reverence?” said I, for I knew that this was a way of John Elliott when he was puzzled. “Ye-s,” said he slowly, “not but what he is a right good fellow, though rather queer; however, I will tell you about him afterwards.”

Dinner was now announced by the solitary female domestic who “did for” the two occupants of the tower, and I was glad enough of it, for my walk had given a decidedly sharp setting to the edge of my appetite. This important event being over, John Elliott proposed that we should retire into the kitchen, and smoke over the fire; for though it was summer-time, yet the day had been damp and raw, and the wind was howling round the tower and finding its way through the chinks, of which there were many, in a manner that made a little blaze rather comfortable. We took up our re-

spective positions, in low chairs dragged out of what Elliott facetiously termed his study, and watched the smoke curling up, for a time, in silence. At last—"I'm bothered about that man Connolly," said he. "Humph," said I, "what's the matter with him." "Why, the fact of the matter is just this:—The other day he was wanted to go down and confess old Dan Corrigan, who lived in the cottage where you saw the woman talking to him, (Father Connolly that is;) and he went down right enough, but somehow or other he had had the message given him wrong, or else he had mistaken the time at which he was to go; nobody knows exactly how it was; but he got there a little while after Dan (who had been dangerously ill for some time) had given up the ghost. The widow was in a fine way about it, as might be expected, for naturally she didn't want her husband's soul to go burning like an old sod in purgatory for ever: but what makes it worse is that old Dan, it was pretty well known, had something on his conscience, for which he was very doubtful whether he could get absolution from anybody except his triple-crowned Holiness down at Rome: and when he found that Father Connolly didn't come—and he was fast dying poor fellow, he raved and swore, and then cowered away under the bedclothes, and hid his face, and said he could see nothing but flames and faces about him. Then he raved again and said that if Father Connolly wouldn't come to him now, he would come to Father Connolly afterwards. Well, I didn't think much about it, though of course I felt for the man; and was not surprised to find him rather silent and unhappy for some days." Here the narrator stopped and knocked the ashes out of his pipe upon the fender; then, having lit another, he resumed—"Well, as I said I was not surprised to find him unhappy; but one evening as he and I were sitting before this fire, much as you and I are now, I said to him after a long silence, 'Father Connolly, when you were a boy used you ever

to watch the fire until you saw the faces of those you wanted to see in it.' He just started a little, and said, 'Faces in the fire?—I never thought of that,' and then gazed hard into the red embers, without saying a word, until we went to bed. Well, a day or two afterwards he said to me, 'Mr. Elliott, would you object to my having a fire in my room in the evening.' 'Certainly not, Mr. Connolly,' said I, 'but I should hardly think it was cold at this time of year.' Well, ever since then he has had a fire with a vengeance—not exactly in his room, but in what was the old chapel adjoining it. It is all built of stone, so I am not afraid of his setting the place on fire; and there he stands and gazes hard and long into the embers—at least he was doing so the first night; when I went in, because Molly told me 'she couldn't tell what his riverence was doing avaz.' He took no notice of me, and I went away; but I'm not comfortable about him, and I'm glad you're come, Fred, my boy."

Before I had time to make any reply to this long statement, the door quietly opened, and there appeared the same man that had directed me to the tower. "Good evening," said he; and drawing up a common kitchen chair between us, he leant forward with his hands on his knees, and gazed into the fire. And again there came over his face that strange look; but I could analyze it now; it was the look of a proud spirit forced to fear: yet there was a fixity about the lines of the mouth, which shewed that the spirit would conquer, let the cost be what it might.

John Elliott gazed at him for a few seconds, with a sort of helpless look on his face. The two men were so different—and John knew it, and felt that he could get no hold of the other, though he would give anything to be able to convince him of his mistake in imagining himself guilty of the eternal punishment of a soul. For such was the idea that had laid fast hold of the priest's mind; and no arguments, not

even the plainest demonstration that it was not his fault, and that anybody else would have done just the same, availed in the least to rouse him to any effort to exculpate himself to himself. My friend then remembering that he had not been in to dinner, pressed him to take something in the way of supper; but he declined, saying he did not feel as though he wanted anything, and then rising wearily, wished us good-night and retired.

We sat a little longer, and then remarked—"Well, I think we can't do better than follow his Reverence's example, and go to bed."

"All right," said Elliott, "I am just going round to see everything safe, and then I shall do likewise."

"Let me come and help you," said I, "it's a dreary business to do by one's self, and I shall learn the geography of the place, if I may be allowed the expression."

We went round therefore, and saw that shutters were up and bolted, dogs chained up in their proper places &c., and then came to the back of the tower; "Look there!" said Elliott, pointing to a bright light that shone from a long narrow window, that's Father Connolly's fire. I looked and saw that there were five of these windows and that the part of the house to which they belonged was a long and rather low building, that had evidently been added to the rest, after the original structure had been completed. It was in fact what had been the chapel; but the light I noticed only came from one window. "Let us go and see what the man is doing," said I, suddenly," Elliott agreed and we were soon stealing round to the door at the outward end of the chapel. Here was a difficulty; how to open it without disturbing the priest, for I particularly wished to see him without being seen. There was nothing for it however but to feel for the handle, turn it steadily and enter, which we did without making much noise and at any rate without disturbing the occupant; for

the first thing we saw when we set foot inside, was a bright light, shining from a recess in the side of the chapel, and in the broad wedge-like glare, the figure of the priest gazing steadily, almost fiercely, into the recess. I had opened the door and kept hold of the handle, letting Elliott pass me, and after looking at the figure in the midst of the light for a few seconds, I half turned round to shut the door, lest the rush of air caused by its standing open (for the wind was still blowing hard) should attract the notice of Father Connolly; I had just closed it quietly, when I heard a half stifled exclamation from Elliott, and the next instant his hand was laid on my arm with a grasp—painful in its intensity, as he said in a husky voice “My God, look there.”—I did look towards the light, and saw there a sight which I shall never forget as long as I live. The priest had fallen on his face upon the ground, his arms stretched forward and his head between them, while above him towered an enormous figure, with huge arms extended and pressing downwards as if to annihilate the prostrate man and crush him into the ground on which he lay. There it stood motionless awhile, the upper part of its gigantic form plainly outlined, and white against the gloom, while below where it stood, full in the glare of light, there seemed a tremulous motion like the waving of a vast shadowy robe. Then as I gazed it lifted its huge hands three times in a denunciatory manner and spread them out again over the prostrate figure as though it would crush it beneath their weight. Then bending over him it spoke some words in his ear, and rose again with one hand pointing upward. Still I gazed without moving a muscle, the light seemed to petrify me and my feet felt like leaden weights, when suddenly Elliott’s grasp of my arm relaxed, and with a strange sort of moan he fell heavily forward in the dark upon the stone floor. That broke the spell, the next instant I had felt for him, seized him, and half dragged half carried him to the door; wrenched it open and

getting him out into the fresh air, sat down on the step outside propping him up against my shoulder. It was wonderful how for the time the recent sight of the ghost failed to influence me in the least: what I thought was simply, that this was a pretty state of things, for I daren't leave Elliott by himself while I roused the servant, and I could not wake her without leaving him and going into the house; so, on the whole, it seemed probable that I should sit there until he came to himself without being able to do anything for him, for though I had got him so far, I had not strength to get him any farther. But I had forgotten Farther Connolly, for I had hardly arrived at this conclusion before the door of the chapel which had swung to after I had passed out, opened again and he appeared with a lantern in his hand. Stepping quickly down to where I sat supporting Elliott, as though he had known all that had happened, he set down the lantern, and together we lifted the still senseless form and carried it into the house, to my bedroom which was on the ground-floor. Striking a light with trembling hands, I hastened to examine the body as it lay stretched on the bed, but Father Connolly had already loosed the collar and necktie, and soon blood began to flow freely from a ghastly cut, which traversed the bridge of his nose and extended nearly to the corner of the mouth, for he had struck the basement of a stone pillar in his fall. This seemed to revive him, and in a little while he could speak, but whenever Father Connolly came near him he shuddered perceptibly and shrank from him. This the latter perceiving soon left the room on some excuse and did not return. We had got Elliott's clothes off, bandaged his wounds and put him in the bed that had been intended for me, where he soon slept soundly: while I sat and watched him. It was a weary watch, for the sight I had just seen now came back upon my mind with irresistible force—the cowering priest—the dim tremendous figure, with its

solemn gesture of condemnation; and then, too, the thought, what did it all mean? and why was the priest there at all? Could that strong will that I had read in the set lips have so far conquered the natural fear that all men have of the spiritual world, as to make him seek by fanciful means suggested by the chance word of my friend, an interview with that soul which he, God's priest though he was, had been the means of losing, as he thought? Could he have taken the dying man's words in earnest, nay clung to them as a last hope, rather than a threat, and forced himself, as it were, to meet half-way the wronged and restless spirit, with some wild hope of making amends for the wrong? And if so, had he succeeded? I could not help thinking that he had; and the thought comforted me, as I turned it over and over in my mind, till, wearied with my journey and the excitement of the whole thing, I fell asleep in the arm-chair where I sat.

Next morning I awoke with a start at the sound of a voice, and perceived Elliott sitting up in bed, his eyes wide open, his hand pointing at some fancied appearance while he talked quickly and incoherently; I tried to quiet him, but he was very feverish, and so I sent off Molly to find a messenger to go for the nearest doctor. This gentleman arrived about one o'clock, and pronounced his patient to be in a high fever, but free from danger at present. He got better in the afternoon, and in the evening I was able to go to dinner, leaving Molly to take care of him. I found Father Connolly waiting in the dining-room and his whole behaviour justified the conclusion I had arrived at the night before. He expressed himself glad to hear that Elliott was better; but of course I said no word to him about the cause of the illness. He talked pleasantly on various topics, and there was an extreme gentleness that was almost caressing about his manner. After dinner we stood at the open window watching the twilight deepening and the stars come out, until the moon rose over a wooded

hill, and then he said "It is very beautiful this earth." I looked up at his face and saw for a moment the set lips parted, and I fancied, trembling, while the great blue eyes gazed with a piteous beseeching look away into vacancy. Then the lips set close again, and shutting the window firmly, he walked with head erect to the door, leaving me without a word.

I soon went to my patient whom I found quietly sleeping, and as I had had a bed made up in the room, I was soon following his example.

The next morning, after I had done dressing, he called me to his bedside, and after looking at me steadily a little, said with a sickly sort of smile; "Fred, what a fool I have been." "Well you're all right now," said I, and after a short silence, "Where's Father Connolly;" said he, "let me see him, I don't mind him now." "I'll tell him to look in as I pass his door," said I, and went out. I knocked at the priest's door as I had promised and called him, but there was no answer, so I opened the door and put my head in, when a sickening odour of burning reached me and made me start back: "What was it?" It was no ordinary smoke of wood or coal that caused it. A horrible idea flashed across my mind which made me push open the door again and rush into the room—It was empty—the door into the chapel adjoining was open. Passing quickly through it I made for the recess where we had seen the fire-light issuing on that eventful night, and there upon a pile of still glowing embers lay the charred form of Father Connolly, face downwards, with arms extended in the form of a cross. My first impulse was to rush forward and pull away the prostrate form; but the sickening sight made me shrink back, and I stood rooted to the ground and scanned the charred figure with eyes that refused to believe what they saw. In one of the hands which the fire had not reached was a paper. Summoning up courage, I drew near and gently disengaged it from the dead fingers; upon it were written these few

words: "I am an unprofitable servant; I have done that which it was my duty to do."

* * * *

My friend has never entirely got over the shock which the suicide, or rather sacrifice of the priest, gave to his system, already reduced by fever; and I have never received his permission to tell this story, simply because I dare not introduce the subject of ghosts to him in any shape whatever.

As O'Connor finished, the solitary surviving candle which had for some time exhibited symptoms of approaching extinction, suddenly flared up with an expiring effort, and then instantaneously sputtered its last. The fire had by this time settled down into a mass of embers, which now glowed redly through the gloom, and the wind whistled drearily in the keyhole, and moaned along the staircase outside. The very atmosphere seemed heavy with a supernatural awe, and I felt myself beginning to shudder whenever I thought of the catastrophe of O'Connor's story. It was some time before the silence was broken. At length Macdonald said in a subdued voice, "There is a story they tell in our part" (he was a native of the Shetland Islands) "which is almost as terrible as yours, O'Connor: I should like to tell it to you, if you care to hear it." We signified our assent, and he began

THE SECRETARY'S STORY.

Almost the only spot at which it is possible to land on Fair Isle is Heswall Bay. The entrance is narrow, with stupendous cliffs of black rock rising on either side perpendicularly from the sea; at the further extremity of the bay there is a strip of white sand, near which are the cottages of the fishermen, who are the only inhabitants of the island. Even at the present time it is but rarely visited by strangers, and a hundred and fifty years ago when the events hereafter to be re-

lated took place, months often elapsed without any communication between the inhabitants and the main-land.

At that time the proprietor was always an absentee, and the only person who had any authority in the island, was the schoolmaster appointed by him. His house was easily to be distinguished from the rest, by its possessing a chimney, an appendage which the fishermen considered a useless luxury. David Forbes who filled the post of schoolmaster at this time, was a thoroughly conscientious man, and a staunch Presbyterian; but his temper had been soured by the death of his wife and the loss of his little property; he looked down upon the islanders as little better than heathens, and was always wishing himself back in the "gude toun o' Dundee." His only daughter Effie was the admiration of all the young men in the island, most of whom regarded her as a superior kind of being, raised far too high for them to aspire to; one of them however, Robert Ollason, had contrived to win her affection. Robert's father was a great man in his way; he was the fortunate possessor of a coble of his own, and also had a couple of dozen sheep grazing on the hills. In his younger days he had been famous as the boldest and most successful fisherman on the coast, and in this respect Robert seemed likely to succeed to his father's place. Unhappily, however, like the majority of the other fishermen, old Ollason was a smuggler, and would sometimes return with a cargo of Danish brandy purchased from some vessel trading to the Faroes, instead of the more legitimate herrings and codfish.

When David Forbes first discovered Robert's love for his daughter, he was highly indignant; all his Scotch pride revolted at the idea of a union between one of his blood and a young savage, for such he considered Robert Ollason to be. To Effie herself he said nothing directly, but only warned her in a general way against yielding to the temptations of the Devil, and

inveighed even more than usual against the barbarism and wickedness of the islanders. After Effie had gone to bed, he sat up a long time thinking how he could get Robert out of the island ; he did not exactly wish to injure the young man, but it was plain that either he or Effie must leave ; how could it be endured that his daughter should marry the son of a man who was well known to be a smuggler ? Never had smuggling appeared to him so great a crime before ; was it not his plain duty to give information against a smuggler, as he would do against any other thief ? Then he suddenly remembered that he had accidentally heard old Ollason talking about a ship from the Faroes which he expected that day week : possibly Robert also might get into trouble ; not that that would make any difference to him ; he would inform, because it was his duty to do so, and not from any personal motive.

The next morning, to Effie's astonishment, he informed her that he should be obliged to go for a few days to Kirkwall, and as the wind was now fair, he would go that day. On the following Saturday he returned with an anxious face, and when Effie tried to draw from him the object of his journey, he told her that it was nothing she could understand, only some business connected with the management of the island.

On the Monday morning as Robert was leaving his house to prepare the boat for their evening expedition, a rabbit crossed his path, and then running on a little in front, sat still and looked at him, till he had almost walked up to it. Robert himself made light of this, but his father and mother declared that it was the most certain sign of ill luck, and that therefore he must stay at home, or something bad would happen to the whole party. To this Robert, much against his will, was obliged to consent.

In the evening Ollason and his younger son sailed out under cover of the darkness, to the spot where the vessel had been appointed to meet them. While

they were engaged in lading their boat, they suddenly heard the sound of muffled oars, and before they had time even to loose from the ship's side, they were mastered by overpowering odds and carried on board the revenue cutter. All that night did Robert and his friends watch for his father's return, but when morning dawned, they saw with horror the revenue cutter standing into the bay, with their boat fastened behind her. There could be no difficulty in identifying the prisoners, and, notwithstanding all Robert's efforts to procure their pardon, they were condemned at the next Kirkwall assizes to transportation for life.

When Robert took his last leave of his father, the latter made him swear "by the Dwarfie stone in Hoy," that should he ever find out who was the person who had given information to the revenue officers, were he never so near or dear to him, he would show no mercy to him, but think upon his father, and avenge him to the uttermost of his power. For several months after his father's departure, Robert bore up against his grief, sustained by Effie's love, and the hope that some day he might discover the name of the informer.

At last one day when David Forbes had seen his daughter with Robert, he said to her as they were sitting at tea in the evening, "Effie, you must break off all connection with that young reprobate, Robert Ollason; his father was a smuggler and he is not much better himself, and besides if he only knew that it was I who had informed against his father, you may be sure he would have nothing more to say to you." Unhappily a cousin of Robert's who happened to be coming in at the moment, heard what he said, and in a few hours the news spread through the village that it was the schoolmaster who had informed against Ollason. When Robert at last heard it, he was distracted between his love for Effie and his fear of his father's curse, if he were not to abide by the oath which he had sworn. Finally the latter sentiment proved the

stronger, and calling together a number of his friends and relations he consulted with them on the course he ought to pursue. There was but one opinion among them, the schoolmaster must go over the cliff. Accordingly, having sworn themselves to strict secrecy, they proceeded in a body to Forbes' house. It was a wild November night, and they could hear the waves dashing against the cliffs, outside the bay; but in the lulls of the wind they could distinguish, when they reached the house, David's grave and somewhat stern voice interrupted occasionally by Effie's sobs. This was too much for Robert; he said that come what might he could never take the life of Effie's father. The others answered that it was now too late to draw back, and Robert waited in despairing silence, while one of the number knocked at the door, and said that he wanted to speak to the schoolmaster. As soon as David showed himself, he was seized upon, and carried off to the summit of a high cliff on the northern side of the bay. Robert himself did not dare lay a finger on him, but followed moodily behind the rest. No sooner had they reached the edge of the cliff, than, without giving the unhappy man so much as a moment for prayer, they bound his hands and feet together and threw him over. They listened for a short time but could hear nothing, except the roaring of the waves, and the wild screams of some seagulls, which had been disturbed by the fall of the body. Robert stood gazing out seaward, as if he expected to see David returning over the cliff, but at last allowed himself to be led away by his companions.

As for Effie, it was some time before she realized what her father had been called away for, but as hour after hour passed away and still he did not return, the truth at last dawned upon her. She neither wept nor fainted, but sat still in a kind of lethargy, from which she was only roused at last by the news of another terrible loss.

On the following day, Robert, not having dared to

enquire after Effie, and caring little whether he lived or died, persuaded one of his friends to go with him fishing, notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather. However, when they had got outside the bay, the sea calmed down wonderfully; and after shooting their nets, they sat still watching the sun set over the sea. When the moon rose they began to haul in their nets; and for some time it seemed that they had been unsuccessful. At last Robert felt that there was something heavy in the net; and, as he looked over the side, he could see a dark mass entangled in the meshes, and coming slowly upward through the water. Robert felt an unaccountable shudder run through him as it approached; but thinking that it was a bunch of sea-weed, he leaned over the side and grasped it with his hand, and lifted it out of the water. To his horror the moonlight fell full on a human face, which he instantly recognized as that of David Forbes. His fingers were entangled in the hair; and as, with a shriek, he tried to throw the body from him, one of the arms fell across his neck as though endeavouring to seize him and drag him with it, in its cold and clammy embrace, to the bottom. On hearing his shriek, his companion turned round, and they both saw the corpse, now disentangled from the net, drifting with an undulatory motion towards the harbour, as though bent on returning to its home, while the phosphorescent light of the sea playing round it made it appear more ghastly still.

While they were watching it, it raised itself upright on the surface of the sea, and pointing with its outstretched arm first to Robert, and then to the cliff, over which the schoolmaster had been thrown on the preceding evening, slowly approached the boat. Suddenly it stopped; and, with another wave of its arm, turned round and made towards the bay. Robert and his companion seized their oars and rowed as fast as they could in the hope of reaching the bay before the corpse. But whenever they seemed to be gaining

on it, it turned round, and warned them to approach no nearer with a threatening gesture, and with such a stony expression, or rather want of expression, in its eyes, that they were scarcely able to hold their oars for fear. When they reached the mouth of the harbour it stood still, and, stretching out both arms, barred their passage.

This was more than Robert, frightened as he was, could endure. Even a coward will fight when brought to bay, and Robert was no coward. He stood up at his full height in the bows, grasping a heavy scull: then, muttering a deep imprecation between his teeth, he aimed a violent blow at the ghastly figure. At this moment the moon was hidden by a black cloud, which prevented his companion from seeing the effect of the blow. He heard, however, the whirl of the oar through the air, immediately followed by a loud splash, and then one long despairing cry from Robert. He rushed to the bows, and found that Robert had disappeared over the side of the boat. He immediately sprang overboard in the hope of saving him, but was unable to find him, and lost sight of the boat in the darkness.

The next morning he was found lying on the sand, and was restored sufficiently to be able to give an account of what had happened, but did not survive many days. Robert's body was also washed up, and on his neck were plainly to be distinguished the marks of four fingers and a thumb.

The sight of the body being carried through the village, roused Effie from her lethargy, and she threw herself on it weeping, and could be with difficulty removed. She seemed to have entirely lost her reason. In the evening she escaped from her friends, and was found in the morning lying on the top of the cliff from which her father had been thrown. When she returned to consciousness, she was perfectly calm, declaring that she could now die in peace, as she was assured that she would meet both her father and

Robert hereafter. "I saw them," said she, "last night, and they told me that they had forgiven each other; my father no longer opposes our marriage, and I am now going to join my bridegroom."

Her tomb may still be seen by the visitor to the island, bearing this singular inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EUPHEMIA FORBES,
THE WIFE OF ROBERT OLLASON,
DIED NOV. 25, 1716.

As Macdonald concluded his story, he suddenly changed his tone to one of assumed gaiety, and said with a sigh of relief, "There! I feel much better for that: half the mathematical cobwebs are swept away from my brain already; and one more story, which you, Franklin, are doubtless preparing to contribute, will complete the process. Pass the rosy, as Mr. Swiveller would call O'Connor's claret, and begin at once." If the truth must be told, I had by this time arrived at that stage of nervous apprehension, at which a certain disinclination to seek the solitude of one's bedroom is not uncommonly developed; and yet, on the other hand, I felt that another ghost-story, even though I were myself the narrator, would not tend to allay my panic. I half suspected, from the eagerness with which O'Connor seconded Macdonald's request, that he, too, was not unwilling to defer the evil hour when he would be alone with darkness and his own thoughts; and this idea was presently confirmed. After a moment's hesitation I decided on the easier, though perhaps the more cowardly, course of procrastination; and intimated my willingness to relate an experience which had been detailed to me by my cousin. "But before I begin, would it not be well for the fire to be mended? I don't see any coals here, O'Connor." "Oh! there are some logs in my gyp-room," replied O'Connor, "I'll get one." The alacrity

of his answer, however, was not altogether borne out by his actions. He went with reluctant steps to the door, peered out into the passage, then remarked that it was very dark, and a candle would be useful. When the candle was lighted, it suddenly struck him that he could not hold the candle and carry the log at the same time; so I had to accompany him. The operation was at length accomplished, but not without two false alarms; the first resulting from our own shadows, the second caused by the mysterious creaking of an open door: and I proceeded to repeat my cousin's adventure, as nearly as I could remember, in his own words.

THE EDITOR'S STORY.

Yes, they were certainly lodgings after my own heart, were those rooms of mine at Leabank. It was not a new house—I hate those staring edifices of bright red brick, which bear the brand of the nineteenth century upon their bold unblushing brows. They always seem to me to be proclaiming to the world in general, “Here we are, replete with all the improvements of this wonderful age: temples of the goddess Utility; not a square foot of room, not the thickness of a brick wasted in us; gas laid on from attic to cellar; offices heated by patent hot water apparatus; within one minute's walk of the railway station. A slight improvement, we take it, upon our rambling, draughty, ill-contrived, and inconvenient predecessors!” However, as I said before, my lodgings did not offend me in this way. I do not know that they boasted any great antiquity; neither had they any particular architectural merits, as far as I am aware: but they wore an air of homely comfort which was more alluring to me than all the latest improvements could have been.

My domain consisted of a sitting-room and a bedroom, both on the first floor; the former looking out over the garden, with a distant view of the river Lea

winding in chequered light and shade through rich meadows and pleasant pastures, till it was lost to view in the mazes of encroaching woods; the latter on the opposite side of the house and facing the street. This street-view of my bedroom was the one flaw in the perfection of my lodgings. For, although I had been assured by Mrs. Marks, my landlady, that she had no bedroom at liberty which commanded a view of the country, I had my own reasons for believing the contrary; seeing that there was a door next to my sitting-room, which could not but open into a room facing the same way. This I had suspected from the first: but my suspicions were one day accidentally changed into certainty. I had started early one morning to walk to a village some ten miles away, where I had promised to spend the day with an old College friend; and I had accordingly told Mrs. Marks not to expect me home until late in the evening. However, l'homme propose. Scarcely had I reached the top of the first hill out of Leabank, when I met my friend driving in at full speed. When he saw me he pulled up, and told me, with many apologies, that he had just received a telegram announcing the illness of his father, and that he was then on the way to the station to catch the 9 o'clock down express to Staffordshire. Under these circumstances I had nothing to do but to offer my condolences and turn back, meditating on the instability of human affairs. On my way to my sitting-room I had to pass the mysterious door; but what was my surprise to see that it was open, and not only so, but to find my suspicion realized to the utmost! It was a bedroom, and it overlooked that rural paradise which I was so anxious to view from my bedroom window. It was evident from the disarrangement of the rather scanty furniture in the room, that Mrs. Marks had taken advantage of my absence to effect her periodical "cleaning" of the room, and that I was indebted to my sudden return for my discovery of the falsehood

she had practised upon me. I was sorry to come to this conclusion; for I had found Mr. and Mrs. Marks in other respects not only obliging, but also, as I thought, honest and truthful to a degree; which, accustomed as I was to London lodgings, I had keenly appreciated. However, I determined at once to take advantage of my discovery to secure the much-desired bedroom. Acting on this resolution I rang the bell, and asked for Mr. Marks. On that lady's appearance I explained that my visit had been postponed, and proceeded to say—

"Mrs. Marks, I think I must have misunderstood you; I thought you said there was no bed-room you could let me have on this side of the house. I see that the next room is unoccupied, and it commands even a better prospect than this does. I should much prefer it to the room I now have."

"If you remember, sir," replied Mrs. Marks, not without a look of trouble upon her face, "we told you that we had no other bed-room we could let you have. It is quite true, sir, what we said; we could not recommend that room to you. I cannot tell you why, sir; but you may be sure we would do anything we could to oblige you. We should be doing wrong to put you into that room; we should indeed."

While Mrs. Marks had been speaking, I had been closely watching her; and so convinced was I that truth and honesty were written on her face, that I altered my opinion of her falsehood, and felt that I could press my request no further. At the same time I was obliged to confess to myself that her conduct was inexplicable on any other hypothesis than that of falsehood. However, there was nothing for it but to say—

"Well, Mrs. Marks, if it must be so, it must. I cannot afford to quarrel with you just for the sake of a mere fancy. But can you not give me any hope that I may have the room at some future time, if I cannot now?"

"I am afraid not, sir," she said. "Anything else you like to mention, sir, I am sure——"

"There is nothing but this," I interrupted, "and I must make up my mind to forego my whim. Good morning."

When Mrs. Marks had gone, I began to ruminate upon what had passed, but I could form no satisfactory theory to account for her conduct, and I was compelled to admit that the whole thing was a mystery. A mystery? Why had I not once said that lodgings, to be quite perfect, should have a mystery about them. Well, I had got my mystery; but, now that I had got it, I reluctantly owned that it was not so pleasant as I had anticipated. I never passed the room without an uneasy feeling of curiosity, which at times amounted to an absolute craving for some solution of the inexplicable enigma. However, though I had failed in gaining my point, the room was now much less jealousy closed to my intrusion than before; and not unfrequently when I came in late on a summer evening I found the door temptingly open, and, sauntering in, was free to watch the last glow of the sunset die out upon the river, and the white sails of the pleasure-boats glancing through the screen of trees which sheltered the most distant reach of the Lea—the latter an effect which was obtained to less advantage from my sitting-room. I had turned in one evening in rather a thoughtful mood, intending to remain a few minutes and then retire to bed, when my attention was arrested by the position occupied by a large star close to the dark edge of the moon, and as I saw that the obscuration of the former must take place in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, I decided to stay and watch its disappearance. Meanwhile I threw myself into an old-fashioned arm-chair that stood in the room, and almost immediately forgot my curiosity in a sound slumber. When I awoke, it was with the sensation rather of recovering from a swoon

than of awaking from sleep. The first thing I was conscious of, was that I was in perfect darkness except for the glimmer of the summer night through the window; the next was that I was stiff and cold, and yet was covered with a chill moisture, congealed, as it were, in large drops all over my body. I had, too, a strange pain in my head, and on putting up my hand to it found that it was apparently laid open with a broad and deep cut behind. I also discovered, on attempting to move, that I was stretched on the floor with my head close to the arm-chair in which I had fallen asleep. I lay some minutes before I could collect my strength sufficiently to assume a standing posture. and when I had done so, I was seized with a sudden horror; my blood ran cold, my knees shook, and I nearly fell heavily upon the floor. With slow and uncertain steps I at length made my way to the door, which was fortunately open, and tottering into the passage propped myself against the wall until the acute pain in my head in some measure aroused me to a sense of my position, and I made my way into my bed-room just opposite and struck a light. As I did so, my eyes fell involuntarily upon the looking-glass, and there I saw a sight which absolutely struck me with terror. A cadaverous face streaming with a ghastly dew exuding from every pore; eyes deeply sunk in the head, and with a scared look in their distended pupils; and, finally, a mass of dishevelled hair clotted in thick blood-stained masses above the temples and dripping with gore which had left its traces upon my disordered dress,—could this be the work of some four hours' sleep in an empty room? Had I not in truth been battling with the powers of darkness present in bodily form, but armed with the strength of supernatural malignity? I was still shaking from head to foot, and with difficulty contrived to wash the blood from my head, and bind up the wound with my handkerchief. This done, I mechanically wound up my watch, which stood at

twenty-five minutes past two, and crept into bed, leaving the light burning. I soon fell asleep, for there was an exhaustion pervading my whole frame, such as I had never felt in all my life before. When I got up next morning the sun was high in the heavens, but my long slumbers had partially restored me to myself, though my first glance at the looking-glass still gave me somewhat of a shock, and when Mrs. Marks saw me, she started back in amazement, exclaiming, "Dear, dear, sir, how ill you look, to be sure!" On one point, however, I had made up my mind, namely, that I would say nothing about my sleeping in the Mysterious Room, as I had now learnt to call it. My reason was, principally, an innate secretiveness of disposition, which always prompts me to conceal any matter of personal interest which may provoke the remarks even of indifferent curiosity. But I was also influenced by a wish to form an unbiassed opinion of the last night's incident. For I now began to suspect for the first time that there was a supernatural element in the mystery of the unoccupied room; but I was unwilling to accept a theory which involved the adoption of what I had always hitherto considered a most irrational belief, to account for an incident which, after all, was capable of a very simple and natural explanation. Now, to take Mrs. Marks into my confidence would probably be to hear some time-worn story of a murder or a suicide entailing a spiritual visitation upon the mysterious room as the scene of its occurrence. I therefore told her merely that I had had a bad fall the night before and had cut my head, and that I thought it must have shaken me a good deal and affected my nerves. When I had encountered her expressions of concern, and had had some stereotyped remedy applied to my wound, I saw the good soul depart with a feeling of satisfaction that she did not press me more for particulars of my fall.

When she was gone, I sat down to think over what had happened. Was it not possible, nay probable,

I argued with myself, that my fall was due to some unsuspected tendency to somnambulism? Might I not have started up from the chair, and then, from a sudden collapse of the unnatural energy that had placed me upon my feet, might I not have fallen backwards with my head against the woodwork of the chair? A thought struck me. If I had so fallen, would there not be some trace of blood left upon the chair itself? I jumped up and in a moment stood in the room beside the old arm-chair. A moment more, and I had found upon the sharp edge of the seat the evidence of which I was in search. It was clear then that the agent of my wound was no visitant from the invisible world, but neither more nor less than a very solid and substantial piece of carved mahogany. But was my fall of itself sufficient to account for the symptoms of utter exhaustion which I felt when I came to myself in the first instance, and which were still only too apparent in the sensitiveness of my shattered nerves and the prostration which succeeded the slightest exertion I attempted? The face of terror, too, which the looking-glass had presented to my gaze just before I crept cowering into bed, was that accounted for by a common fall, such as I should have laughed at any day in the hunting-field? I could only argue that the effect of such a fall upon the unprepared frame of sleep must have been intensified in proportion to the profound repose of the senses from which they had been so rudely startled. Though this was not altogether a satisfactory solution, I was forced to content myself with it; and as I almost immediately afterwards went away to spend a long holiday upon the west coast of Scotland, I should speedily have dismissed the incident from my mind, but for the effects it had left behind it—effects which did not entirely disappear, until two months of health yout-door life had sent me back with renewed constitutional vigour to my law-books at Leabank.

I had not long returned before I was again, in one of

my late visits to the Mysterious Room, overtaken by sleep in the old arm-chair; but on this occasion, although, when I awoke and remembered where I was, I did for a moment feel an uncomfortable sensation closely akin to fear, yet I was agreeably surprised to find myself unharmed by the occurrence, nor could I recall to mind any relic even of an unpleasant dream that had haunted my slumbers.

Time flew by, and I could scarcely believe the evidence of my diary, that nearly a year had elapsed since the memorable night of the 29th of June, which had for a time proved so fatal to my peace of mind, when one morning I received a letter from home announcing that my youngest brother Arthur, a boy of about five years of age, would have to pass through Leabank the next day on his way to visit an uncle a few miles beyond. He would be put under the charge of the guard, the letter went on, as far as Leabank, and would I let him stay the night with me, and spare a couple of hours the next day to see him to his journey's end? "Of course I will," I said to myself, as I folded up the letter, "and very glad I shall be to have the little fellow with me for a few hours." But where was he to sleep? that was the next question. I rang the bell and Mrs. Marks appeared. I stated the case to her. She looked perplexed. She was afraid there was no furniture in the little room upstairs, or else he might have had that. "Why should he not sleep in the next room here?" I suggested, pointing in the direction of the mysterious room. "I would rather he did not, sir, indeed," was the reply; "but did you say it was only for one night, sir?" "That is all," I said, "surely, whatever is the matter with the room, it could hardly hurt any one to sleep there one night. In fact," I went on, "I have slept there myself the greater part of a night in that old arm-chair which you have there, and very comfortably I slept too." "What day of the month will to-morrow be, sir, if you please?"

asked Mrs. Marks with an apparent irrelevancy which was rather unlike her usual business-like habits. "Day of the month? Oh the 28th," I replied thoughtlessly. "The 28th," she repeated meditatively. "Well, sir, I don't know that it could do any harm for one night; I'll air the room to-day and make it as comfortable as I can for him." "I know you will, Mrs. Marks," I said as she went out. A minute or two later the servant brought my *Times* up, and as I opened the paper my eye fell upon the date "Wednesday, June 28th." "Why, I told Mrs. Marks the wrong date!" I mentally ejaculated. "To-morrow will be the 29th. However, I dare say it does not matter much." Nor did I ever remember to correct my statement. Little did I guess the significance of my landlady's apparently trivial question.

The next day I met my little brother at the station and brought him to my lodgings. In great spirits he was with the prospect of his visit, and he chattered away to me at a great rate after tea, and would not hear of going to bed, although I saw that his eyes were growing heavy with sleep. At length, quite overcome with weariness, he was fair to submit, and I took him to his room, which looked quite homely and cheerful with the blazing fire which Mrs. Marks had thoughtfully lighted. I saw him into bed, where he fell asleep almost before his head rested on the pillow, and then retired to bed myself, resolving to be up betimes in the morning, and do some work before we started on our journey. I had scarcely been asleep an instant, as it seemed to me, though I afterwards found that the time was three hours, when I awoke suddenly and with an impression that I heard some one speaking. (I must premise that I am one of those otherwise sound sleepers who yet wake instantly at the sound of voices). A moment proved that my impression was no dream but a reality. Through the stillness of the night I distinctly heard the sound of a voice, and the sound proceeded

from the Mysterious Room. I sprang out of bed, and in a moment had crossed the passage and turned the handle of the opposite door. Another moment, and I saw a sight which I shall never forget to my dying day.

To be continued.

DESPAIR.

O night, thou starlit night, thou art not night.
For what is this without or moon or star
That broodeth o'er my soul? This, this is night.
O night, that art not night, quench thy keen stars,
Shake out on high the pall of black eclipse,
Draw the thick clouds, thy garment's dusky hem,
From every mountain-top to shroud thy face,
Still art thou but as twilight to this night,
This dim foreshadowing of Fate, in which
Vainly I grope for some support, how frail
Soever and how fleeting, for my hope
To build an airy fabric thereupon.
O night, that art not night, thou hast thy hour,
Thou hast thy ending. Soon above the hills
The red dawn growing into whiter light
Shall slay thee. But this night within my soul,
This is Despair, the deathless night of Hope,
That sun now quenched in ocean of my woe!

T. M.



NEW POEMS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART II.

MR. ARNOLD'S minor poems are distinguished by the same characteristic excellences as his larger ones. They display beauties of rhythm, of imagery, of form and colour; but after reading them we feel that something is still wanting. They fill us with no inspiration. We are neither nobler nor greater for having read them. We feel that Mr. Arnold considers life a necessary evil, which can only be mitigated by a little culture. Man in his opinion is only an accident of nature: his thirst after knowledge and happiness is but vanity of vanities. The mighty hopes which make us men are idle dreams. The apostle of culture gives us a little poem of exquisite workmanship—a man's last wish. He asks that he may see before his dying eyes.

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide ærial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself and made us live.

Then let me gaze till I become,
In soul with what I gaze on wed;
To feel the universe my home,
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick-room the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life;
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing let me grow,
Compos'd refresh'd ennobled clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wail elsewhere or here.

That is all. There is no ray of faith to pierce the darkness of the coming night. This is what we learn from Philosophic culture. The death-bed of the Northern Farmer teaches us more. To be a Philistine with a little faith is preferable.

The Grande Chartreuse is one of Mr. Arnold's most beautiful poems. There we have laid bare, with no small skill, the thoughts of a man who would fain escape from the bustle and activity of modern life to the cloister of meditation and of prayer, but that stern duty prevents him; and who would, but that reason forbids him, yield to dogma to be rid of the burden of doubt.

Not as their friend or child I speak!
But as on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride;
I come to shed them at their side.

There may, perhaps, yet dawn an age
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity.
Sons of the world, oh, haste those years;
But, till they rise, allow our tears!

The two minor poems that we like best are the Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon, and the lines on Heine's Grave. Every time we read them we find some fresh beauty, and our admiration for them is increased. To analyse them, however, would be like seizing a butterfly to examine the beauty of its wings. In the Epilogue the poet and his friend walking through

Hyde Park fell into discourse on Lessing's famed "Laocoon," and attempted to define accurately painting and poetry. And as they tread the green grass in the month of May, and gaze upon the majestic elms gay with their summer foliage, and the kine resting in the shade, the poet exclaims—

"Behold," I said, "the painters sphere!
The limits of his art appear!
The passing group, the summer morn,
The grass, the elms, that blossom'd thorn;
Those cattle crouch'd, or, as they rise,
Their shining flanks, their liquid eyes;
These, or much greater things, but caught
Like these, and in one aspect brought.
In outward semblance he must give
A moment's life of things that live;
Then let him choose his moment well,
With power divine its story tell!"

Still we walk'd on, in thoughtful mood,
And now upon the Bridge we stood.
Full of sweet breathings was the air,
Of sudden stirs and pauses fair;
Down o'er the stately Bridge the breeze
Came rustling from the garden trees
And on the sparkling waters play'd.
Light-plashing waves an answer made,
And mimic boats their haven near'd.
Beyond the Abbey towers appear'd,
By mist and chimneys unconfined,
Free to the sweep of light and wind;
While through the earth-moor'd nave below,
Another breath of wind doth blow,
Sound as of wandering breeze—but sound
In laws by human artists bound.

"The world of music I exclaim'd!"

"This breeze that rustles by, that famed
Abbey recalls it! what a sphere,
Large and profound, hath genius here!
Th' inspired musician what a range,
What power of passion, wealth of change!
Some pulse of feeling he must choose
And its lock'd fount of beauty use,
And through the stream of music tell
Its else unutterable spell;
To choose it rightly in his part,
And press into its inmost heart.

Onward they move until they reach the Ride where
the human tide flows, and where they see the young
and old, the sad and happy, and there they behold the
poet's sphere. He must be painter and musician too.
There are some who catch a momentary glimpse of
the mighty stream of life and paint it, and some who
can strike a few melodious chords, but

Only a few the life-stream's shore
With safe unwandering feet explore,
Untired its movement bright attend,
Follow its windings to the end.
Then from its brimming waves their eye
Drinks up delighted ecstasy,
And its deep-toned, melodious voice,
For ever makes their ear rejoice.
They speak! the happiness divine
They feel, runs o'er in every line.
Its spell is round them like a shower;
It gives them pathos, gives them power.
No painter yet hath such a way
Nor no musician made, as they;
And gather'd on immortal knolls
Such lovely flowers for cheering souls!
Beethoven, Raphael, cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakspeare, teach.
To these, to these, their thankful race
Gives, then, the first, the fairest place!
And brightest is their glory's sheen
For greatest has their labour been.

The lines on Heine's grave are stamped with the
Author's own peculiar genius, and are perfect in their
kind. They are to be admired for the imagination
which they display.

I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country; for we,
Fearful and sad, for her sons,
Long since deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags;
We, too, say that she now,
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more,

Stupidly travels her round
 Of mechanic business, and lets
 Slow die out of her life
 Glory, and genius, and joy.
 So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
 So we arraign her, her sons.
 Yes, we arraign her! but she,
 The weary Titan! with deaf
 Ears, and labour-dimm'd eyes,
 Regarding neither to right
 Nor left, goes passively by,
 Staggering on to her goal;
 Bearing on shoulders immense,
 Atlantean, the load,
 Wellnigh not to be borne,
 Of the too vast orb of her fate.

In the poem called "Oberman once more" we have Roman civilization contrasted with the civilization of our own day. Two thousand years ago, the poet tells us, there lived and wrought a world like ours of to-day, but its heart was stone, and

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
 And secret loathing fell.
 Deep weariness and sated lust
 Made human life a hell.
 "In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
 The Roman noble lay;
 He drove abroad, in furious guise,
 Along the Appian way;
 "He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
 And crown'd his hair with flowers—
 No easier nor no quicker pass'd
 The impracticable hours."

The Roman world, with its external forces, conquered the East; but the East, with its mighty internal forces of thought and enthusiasm, re-conquered it.

"The East bow'd low before the blast,
 In patient, deep disdain.
 She let the legions thunder past,
 And plunged in thought again.
 "So well she mused, a morning broke
 Across her spirit grey.
 A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
 And fill'd her life with day."

A mighty wave of love burst over the world from
Christ's open grave, and the wan-nailed form upon the
tree stirred up the souls of men to its lowest depths.
The old world felt the force of the child born in the
manger, and

"Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind,
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.

"Tears wash'd the trouble from her face!
She changed into a child.
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smiled!"

Eighteen centuries have run their course, and the great
apostle of culture tells us that men no longer believe

"Now he is dead. Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down."

and he adds—

"Your creeds are dead, your rites are dead,
Your social order too.
Where tarries he, the power who said:
See, I make all things new?"

That Christianity has lost its power we do not believe.
The Star that shone in the East still illuminates the
world, and the precepts from the Mount still influence
the lives of men. In the march of progress dogmas
and narrow superstitions which hid the living truths
from men have alone perished. The age we live in is
one of inquiry and examination, but inquiry and ex-
amination cannot affect truth. A modern writer has well
said, the spirit of inquiry and examination is in itself a
good spirit. It is an angel which God has sent to us,
though in the darkness we take it for an enemy. If, in-
stead of fleeing from it in cowardice, we wrestle manfully
with it with zeal, with purity of heart, with a determina-
tion to live according to the truth which we discover,
then the angel will bless us when the day breaketh.

T.

X 2



SIR GARETH.

KING Arthur, when his Table Round
Had filled the world with waves of sound,
Which still were broadening more and more,
Nor yet had broken on the shore
That limits scope of human praise,—
King Arthur in those golden days,
As Pentecost was coming on,
Betook him to Kinkenadon,
Within his sea-beat castle wall
To hold high state and festival.

Now yearly on that holy day
The King was usèd to delay
From hour to hour the tempting feast,
Till from the North, South, West, or East,
Appeared some marvel to behold;—
For full of marvels manifold
The pregnant mouths were numbered then,
Nor much at marvels wondered men;
But, when a day without them passed,
That day seemed dull and overcast.

So at that time, like one amazed,
King Arthur through the casement gazed:
He watched the breaking lights of dawn,
The growing of the purple morn;
He felt the warmth about him play
That only burns in noontide's ray;
He saw the sun sink low in heaven,
And still no sign to him was given,
Till fleeing from the shadows black
That sun athwart the waves a track

Had gilded for the raptured eye
To trace in dreamful ecstasy,
With some vague thought of blissful isles
Basking in joy's perennial smiles.
Then, as he turned him from the glare
Of sunset, Arthur was aware
Of a strange company of four
That hied them to the castle door.
One as a poplar tall and straight
Weakly declined his helpless weight
Upon a serf on either hand,
That scarce with labour made him stand;
A dwarf his faltering steps behind,
The puniest of his puny kind,
Upheld; a stunted pollard he
To stay that stately poplar tree.

Then, smiling on his famished lords,
The King spake brief but welcome words:
"To dinner! Lo, a sight indeed!
The saints have helped us at our need."

Then swelled the sound of revelry,
And flowed the wine right royally,
And light reflected from the bowl
Shone like a sun in every soul
Save Arthur's: in his heart there burned
A curious longing: oft he turned
An absent glance upon the door,
And marvelled ever more and more
What the strange thing that he had seen
Before his castle-gate might mean.

At last, the tedious banquet o'er,
About his dais came the four,
And he their goodly leader spake:
"I come, O King, my prayer to make
That I thy bounty may partake.
Three are the boons I crave to name—
The first I fain to-day would claim;

The two shall be disclosed anon,
If only thou wilt grant the one."
So saying with an effort slight
He drew him to his princely height;
The King, admiring, inly sware
That comelier person none was there,
And musing thus mild answer made:
"In whatsoever I can aid
Thy just desire, that aid is thine;
For, if thy lineage I divine,
A scion thou of noble line;
Or arms or knighthood thou wilt crave,
And arms and knighthood thou shalt have."
"Nor arms, nor knighthood at thy hand,
O bounteous King, is my demand
As at this time, but food and cheer
Of thy provision for a year."
Then Arthur with o'erclouded brow
That did his thoughts but half avow:
"That is a thing, as all may know,
I never stinted friend or foe.
Sir Kay shall feed thee of the best
That lines my larder. For the rest
I pray thee of thy courtesy
That thou reveal thy name." But he—
"My name, O King, I may not tell."
Then blurted out Sir Kay: "Tis well!
Thy hands, if not thy tongue, a name
Shall furnish; they shall give thee fame,
Not by their handling of the spear,
But by their useless beauty dear
To women. Beaumains be thou hight.
No touch, I trow, of lord or knight
Quickens thy boorish blood derived
From yokels still with yokels wived.
Come, I see hunger in thy face;
The kitchen be thy dwelling-place:

I warrant thee, within the year,
Plump as a hog with fattening cheer
Of brewis! Come, thy paradise
Awaits thee: shall I bid thee twice?"

He spake, and scornful led the way:
The other meekly did obey
His bidding, neither gibe nor taunt
Provoking him to answering vaunt.
But, ere he went, a look he cast
Upon his retinue, who passed
In silence through the open door
Into the night, and came no more.

Meanwhile, Sir Kay had Beaumains set
Among the scullions, and had met
Great-hearted Lancelot and Gawaine,
Who chid him for that he did stain
His knighthood with discourtesy:
And Lancelot to the scullery
Went softly, and to Beaumains there
Made proffer of less sordid fare
And lodging meet for such as be
Of knightly birth and high degree.
But he, though from his kindling face
His grateful thought did half erase
His sorrow, answered, where Sir Kay
Had placed him, there would he assay
To bear whatever might befall.

So for a year before them all
He bore him with humility,
And suffered jeers and raillery
With patience: nay, there were who said
That passion in his soul was dead:
But they who watched his flushing cheek,
His lips that trembled fain to speak,
His downcast eye and hands that sought
Each other—they had other thought.

So in the lap of flowery May
Was born again the holy day

Of Pentecost, and with it brought
Another marvel to the court.
A damsel unattended rode
To Carlion, the King's abode:
A clear dark eye was hers, a smile
That flickered with insidious wile
About her mouth; but, none the less
Imperious for her winsomeness,
She sued the King with fearless air
For succour to a lady fair,
Her sister, whom a foeman's host
In leaguer held since Pentecost
The third preceding. "Will no knight
Adventure in her cause to fight,
And rescue her from this despite?"
"Damsel, a hundred," said the King,
"Will come, nor make long tarrying,
When they have heard thy name and hers
Who in this cruel fashion fares."

"Lack of my name shall no man let
From this adventure: 'tis Linet.
My sister doth a worthier own,
But will not that it now be known."

"Then," answered Arthur, "by my leave
No knight shall gird him to achieve
This peril. Though thy words be fair,
Thy face still fairer, yet the snare
Of words and beauty fair as thine
Hath ruined many a knight of mine."

She, half despair and half disdain
Thrilling her gesture, spake again:
"Then further search a champion must
Discover, who my tale can trust."

Scarce had the trouble of her tone
Died on her trembling lips, when one
Stood forward, light upon his face,
And on his dauntless brow no trace

Of humble Beaumains, though 'twas he
Who to King Arthur bent the knee,
And spake in accents joy-inspired:
"This damsel's tale, my lord, hath fired
My heart the other boons to claim,
Which I deferred when first I came.
A year thy bounty hath me fed,
And full am I of lustihead:
Therefore I first my knighthood crave
That from Sir Lancelot I may have;
Next this adventure to assay,
And win such glory as I may."
"Brave words," said Arthur, "and thy mien
Betrays a heart as brave, I ween.
Sir Lancelot, if I judge aright,
Will do thy wish to dub thee knight;
Nor will this damsel, as I deem,
Reject thee." Cried Sir Kay, "I dream!
Or can it be the grosser steam
Of kitchen dainties rich and sweet
My turnspit's reason doth unseat?"
"Fie, on thee, base-born kitchen page!"
The damsel said with face of rage;
"Wilt thou my peril undertake?
I know a sight or two will slake
Thy thirst for glory!" As she spake
The dwarf, that Beaumains with him brought
When first he entered Arthur's court,
Came bending low beneath the weight
Of armour, rich with many a plate
Of gold and silver; this he laid
Before his master's feet, and said:
"My lord, thy charger waits thy will,
And I attend thee." Then with skill
His lord he hastened to array
In panoply of armour gay.
Meanwhile the damsel went her way

Sped by a wrathful-seeming haste,
Nor lingering long did Beaumain waste
The fleeting time, but gat to horse.
Then spake Sir Kay: "Upon his course
My kitchen-boy will I pursue
And try his metal, whether true
Or false it rings at peril's touch."

But Lancelot: "Surely overmuch
Thou lovest thy unknowtly jest;
See that thou follow not this quest
To thy dishonour. As for me
I needs must after, till I see
In doughty deed of arms his right
To win and wear the spurs of knight."
But nought of Lancelot recked Sir Kay,
But at a gallop rode away.

Half-circled on the horizon's rim
The moon through clouds was looming dim,
And chased the straggling beams of day
That lingered on their western way,
When Beaumains turned and saw Sir Kay.
His brow as thunderclouds was dark,
But in his eye the lightning spark
Of fury glittered, as, with spear
In rest, he rode in full career
With fell intent to bear him down
And strike him dead when overthrown:
But Beaumains, though nor spear nor shield
Was in his hand, yet scorned to yield,
And lifting high his trusty sword
Smote down the spear upon the sward;
Then on his helm another blow,
Nor vaguely aimed nor falling slow,
He weighted with the memory
Of the long year's discourtesy
Suffered in silence: in that stroke
His silence found a voice, and spoke

In such a thunder to Sir Kay
That from his horse he slipt, and lay
Among the flowers a senseless mass,
And with his blood befouled the grass.

Then Beaumains took the shield and spear
That strewed the earth Sir Kay anear,
And while a little space he bode
Sir Lancelot lightly to him rode,
And kindly-mannered praise bestowed;
And from his charger did alight
To dub him, as of merit, knight.

But not the more the livelong night,
As Beaumains with the damsel went,
Did she from bitter taunts relent,
But swore 'twas shame a kitchen-knave
Should bear a knight both good and brave
By misadventure from his horse.
But he, though listening perforce,
His heart to hot resentment barred,
And mused upon the myriad-starred
O'er-arched heaven, or lent an ear
To leaves that shuddered as in fear
Of that sweet wind whose balmy breath
Anon would blow a blast of death,
And rend them from their place on high
In dust and in contempt to lie.

But when the darkness fled away,
And morn, that rose in garb of grey,
Had donned her summer-tinted blue,
A gleaming river met their view,
And, at the passage where alone
The sun on rippled shallows shone,
Two knights defending it forbade
The shore thus guarded to invade.
Then spake Linet: "Away with thee,
Base scullion, while the strength to flee
Is in thee! Lo! a crescent fear,
Like moonlight rising on a mere,

Is blanching all thy bloodless cheek."

But he, nought caring then to speak,
Into the water dashed amain,
And one, the stronger of the twain,
Midmost the shining river met,
And brake his spear and overset
With reeling rider reeling horse;
A moment, and a gory corse
Enmeshed in slimy weeds and dank
Into the troubled torrent sank.
Nor long his comrade on the bank
Was left to muse upon the scene,
Ere, sunlight and his eyes between,
A sword-stroke for a moment flashed,
And through his shattered buckler crashed
Ringing a discord on his mail;
And honour balanced in the scale.
With life seemed but a featherweight,
And fear was as a giant fate
That over-shadowed all the field
And cloaked the shame of that "I yield,"
Which took the terror from his life,
And ended, not with death, the strife.

(To be continued.)



FROM LONDON TO SADOŴA.

LETTER I.

DEAR MATHEMATICUS,

While you have been paying your devoirs at the shrine of the cross-grained muses of the Cube and Square, I have been on the Continent. I breathed a sigh of relief as I put my foot on board the Baron Osy bound for Antwerp. I felt I was going to a land where I would not be bored with the Irish Church or University Extension.

Steaming down the familiar Thames and up the sluggish Scheldt was pleasant, but the sea—alas! I am a mortal whose soul does sicken over the heading wave. It seemed to me that the Baron Osy was a boat which had a preternatural capacity for rolling. At 5 A.M. our sufferings were over. We landed at Antwerp. For population and description of Antwerp see an invaluable work published by Murray.

To me the day at Antwerp was a day of great pleasure, for it was spent in seeing Reubens' greatest masterpieces. I can neither analyse nor express the feelings which filled me when I saw Reubens' representation of that awful scene in the world's history when the sun grew dark and the graves gave up their dead. It was a true inspiration of a poet that made Reubens introduce into that terrible picture a woman's lovely head. The bitterest anguish is expressed in Magdalene's face as she kisses the feet of her dead lord. In the cathedral which contains his greatest and noblest

work, Peter Paul Reubens lies buried. Truly kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

I was sorry that morning to have to leave Antwerp for Dresden. I broke the journey by staying a few hours at Cologne, famous for its scents. I devoted the time to seeing the churches which adorn the city, and the magnificent cathedral. As I sat in the train which took me away from one of the noblest temples ever erected by man in honour of his Creator, my mind was naturally occupied with thoughts on that architecture in which we find the faith of Christianity embodied and its practices illustrated. Then I thought of the few splendid structures that are erected in this age for such purposes. Though I regret this from an artistic point of view, I do not consider it any proof of want of religion. I would rather spend money in erecting schools to raise man out of the degradation of ignorance and in constructing good dwellings for the poor, than in rearing the costliest temples for Him who made all things and possesses all.

After a long and wearisome journey of sixteen hours I reached Dresden, which is a capitol after Matthew Arnold's own heart: it is all "sweetness and light." I have not lived in vain—I have seen the Madonna of Sisto. I have gazed upon the highest beauty which earth has known, conceived as it is here by the purest mind. I have also seen the Madonna by Holbein. When I first saw it, I admired it as a wonderful piece of painting—the red scarf upon a green dress shews great skill; but now I admire it as a wonderful work of art. The serene intellectual face of the Madonna grows upon one each time one looks at it. The truth is, we must not expect a great work of art to come down to our level, but we must try to raise ourselves in order to appreciate it. I have also been much struck with *La Notte* by Correggio. The Madonna is looking over the cradle, and the stream of light from the child's face illuminates the mother's. The hours

spent in the picture are truly hours of pleasure. One enjoys the intermixture of colour and the pleasure of drawing in inspiration through the eye. They would be hours of unalloyed pleasure but for one's countrymen and their comments. Why does every Cockney, the moment he leaves London Bridge, think that he is in duty bound to be an art critic and a lover of art? Gushing young ladies, aged seventeen, will ask one at the table-d'hôte if one does not consider Raphael divine. My answer is, I am a great admirer of the Gadarel family and the Vision of S. Catharine. Gushing young person inquires in what room it is. I sternly reply, British Gallery, London. Young and gushing person subsides.

Dresden is the city of colour and sound. In the evening in the most picturesque of gardens one may hear one of Beethoven's divine symphonies, and have a cup of coffee for the small sum of sixpence. Then there is the National Theatre, appropriated to German pieces and the opera. The singing is good, and there are few better orchestras in Europe. Since I have been here I have heard a good deal of the music of the future. Wagner's grand marches are often performed in the public gardens; and two of his operas, *Lohengrein* and *The Flying Dutchman*, have lately been on at the Hof Theatre. The music of the two operas is very different. In the former it is soft and sweet; in the latter wild and weird. *Lohengrein* is a knight who appears in the charming, though not fashionable conveyance of a boat drawn by a swan, just in time to save from death a beautiful damsel, who has been falsely accused of murdering her brother. The two, as in private duty bound, fall in love with one another and are about to be married, when she, being a woman, is anxious to know all about him, and asks him the fatal question, Who he is? The spell is broken, and the punctual swan comes and takes him back to Fairyland. The Flying Dutchman is a gentleman who has

been condemned for some crime to wander on the seas until some girl marries him, and, by so doing, sacrifices her life. He lands in a great storm on the coast of Norway, and proposes (by means of a speaking trumpet) to a Norwegian for his daughter. The old gentleman without any reluctance barter his child for a chest of pearls, which the Flying Dutchman has with him. In the meanwhile the young lady has fallen in love with a portrait of the Flying Dutchman. In the last act they are about to be married, when the Dutchman relents that the girl whom he has got to love should sacrifice her life for his guilty soul. He jumps into the sea; the young lady, not to be baffled, follows. Then they appear in a cloudy oasis, saved and apparently much the better for the wash.

I have seen Hamlet in German, and I consider Lectmyr's representation of the Prince of Denmark a finer study than Fechter's or any I have seen on the English stage. When I saw him in his customary suits of solemn black, I felt Ophelia was right—

The courtiers, scholars, soldiers, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and use of the fair state;
The glare of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.

Poor Ophelia, broken-hearted and dying in madness, was well rendered by Fraulien Ulrich. I have seen the same actress play Margueritte in Faust, and then I saw, what one seldom sees in England now, a really fine piece of tragic acting. During the last awful scene, loud sobs were heard throughout the house. All night the face of Margueritte as she lay on the strand singing wild snatches of ancient ballads, her reason gone, her end approaching, haunts me.

Though I have enjoyed art here, I have not neglected the boundless share that nature to her votary yields. I have stormed the Virgin fortress of Konigstein, and scaled the lofty Lelenstein. Alpine travellers may sneer, but they must remember that an Elector

of Saxony and King of Poland thought the feat so great that he has erected a monument to commemorate it. I have had many a pleasant pedestrian tour over the hills covered with fruit trees and vine-yards, and through the dark gorges of the mountains of Saxon Switzerland. The other day we took the steamer to Pilnitz, the summer residence of the Saxon King. The river flows through rocks and wooded banks, and thoroughly did I enjoy the picturesque scenes on the banks of the Elbe. A German pointed out to me the house which Schiller occupied, and in which he wrote *Don Carlos*.

In an hour we arrived at the village of Pilnitz, which is situated at the foot of a most lovely vine-covered hill. The palace, built in the detestable Chinese fashion, is interesting on account of its historical associations.

It was within its walls that Napoleon enjoyed some of the proudest moments in his eventful career. Waited upon by the Emperor of Austria and the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, he dictated to them the plan of his Russian campaign.

From Pilnitz we determined to walk to Shandau, and in order to enjoy it thoroughly, we made up our minds that we should dispense with a guide. On leaving Pilnitz, the pathway was through a deep and narrow dell. The sides of the hill were lined with solemn pines; for two hours did we walk through it, and then we had a stiff climb up a steepish hill. On the brow we sat down and enjoyed the varying landscape. We watched the distant mountains that unfold the landscape round, whose dark summits were coloured by the setting sun. And—

Let in through the trees
Come the strange rays; the finest depths are bright,
Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

The sun had set when we descended the hill and walked down the valley, following the path of the torrent, thus hoping to reach the Elbe and then Shandau. The mountain gorge was grand beyond description. Rocks of the most singular and fantastic shapes rose up in lofty grandeur on each side of the dark ravine. Their grey uneven sides spoke to us of the storms and deluge that have swept over the world. Not a living thing was to be seen, and the babbling of the brook was the only sound that broke the stillness of the air. Dusk deepened into dark. On we wandered, at length we began to fear that we were lost in the mountains, and the legends of the ghosts and goblins that haunted these mountains crowded in our mind. Our fears were allayed by seeing a light glimmering in the woods; and with lightened hearts we made for it. It turned out to be a small cottage, and, after much difficulty, we made out from the cottager that Shandau was distant twelve miles. He pointed us out the right path, and weary and hungry we trudged on. "It is a long lane that has no turning"; about 12 p.m. Shandau was reached. After much ringing we roused the inmates of the inn, and a snug room, warm fire and supper soon made us forget our miseries. Then occurred to me in their full force the poet's words—

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his various course has been;
Must sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

Ever yours,

T.

(To be continued).



“—Finita potestas denique cuique
Quavam sit vatione atque alte terminus hærens.”

WHEN the light leaves are lifted away
Over and far from the moaning trees,
Do they remember the bygone day
When they clustered and pressed i' the breeze?

Do they remember the deepening shade
There by their gathering foliage made,
Do they remember the children that played,
Do they remember the young ones that strayed,
Do they remember the old ones that stayed

Lingering long i' the leafy glade?

Do they remember the acorns that fell
Deep thro' the leaves to some tiny cell
I' the springing green grass?—I never could tell.

Whether in shade or whether in sun
It mattereth not, so the work be done;

We may remember, and sigh for the sun;

They may forget—for their work is done.

So the bells' clear tones are done,

So when *their* sweet sounds cease,

Sweet when departing, sweetest they run

On in some silent peace.

While the harp-o'-the-heart, when *her* tunes are o'er,

Makes answer with murmurings sweet,

Let echo ring on in shade or in sun,

For who need care when the work is done,—

So the work be found complete?



OUR CHRONICLE.

THERE is but little to record of the past Term. The New Chapel is rapidly approaching completion, and we hope in our next number to give an account of its opening, an event which is fixed for the 12th of May, and will, it is hoped, be marked by a large gathering of old Johnnians.

The College has had its full share of success in the Senate-House during the Term. In the Mathematical Tripos no less than fourteen of the Wranglers, and among them Mr. Elliott, who was bracketed second, and Mr. Carpmael, who was sixth, were Johnnians. Mr. Elliott subsequently gained the first Smith's Prize; the Senior Wrangler, Mr. Hartog, of Trinity, carrying off the second.

The College has also, for the third time in the last four years, gained the great Classical distinction of the Craven University Scholarship, Mr. W. E. Heitland being the successful candidate of the present year.

Examination, Christmas, 1868:

THIRD YEAR.—FIRST CLASS.

Pendhenry	Granhill	Griffith, C. H.
Levitt	Hilary	Bagner
Noon	Hathornwate	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer.

Dixon	Martin, G. M.	Hogg
Bridges	Whitaker }	Graves, L. H.
Wheatcroft	Pate }	

FIRST YEAR.—FIRST CLASS.

(Arranged in order of the Boards.)

Harper	Johnson, J. M.	Farrell
Wood	Rushbrooke	Gooch
Pierson	Benson	Hamilton
Reynolds	Wadle	Andrew, G.
Webb	Ransom	Shuker
Southam	Shears	Bradberry
Evans	Ede	Harries
Cowie	Andrew, H. M.	Clayton
Teasdale	Cook	

Inferior to the above, but entitled to a Prize if in the First Class at Midsummer.

Tabir	Margrison	Herrey, J. P.
Kay-Shuttleworth	Fisher	Wilton
Torry, W. G.	Johnson, J. E.	Trundle
Neville	Stokes	Lake
Hockin	Phillips	Case
Mershead	Jackson	Mason
Walkin	Chichester	Moore
Sebley	Goldie	Whitnell
Reid, F. A. S.	Briddon	Oliver
Baglis	Brewer	

The following were the officers of the Lady Margaret Boat Club for the Lent Term :

President : Rev. E. W. Bowling, M.A.

Treasurer : J. Noon.

Secretary : W. A. Jones.

1st Captain : J. Watkins.

2nd Captain : J. W. Bakewell.

3rd Captain : F. Baynes.

The crew of the second boat in the 2nd Division races were—

- 1 C. H. James
- 2 T. B. Spencer
- 3 J. Collins
- 4 S. Smelt
- 5 A. J. C. Gwatkin
- 6 A. A. Bourne
- 7 F. S. Bishop
- H. Latham (*stroke*)
- H. B. Adams (*cox.*)

In the first two days they kept their place of head of the Division, but were bumped the next two days. The third boat started 14th of this division and lost three places. The crew consisted of

- 1 T. G. Carver
- 2 M. Ede
- 3 P. Laing
- 4 P. C. Smith
- 5 J. A. Macmeikan
- 6 E. Carpmael
- 7 W. Hoare
- J. M. Johnson (*stroke*)
- Murphy (*cox.*)

The L. M. B. C. scratch fours were rowed on Thursday, 11th March. The winning crew were—

- 1 T. G. Carver
 - 2 W. Duncan
 - 3 J. A. Macmeikan
- W. A. Jones (*stroke*)
C. G. Haskins (*cox*).

The Bateman pair-oar races came off on Saturday, 13th March, over the Long Course. The winners were—

F. S. Bishop (*bow*)
H. Latham (*stroke*).

Two members of the L. M. B. C. rowed in the boat which represented Cambridge at Putney, J. Goldie being stroke, and J. W. Dale, No. 3 of the University crew, which gallantly, though unsuccessfully, contended with Oxford on the 17th of March.

The Second Division Races were rowed on Monday, the 1st of March, and the three following days. The result of the several days' rowing was as follows :—

MONDAY, MARCH 1.

Lady Margaret, 2nd	{ Queens'	{ Downing
Corpus, 2nd	{ Caius, 2nd	{ Pembroke, 2nd
{ Emmanuel, 2nd	{ 2nd Trinity, 2nd	{ Emmanuel, 3rd
{ 3rd Trinity, 2nd	{ Jesus, 2nd	{ Clare, 2nd
1st Trinity, 4th	Trinity Hall, 3rd	1st Trinity, 5th
Christ's, 2nd	St. Catharine's	1st Trinity, 6th
Sidney, 2nd	Lady Margaret, 3rd	Jesus, 3rd

TUESDAY, MARCH 2.

Lady Margaret, 2nd	Caius, 2nd	Pembroke, 2nd
{ Corpus, 2nd	{ Queens'	{ Downing
{ 3rd Trinity, 2nd	{ Jesus, 2nd	{ Clare, 2nd
{ Emmanuel, 2nd	{ 2nd Trinity, 2nd	{ Emmanuel, 3rd
{ 1st Trinity, 4th	{ Trinity Hall, 3rd	{ 1st Trinity, 5th
Christ's, 2nd	St. Catharine's	{ 1st Trinity, 6th
Sidney, 2nd	Lady Margaret, 3rd	Jesus, 3rd

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3.

{ Lady Margaret, 2nd	Caius, 2nd	{ Lady Margaret, 3rd
{ 3rd Trinity, 2nd	Jesus, 2nd	{ Clare, 2nd
Corpus, 2nd	{ Queens'	{ Downing
1st Trinity, 4th	{ Trinity Hall, 3rd	{ Emmanuel, 3rd
{ Emmanuel, 2nd	{ 2nd Trinity, 2nd	1st Trinity, 6th
{ Christ's, 2nd	{ St. Catharine's	1st Trinity, 5th
Sidney, 2nd	Pembroke, 2nd	Jesus, 3rd

THURSDAY, MARCH 4.

3rd Trinity, 2nd	{ Caius, 2nd	Clare, 2nd
{ Lady Margaret, 2nd	{ Jesus, 2nd	{ Lady Margaret, 3rd
Corpus, 2nd	Trinity Hall, 3rd	{ Emmanuel, 3rd
1st Trinity, 4th	{ Queens'	{ Downing
Christ's, 2nd	{ St. Catharine's	{ 1st Trinity, 6th
{ Emmanuel, 2nd	{ 2nd Trinity, 2nd	1st Trinity, 5th
{ Sidney, 2nd	{ Pembroke, 2nd	Jesus, 3rd

The College Athletics took place on Fenner's Ground, on Thursday and Friday, February 26th and 27th, with the following results:

Two Mile Walking Race.—Gardom, first; Hathornthwaite, second.
 100 Yards Race.—Gwatkins, first; Farler, second. Time, $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Throwing the Hammer.—Gwatkin, first. Distance, 74 ft.
 Long Jump.—Savage, first; Wood, second. Distance, 17 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Hurdle Race.—Stokes, first; Savage, second. Time, 20 sec.
 Putting the Weight.—Wheatcroft, first; Gaches, second. Distance, 30 ft. 6 in.
 Half Mile Handicap.—Gardom (25 yds.), first; Wilks (45 yds.), second. Time, 2 min. 7 sec.
 Mile Race.—Frewen, first; Atkinson, second. Time, 4 min. 59 sec.
 Volunteers' Quarter Mile Race.—Bainbridge, first; Gardom, second. Time, 56 sec.
 High Jump.—Wood, first; Savage, second. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.
 Quarter Mile Race.—Gardom, first; Gwatkin, second. Time, 55 sec.
 Two Mile Race.—Atkinson, first; Frewen, second. Time, 10 min. 52 sec.
 Strangers' Mile Race.—Kinloch, 1st Trinity, first; Hewitt, Trinity Hall, second. Time, 4 min. $46\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

The University Sports took place on the 5th, 6th, and 8th of March, with the following results:—

100 Yards Race.—Corfe, Jesus, first; Strachan, Trinity Hall, second. Time, $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Pole Jump.—Gurney, 1st Trinity, first, (9 ft.); Scott, 1st Trinity, second, (8 ft. 9 in.).
 Putting the Weight.—Waltham, Peterhouse (38 ft. 1 in.), first; Phelps, Sidney (33 ft. 4 in.), second.
 Hurdle Race.—Cooper, St. John's, first; Toller, 2nd Trinity, second. Time, 17 sec.
 Mile Race.—Royds, Trinity Hall, first; Gurney, Clare, second. Time, 4 min. $43\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Seven Mile Walking Race.—Gardom, St. John's, first; Wanstall, St. Catharine's, second. Time, 63 min. 44 sec.
 Long Jump.—Waltham, Peterhouse (19 ft. $7\frac{1}{2}$ in.), first; Phelps, Sidney (19 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.), second.
 Throwing the Hammer.—Leeke, 1st Trinity (98 ft. 6 in.), first; Shelton, Pembroke (91 ft. 11 in.), second.
 Half Mile Race.—Gurney, Clare, first; Mitchell, Magdalene, second. Time, 2 min. 5 sec.
 High Jump.—Hoare, 1st Trinity (5 ft. 2 in.), first; Phelps, Sidney (5 ft.), second.
 Three Mile Race.—Paine, 1st Trinity, first; Whigham, 1st Trinity, second. Time, 15 min. 58 sec.
 Quarter Mile.—Corfe, Jesus, first; Upcher, 1st Trinity, second. Time, 51 sec.

Third of a Mile Handicap.—Brocklebank, 1st Trinity (25 yds.), first; Gardom, St. John's (26 yds.), second. Time, 1 min. 15½ sec.

Consolation Race, 200 yds.—Lock, 1st Trinity, first; Gossett, King's, second. Time, 22 sec.

C. U. R. V. B. Company.—Lieutenant Cochrane having resigned his commission, the following promotions were made at a Company meeting held for that purpose:—

Ensign A. C. D. Ryder to be Lieutenant, vice Cochrane resigned.

Lance-Corporal F. P. Roberts to be Ensign, vice Ryder promoted.

The Company Challenge Cup was shot for on Tuesday, March 16th, and was won by Lieutenant J. Noon.

The Officers' Pewter for the present Term was won by Private R. A. Carter.

A handicap over 3rd class ranges, open to all members of the Company, was won by Private T. Bainbridge; and a handicap over 2nd class ranges, confined to efficient of 1868, was won by Private R. A. Carter. Private Bainbridge also won the 2nd prize in a handicap, open to all members of the University Corps.



THE GHOSTS WE RAISED.—A REMINISCENCE.

THE EDITOR'S STORY (*continued*).

STANDING erect upon the bed, his little hands stretched as high as they would reach, and clenched above his head; his brow black with unutterable rage; his cheek blanched to a ghastly hue by passion or by fear; his innocent lips pouring forth a tide of mingled blasphemy and execration, so ingeniously revolting that it would have been startling in the mouth of a hardened convict—was my little brother! Yes, there was no mistake: in the clear ruddy firelight I saw the little figure convulsed with demoniac frenzy, his eyes riveted on the corner of the room, opposite where I stood; and while I gazed in powerless horror, oath succeeded oath, and adjuration mingled with defiance, and ever and anon some strange uncouth word of foreign sound hissed upon his tongue. How long I stood listening with my feet rooted to the spot I do not know: I was roused from my trance by a sudden silence in the room; and looking at my brother, I saw that his eyes were closed, and that he was tottering on the point to fall. I rushed forward and caught him in my arms. He lay there stiff and motionless; and I was not long in discovering that he had swooned. I hurried at once to my bedroom, and applied restoratives. After a few minutes he came round, and, feebly raising his eyelids, asked where he was and what had happened? He went on to complain that he felt very ill. Before he had received an answer to his question he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. I laid him gently in my bed and watched

by his side till morning. As soon as I heard Mrs. Marks about, I left him still sleeping as though he would never wake, and went to my sitting-room, where I found Mrs. Marks preparing my breakfast. Asking her to sit down, I told her what had happened. She interrupted me with frequent expressions of concern, and finally said—"Perhaps I ought to have told you all about the room, sir; but I'm sure I did it for the best; and I can't make it out that it should happen on the 28th of June; if it had been a day later, now, I could understand it." "I can't think what the date has to do with it," I answered; "but that reminds me that I did make a mistake in telling you the day of the month, yesterday. It was the 28th and not the 27th as I told you." "How very unfortunate that I did not look myself, sir! But that explains it all at once. I should never have been willing for him to go near the room if I had known it was the 29th. But I see I am puzzling you, sir: I will get you the paper that explains it all."

So saying, she hurried upstairs; and in a few moments returned with a manuscript somewhat worn with use and yellow with age, but very legible, nevertheless. This she gave into my hands, and said—"We found this paper hidden under a loose bit of board in the room yonder; and all I can tell you about it is this: When we took this house, the tenants who had occupied it before us told us that room was haunted. An old madman, who had lived nearly all his life in India, had died there, they said; and it was his ghost that haunted the room. The last tenant before them was this old madman's keeper, who had lived there ten years after his master was dead; and he told them, whatever they did, never to sleep in the room on the 29th of June. Well, sir," continued Mrs. Marks, "I don't know that we should have taken much notice of what they told us, if we hadn't happened to come upon this paper, which explains why it is the

29th of June; and though many of our friends, who have read the paper, have asked to sleep there on that night, I have always said, 'No; let well alone, is my motto; and you may laugh as you like, but I believe what the paper says is Gospel truth.' And so it is, sir, as you have found out. But I will leave you to read the paper; it will tell you all about it."

THE KEEPER'S MS.

"June 29th. So he is dead—dead and gone! His troubles over, his sins upon their trial before the Judge of all the earth! Ah! to think that I should ever have come to be thankful for his death. I remember, as well as though it were yesterday—it is nine-and-forty years ago—when he and I were boys together at school, and he had with his own impulsive generosity insisted on sharing my punishment, just, as he said, to keep me company, though he was not in any way an offender. I remember saying to him, 'Frank, if you ever want any one to die for you, I believe I could do it.' And I think I could; not only then, but many and many a time afterwards. Yet he had his faults, had Frank. Even at school his temper would blaze up with ungovernable fury at times; and I think his mother never checked it as she ought to have done, for Frank was said to be the image of his father, who had died when his child was six months old; and so it was not wonderful she spoiled him. However, if she had lived longer, his life might have taken a different turn. I cannot tell. Shall we ever be allowed to read that sealed chapter in the book of fate—the 'might have been'?"

"He was taken away from school when his mother died; and soon I heard that he had got a cadetship in India. He came down just before he sailed, and the sight of him revived all my roving tendencies. My mind was made up the night before he started. I would not stay behind; and the next morning, before

it was light, I stole out on tiptoe, and made the best of my way to the early London coach, where I was warmly greeted by Frank. By the time my school-fellows were seated before their porridge, I was thirty miles away. The next day saw me enlisted in the H. E. I. C.'s 8th regiment of Fusileers (I was a tall, well-grown lad, though only sixteen); and another month found me on my road to India. I had arranged that Frank, who had preceded me by another ship, should send me his address to Madras; but his letter never reached me, though he afterwards told me that he wrote; and it was not until five years had passed, that as I marched into Cuttypore, I saw him standing at the door of a fine bungalow, and learnt that he was the resident magistrate of the place. It was not long before I made myself known to him, and he welcomed me with all his old warmth. He was, however, altered; and not for the better. The exercise of an almost despotic power had had a bad influence upon him. He was more subject than ever to fits of uncontrollable passion. At ordinary times he was indulgent, even to a fault, to his servants; but let his temper be tried ever so little, and their very lives were not safe from his rage. More than once I remonstrated with him, and he acknowledged his failing; but the next day some trivial occurrence would bring the thundercloud back to his brow and the lightning to his eyes, and woe to the unhappy domestic who crossed his path at such times! I had not been at Cuttypore more than a fortnight, when we were ordered to the front to check the marauding Mahratta horse, who had dared to extend their depredations within a few miles of the city. In the first engagement I was hit hard by a bullet in the region of the lungs, and was brought back to the hospital at Cuttypore. The struggle between life and death was a long one; and even when I was pronounced convalescent, the surgeons agreed that I should be of no further use

to the service, and I accordingly received my discharge. What would have become of me, a helpless and penniless invalid, if Frank had not been by to help me, I cannot conceive. But he had, from the first, been unremitting in his attendance at my bedside; and when I was turned adrift he insisted on my staying with him at all events till I was strong enough to be sent to England.

"It was while I was lying utterly prostrate at his house that I was one day the unwilling spectator of a scene between Frank and one of his servants, which was the prelude to a terrible calamity. This man, a syce, had offended in some way, and Frank struck him a heavy blow with his riding-whip. I saw blood gush from the syce's mouth, but more horrible than the sight of blood was the overmastering passion which distorted Frank's features into the face of a demon, thirsting for his victim's life. It passed in a moment, but it had left me absolutely appalled by the lurid glare which my interpretation of that uncontrollable fury shed over my friend's future. The catastrophe followed only too quickly. The next day I heard aloud altercation in the compound outside; then a fall, and then a groan. In a moment more Frank rushed into the room with that hateful look upon his face, shouting—'I have done for him; I knew I should; I'm glad of it—the sneaking nigger!'" Before I could ask what he meant, the fierce light had faded in his eyes, and reflection dawned again in a look of dismay which gathered and grew upon his face. In a few seconds more he had sunk into a chair and covered his face with his hands, crying—"God help me! what have I done?" But my horror and consternation culminated when, a minute later, an old man, the father of the syce, entered, and in mingled English and Hindostan cursed Frank in imprecations too horrible to be conceived, denouncing him with shrieks of frenzy as the murderer of his

son, and declaring that his vengeance should follow him to the day of his death. And it has followed him. Before nightfall of that calamitous day he was raving mad, and though he recovered in course of time a precarious tenure of his reason, yet the anniversary of that black day never comes round without unsettling his mind from its very foundations. On the night of the 29th of June I kept watch in his rooms; for in the middle of the night he springs to his feet, however quietly he may have been sleeping the moment before, and with abject terror written in his pallid face and dilated eyes, shrieks out those awful imprecations which were once launched at his head by the father of the man whom he had murdered; and then, his strength spent in the unnatural effort, he sinks heavily back into the arms which I hold ready to break his fall.

"Sinks back, did I say? Alas! he will do so no more! He lies dead in the next room to this, and I am alone in the world! It is twenty-five years since we returned to England together, and in all that time I never had a harsh word from him. How he struggled to subdue his passions, no-one will ever know, but if it is remembered where he has gone, he will not have struggled in vain.

"June 30th. Mystery of mysteries! Is it not all a horrible nightmare? How should a curse have power to wake the dead to life? I must have dreamt it all. But, no; I saw it with these eyes, and had I not seen it, the position of the body ——. Let me try to collect myself and commit to writing what has happened.

"I went to bed last night at my usual time, but sleep refused to visit me. All our life, Frank's and mine, rose up before me, and I tossed uneasily from side to side for more than three hours. I had not forgotten that this was the fatal night of the 29th of June, on which I had so often watched for the mysterious fulfilment of the old man's curse; and I suddenly resolved

that I would watch this last time in the old room over the body of my friend. I got up, and slipping on a dressing-gown, stole softly across the passage and entered the room. Yes, there he lay in his open coffin, at peace at last! The moonlight played upon his face, and I could almost fancy he smiled. It was but for a moment: ten seconds had not passed before I started back with a shriek of dismay. The dead sprang upright in his coffin, and poured forth from his cold inanimate lips the execrations I knew, alas! too well. I believe I fainted. When I recovered, day was breaking, and a glance showed me *the corpse lying stretched upon the floor, with the coffin overturned beside it!*

* * * * *

Can it be that the curse will cling to the room for ever? Why not, if it can wreak its vengeance on the dead? One resolution I have made: I will never sleep in that room on the 29th of June, and if ever I leave the house, I will warn the next tenant to take the same precaution. I daresay he will not believe my story, for how can I account for such an influence being exercised? I never have accounted for it; all I know is, that the old man was reputed a great magician among his own people, and from some tricks which I once saw him perform, I believe his magic was neither more nor less than mesmerism. It was notorious that some of the subjects upon whom he had practised his art were ever afterwards completely in his power, and would come to him from a distance if he only expressed a wish to that effect. That is the only circumstance which seems to me to throw any light on the mysterious accomplishment of his curse."

Long before I concluded my story, the only light left in the room was that proceeding from the fire, which was itself burning very low; but still we sat on, unwilling to face the darkness outside. As we sat

thus, Macdonald suddenly exclaimed, "What's that noise?" We all listened, and in a moment I heard it too. It was a heavy footfall on the staircase. "What can it be?" I whispered. We all held our breath. Slowly the sound descended the stairs above, it turned the corner, it approached O'Connor's rooms; good heavens! it stopped just outside the door. We drew closer together, and O'Connor reached out his hand to grasp the poker. Suddenly, to my great consternation, Macdonald burst into a loud laugh, which almost choked him. At last, struggling for breath, he ejaculated in a series of disjointed gasps: 'Its—the man—who turns—out—the gas!' And so it was. In the amusement inspired by this incident our fears vanished, and we ventured to disperse to bed.



A DEAD HERO.

Chorus.

First Voice.

King of men!

All things miracles unto him,
There was the earth, and it spake to him—
There was the water, that laughed to him—
There was the sky, and it sang to him—
And the breeze that buffeted others
Knew him and came and caressed his
Golden glory of hair.

Second Voice.

Therefore from these his lovers
Came Strength herself with a girdle,
And girdled him finding him guileless;
Help came and clear glad eyes,
Looking all utterly fearless,
Fearless; for why should he fear aught
Evil from these his lovers.

First Voice.

Lo! when the Earth was early,
Childlike men in the young time,
Men god-gifted with wonder,
Heard, unastonished, voices
Gently telling, of all things—
“Lo! we are not far from you
All we are here to help you
Only love us;” and these men
Loved and straightway were strong.

Second Voice.

Therefore I think Antaeus
Fainted not, neither was weary;
Therefore Balder the Beautiful
All things vowed to preserve
Only immortal of Aser.

First Voice.

Yet Antaeus the wrestler
Caught up from the Earth his lover
Died in the helpless Aether
Heeding too late its calling.

Second Voice.

Ay! and round Balder the Beautiful
Waited his lovers and wept
Nought availing to aid him
From the one he had not loved.

Chorus.

Even so he, my Hero,
By a heedless chance at last
Fell—I should have seen him sooner—
I should have loved him longer—
I should have died for him,
My great golden-haired man.
King of men!



A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

BRINGING the skirt of the great crystalline masses in the western and central districts of the Alps, is a band of limestone rocks, mostly of the cretaceous era, to which the range of the Jura, rising on the opposite side of the Swiss lowlands, gradually approaches, until the two are united together a little to the south of the Lake of Geneva. The characteristic features of this district are well marked and constant; the mountains consist of long sweeping slopes of turf, formed upon the floor of the upraised strata on the one side, and of one or more precipitous cliffs of rock with steep banks below on the other. At certain spots, where the upheaving force appears to have acted unevenly, these beds are thrown up into sharp peaks; at others they run in an unbroken wall for many a mile, crowned only here and there with some bastion-like outlier of newer rock. At the head of a valley in this region, lying in an angle formed by the river Isère, is the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.

We quitted the railway from Lyons to Grenoble at the busy little town of Voiron, where we hired a carriage to take us to Saint Laurent du Pont, a village situated at the entrance of the glen which leads up to the Grande Chartreuse. The road rises gradually, commanding fine views over the valley of the Isère, until it crosses a low hill and descending into the valley of La Morge, loses sight of the main stream. It then approaches a magnificent gorge between two mountains. On the right are vertical precipices tower-

ing up to a great height; on the left the rocks are only a little less steep, so that the sides appear to have been rent asunder by some natural convulsion. Pine trees have fixed their roots wherever the scanty soil has clung, softening the sternness of the frowning crags; and as though to increase the grandeur of the scene, a mountain rises in front, with smooth rounded cliffs too steep to scale, and seems to bar the ravine. Through this vast chasm the road passes, rising at first, till a kind of watershed is crossed; after which it descends rather rapidly, and at last turning to the left, emerges into a comparatively open and fertile valley.

We left our carriage at St. Laurent du Pont, and started on foot for the monastery. A few minutes walk brought us to the entrance of the lateral valley, in which it is situated. The entrance is through a narrow gorge, and an archway spans the road between the rock and the river: this is the Fourvoirie, the *Forata via*, so called from the road hollowed out in the cliff, which was commenced about the year 1510 by Dom Le Roux, thirty-third general of the order. This gateway was in former days the barrier of the Carthusian domain, and beyond it no female was allowed to pass. A well engineered carriage road now mounts gradually up the gorge. Over it, above long slopes, tower vast precipices of limestone, fringed and tufted with spires of pine, which cling to every ledge and fix their roots in every cranny. Below it the clear stream leaps and dashes among the fallen masses of rock. In rather less than an hour a bridge is reached, spanning the gorge with a single arch, nearly 150 feet above the bed of the torrent. The view from this up the valley towards a magnificent cliff, apparently blocking it up, is very grand. About a mile further on, the road passes under a vast pinnacle of rock which rises like some huge cathedral spire, and is crowned with one or two stunted firs. The difficulties of making

this part of the road must have been considerable; four tunnels are passed, one of which is about 250 feet in length. After this, the road turns aside from the principal branch of the Guiers Mort into a wider glen, and plunges more deeply into the forest. We walked quickly through this; for the evening was now closing in: but before long the tolling of bells broke the stillness of the wood, and some buildings appeared through the trees. In a few minutes we came out in full view of a huge pile of white and grey walls, with long slopes of roof sufficiently broken in outline to be rather picturesque, which stands in an open clearing on the hill side, overhung by the precipices of the Grand Som, and is backed by a rich scene of rounded grassy alps and dark groves of pine. Passing along by the convent wall, we reached the principal entrance, which looks towards the head of the glen; and, after ringing there, were admitted within the gates.

A lay-brother conducted us across the court, and through an entrance hall at the end of a long cloister into a sort of kitchen; where, behind a desk, sat one of the brethren, clad in the customary white flannel robe of the order, with a long beard and clean shaven head. After a few words with him, we were taken into one of the guest rooms, each of which bears the name of some continental nation, that into which we were ushered being the Salle de France.

The Carthusian rule forbids the use of meat within the walls of the monastery; however, with *soupe maigre*, a little fish, omelettes, various cunning preparations of milk, good wine, and a *petit verre* of the genuine Chartreuse liqueur, the traveller does not fare amiss. The lay brothers are attentive and obliging, and the bed chambers, though roughly furnished, are clean. Each, in addition to the necessary fittings, contains a *prie-dieu*, a holy-water stoup, and some pictures of saints.

The Carthusian order was founded in the year A.D. 1083. Fifty years before that date, there was born at Cologne, of parents in easy circumstances, one Bruno, who however was mainly educated at Rheims. To this town he returned, after his ordination, to fill the post of Canon in Theology. During his occupation of that chair the see became vacant, and was usurped by one Manassez. Bruno took an active part in the disputes which resulted from this proceeding, and after the intruder had been expelled by the Pope, had the offer of the vacant mitre. But having already determined to lead a contemplative life, he declined it, and withdrew to Paris. Here, according to tradition, the event occurred which irrevocably fixed his resolution. An intimate friend, one Doctor Raimond Diocres, a man held in great respect for his sanctity of life, died suddenly. The corpse was taken to Notre Dame for burial; the mourners and officiating clergy stood around; they were reading Job xiii. 22, 23, when a deep groan was heard to issue from the coffin. The dead man slowly raised himself up, and from his pallid lips proceeded these terrible words—"I am accused by the just judgment of God." There ensued an awful pause, broken only by the sobs and muttered prayers of the terrified bystanders. Again the dead man spoke—"I am cited before the bar of Divine Justice": clergy and laity alike fell on their knees in silent horror. Once more that awful voice was heard: "I am condemned for evermore by the just sentence of God." This said, the corpse fell back into the coffin. Bruno, horror-stricken, quitted Paris, and retired for awhile to a Benedictine monastery near Châtillon-sur-Seine. From this, after maturing his plans, he departed with six companions to Grenoble, the bishop of which place was an old friend and pupil. He, after trying in vain to dissuade them from their purpose of secluding themselves wholly from their fellow men, granted to them the lonely valley of which we have been speaking.

Hither came Bruno and his companions, and chose for their abode a spot in the forest about a mile above the present convent, where now stands a chapel dedicated to the founder. He however did not end his days here; but, after visiting Rome in obedience to a summons from the Pope, he founded a similar establishment in Calabria, and died there, October 6th, 1101.

The present pile differs much from the wattled huts erected by Bruno. It is an irregular mass of buildings in the tasteless style of the seventeenth century, which is only redeemed from absolute ugliness by the high pitch of its roofs and rather picturesque irregularity of its outline. A wall encloses the monastery, on the north side of which is a massive gateway and porter's lodge. This gives admission to a paved court, on the opposite side of which is the main entrance to the convent: it opens into a long corridor, right and left of which are the principal buildings of the establishment. Somewhat to the left of this group, and making an angle with its general direction, is an oblong court, the larger sides of which are formed by the great cloisters, with which the monks' cells communicate. When once the male visitor has entered the porter's lodge he may congratulate himself, or the reverse, on being on ground sacred to his sex. No woman passes those doors; they may be seen lingering and longing outside them, like as

"A Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."

Next morning, being Sunday, we attended the service in the convent chapel. It is a very plain building with an apsidal east end. The roof is vaulted, the ribs springing from an architrave, which rests on pilasters supported by corbels about half-way down the wall. The choir occupies about two-thirds of the building, and is cut off by a plain wooden screen which is surmounted by a grating. A gallery over the western door is appropriated to visitors, who however

are prevented by the grating from seeing the faces of the monks. The service was very disappointing; and, either from the absence of trebles, or want of proper cultivation, the effect was very different to what I had been led to expect from often listening to the students' choir in St. Mark's College, Chelsea. At certain parts of the service the brethren prostrate themselves upon the ground.

In the course of the morning we made the tour of the convent. From the church we passed into the great gallery, on the walls of which hang paintings of the different convents belonging to the order. This leads to the chapter-house, a square room, ornamented with portraits of the generals of the order and copies of Le Sueur's pictures, representing incidents in S. Bruno's life. Above the general's chair is a statue of the founder. After this we visited the library, which is a square room with a small annexe; it contains about 6000 volumes, which, as far as I could judge from a hasty glance, are chiefly theological. It was despoiled of its choicest treasures at the time of the revolution. Hence we went to the great cloisters; these are built about an irregular oblong, the largest of them being 735 feet long, and consisting of 130 arches. A part of these arches appeared to be good thirteenth century work; the rest was of the same date as the main building. The intervening space is divided into three courts by two transverse cloisters, between which is the cemetery. Stone crosses mark the graves of the generals of the order; the resting-places of the inferior members are undistinguished. The brethren's cells, which open into these cloisters, are not shewn to visitors. They consist, it is said, of two chambers very plainly furnished, which communicate with a little garden. .

Rain had fallen heavily during the morning, but it cleared up sufficiently to allow us to walk to the top of the Grand Som, the highest point of the lime-

stone range overhanging the building on the east. It is a pleasant stroll; first through the pine woods by S. Bruno's chapel, then over the grassy alps, and finally up a steep track among the rocks to the summit of the mountain. The limestone cliffs were bright in many places with Alpine flowers, and I saw for the first time a specimen of the rose-coloured pastor flying about them. The clouds hid from our sight the glacier-covered peaks of Dauphiné, but there was a beautiful view over the neighbouring valleys, the lake of Bourget, and the comparatively level district traversed by the Rhone.

The previous night I had been too sleepy to attend the midnight service, but on this I was awakened by the chanting, and after hurrying on some clothes, went into the strangers' gallery. The chapel was dimly lighted by a few candles, and the singing was even more inharmonious than it had been in the morning; so that I was soon glad to get back to bed, for it was very cold and dismal.

Next morning we left the convent early, after paying the moderate charge made for our entertainment, and walked to St. Pierre de Grande Chartreuse, a little village in the other glen of the Guiers Mort. Our two days *maigre* had produced a decided hankering after the flesh-pots, which we satisfied here; and then ascended through a pine wood to some rich alps, where 300 cows are pastured. Their grassy slopes brought us at last to a pass called the Col du Coq, which commands a lovely view of the crags and glaciers of the Grand Rousses, and of the rich Gresivaudan, watered by the Isère. Into this we descended, and crossing it, hired a carriage at Goncelin, and drove to the Baths of Allevard.

β.



THE PROPHET OF LOVE.

FROM THE ARABIC OF BAHÁ-EDDÉEN ZOHEIR OF EGYPT.

I WORK great wonders in fair Cupid's name,
I come to lovers with these words divine.
No skill had any to declare his flame,
Till taught to utter it in verse of mine.

I am the Prophet of the latter day;
Mine are the votaries of love and youth:
These are my people, in my name they pray,
And own my mission to be love's sweet sooth.

My martial drum throughout their army rolls,
My flaunting standard waving overhead,
My speech doth penetrate the hearers' souls,
And by my eloquence their wits are led.

Where are the lovers? Let me now rehearse
The "righteous remnants" of my faith revealed;
For love "lies sealed with perfume in my verse,"
And none but precious things are so concealed.

When happy lovers in my path I greet,
And hail with "Benedicite!" the pair,
My blessing soundeth to their ears more meet
Than "Benedicite" when breathed in prayer.

Now is my doctrine one of highest truth;
I bear it witness with a mighty sign.
Yet am I gentle as a love-sick youth,
And nought but kindly attributes are mine.

I care for nothing but to keep my faith
Towards those to whom my love and troth I plight,
E'en though my faithfulness should bring me scathe.
My speech is pure, my conduct is upright,

My mind is modest, my regards are chaste,
And though my wont be silence and reserve,
I own the dictates of refined taste,
And bend to all who may my love deserve.

Dear to my heart are damsels young and fair,
I love the wanton drooping-eyed gazelle;
But oh! far greater is my love and care
For her whose name it were not wise to tell.

Men call me lover, and they call me well,
For well and truly do I play the part;
And oh! *how* truly God alone can tell,
Who knoweth every secret of the heart.

My Love, and what a Love! by God's good grace
No parting ever shall our peace alloy.
The day on which I gaze upon thy face,
For me that day is one of twofold joy.

Thou art my soul and all my soul is thine;
Thou art my life, though stealing life away;
I die of Love, then let thy breath benign
Call me to life again, that so I may

Make known to men the secrets of the tomb.
Full well thou knowest that no joys endure;
Come, therefore, ere there come on us our doom,
That union may our present joy secure.

God look on Egypt! many a happy dream
Of bygone days in memory I retrace:
Methinks I look upon the Nile's fair stream,
With all the myriad craft upon its face.

Recount to me the beauties of the Nile,
No more of Tigris or Euphrates sing;
Those nights of joy in Gheiza and the Isle,
Their memories ever round my heart will cling.

There, where the flowerets on the meadows lie,
And spot the verdure like the peacock's vest;
There where the azure of the starlit sky
Is all gem-studded like a falcon's breast;

There bright Khaleega, like a spotted snake,
Past meads and gardens trails its glittering coil;
There did my love and I our pleasure take—
Oh love, and love alone is worth our toil!

There was the pleasure, such as never palls,
Of sense unsatiate and ravished eye:
But now vain sorrowing my spirit galls,
For happy days, for happy days gone by!



THE NEW CHAPEL AND THE CONSECRATION OF IT.

WEDNESDAY, May 12th, 1869, will be a day long remembered by members of the College, as the day of the Consecration of the New Chapel.

The erection of a new Chapel had been desired and discussed in the College for many years. At the beginning of the year 1861, the seventh jubilee of the foundation of our old house, the realization of the project began to take shape; and at the Service of Commemoration of Benefactors on May 6th (St. John Port-Latin Day) of that year, the Preacher, Canon Selwyn, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and formerly Fellow—preaching from Haggai ii. 8, 9—applied the words to the College with a pointed exhortation to mark the jubilee by commencing proceedings.

A meeting of the Master and Fellows was held on May 28th, and a resolution was adopted requesting the Master and Seniors to undertake the work.

The work was placed in the hands of George Gilbert Scott, Esq., R.A., as architect; and, all preliminaries having been settled, the contract for the New Chapel was signed on June 15th, 1863, and the contractors commenced operations on Midsummer Day.

After the Service of Commemoration of Benefactors on St. John Port-Latin, 1864, at which Professor Selwyn again preached the Sermon, a stone was laid for a Foundation-stone by the late Henry Hoare, Esq., M.A., formerly Scholar. Our readers will find an account of this in Number xx. of *The Eagle*, of date June, 1864. The stone is at the base of the south wall of the south

transept, and has on its face a brass plate with a commemorative inscription :

"In Nomini Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti Hujus Sacelli fundamenta posita sunt pridie Nonas Maias A.S. MDCCCLXIV Georgio Gilberto Scott Architecto."

To Mr. Hoare is owing the building of the Tower of the New Chapel. He had undertaken to give for it £1000 a-year for five years, if he should live so long: but he died at the end of two years.

The Chapel is built of Ancaster stone, and is in the style of architecture which prevailed about A.D. 1280, commonly called Early Decorated. This was the original style of the old Chapel, which had its Tudor aspect given to it at the time of the foundation of the College, the perpendicular windows being insertions within the original windows.

The Ground Plan forms the head and the cross arms of a Cross. The head is the Choir, divided at its west end from the cross arms by an open screen in carved oak, and terminating at the east in an Apse of five sides. The cross arms form a Transeptal Ante-chapel, over the middle of which rises the Tower. The Great Door of the Chapel is in the east face of the south transept. A smaller door is in the west face of the north transept. On the north side of the Choir towards the east end is a projection for an Organ Chamber.

In exterior dimensions,

The extreme length of the Chapel from east to west is....	ft.	in.
„ breadth.....north to south is....	193	1
„ length of the Antechapel from north to south is	52	0
„ breadth.....east to west is	89	0
	50	0

The exterior height of the Chapel is

To the top of the Parapet....	ft.	in.
„ ridge.....Roof	50	0
	80	0

The exterior measure of the Tower above the buttresses is

From north to south	ft.
	42
From east to west	41

Its height is

	ft.	in.
To the top of the Parapet.....	140	0
..... Pinnacles....	163	0

The pinnacles are 4 in number, one at each angle.

In interior dimensions,

	ft.	in.
The extreme length of the Chapel from east to west is.....	172	9
The length of the Choir from east end of the Apse to Choir arch is	137	10
The breadth of the Choir is.....	34	0
The height of the ridge of the vaulted ceiling of Choir is.....	63	0

The number of stalls is 98.

The Organ Chamber is 31 ft. 10 in. long, 14 ft. 6 in. broad, and 33 ft. 6 in. high from the floor to the two apices of its stone groined ceiling.

Of the Ante-chapel

	ft.	in.
The interior length is	74	8
„ breadth in the Transepts is	32	0
„ under the Tower is	29	8
„ measure of the Tower from north to south is	30	8

The Tower is open in the interior to the top of its second stage of windows at the height of 84 feet from the basement.

Above is a Belfry Chamber, the interior dimensions of which are

	ft.	in.
Length from north to south	34	3
Breadth from east to west	33	3
Height	40	0

The tower is divided from the north transept by two open arches, and similarly from the south transept. Its piers are of Ketton stone. The middle piers, north and south, have a shaft of Peterhead red granite on each of their four faces. The other piers have clusters of shafts of Devonshire, Irish, and Serpentine marbles. The abaci of all the piers are of black Derbyshire marble.

In the sides of the windows in the ante-chapel, except of those in the second stage in the Tower, are shafts of Devonshire, Irish, and Serpentine marbles.

In the south wall of the south transept three arches have been constructed for receiving the arches of Bishop Fisher's chantry from the old Chapel.

Ashton's monument has been moved from the old Chapel, and placed under the eastern of the two arches which divide the tower from the north transept. (He was comptroller of the household to the Lady Margaret, and was one of her executors; and himself founded four fellowships and four scholarships).

Dr. Wood's statue has been moved from the old Chapel, and placed facing eastward in front of the middle of the west wall of the tower.

Stalls from the old Chapel have been placed eastward in the Choir, 22 on each side.

Outside of the old Chapel, round its east end, and along its north side, was a stone passage leading to rooms which were between the old Chapel and a lane, called St. John's lane, leading to the river.

These rooms were called the rooms in the *Labyrinth*.

In the demolition of these the Chapel of St. John's Hospital, which was founded in the reign of Henry II., or perhaps before, and to which the Lady Margaret's Foundation succeeded, was discovered. Its style is the earliest type of Early English. An Account of this Chapel has been published by Professor C. C. Babington, and is printed in No. XXII. of *The Eagle*, of date March, 1865.

The arches of its Piscina, which is there described, have been placed in the south side of the sacrum of the New Chapel.

Under the terminations of the principal ribs of the ceiling of the Choir, are statues carved in stone with distinctive emblems. Taken in order from east to west they represent—

North Side.

St. John, as Evangelist.
St. Luke.
St. Mark.
St. Matthew.

South Side.

St. John, as Apostle.
St. Paul.
St. Peter.
St. Thomas.

North Side.
 St. Bartholomew.
 St. James the Greater.
 St. Jude.
 St. Matthias.
 St. Stephen.
 St. Philip the Deacon.

South Side.
 St. Philip the Apostle.
 St. Andrew.
 St. James the Less.
 St. Simon.
 St. Barnabas.
 St. Silas.

Under these, and also in the sides of the windows in the Choir, and of the bays opening into the organ chamber, are shafts of Devonshire, Irish, and Serpentine marbles.

The basement of the Choir from the screen to the sacarium is laid with Purbeck and Sicilian marbles, and encaustic tiles.

The steps leading up to the Altar are six in number, and of Devonshire marble.

The pace to which the first step ascends is laid with Purbeck, Sicilian, and black Derbyshire marbles, and encaustic tiles.

The second pace has the same marbles and tiles, and also figures of white marble inlaid in a ground of black Derbyshire with distinctive inscriptions.

The twelve Signs of the Zodiac are a symbolical representation of the Celestial Sphere.

Of the Scriptural subjects taken in order from north to south,

In the lower line,

Moses Propheta has the inscription (Exodus xii. 26, 27)—

“Quæ est ista religio? Victima transitus Domini est, quando transivit super domos filiorum Israel in Ægypto.”

Moses at the Burning Bush has round him the words (Exodus iii. 5)—

“Ne appropies huc: solve calceamentum de pedibus tuis: locus enim, in quo stas, terra sancta est.”

Zacharias Propheta has (Zach. ix. 17)—

“Quid enim bonum ejus est, et quid pulchrum ejus, nisi frumentum electorum, et vinum germinans virgines?”

Moses, in the midst of the gathering of manna, stands, as if uttering the surrounding words (Wisdom xvi. 20, and Psalm lxxviii 25).—

"Panem de cœlo præstitisti eis omne delectamentum in se habentem. Panem angelorum manducavit homo : cibaria misit eis in abundantia."

Malachias Propheta has (Mal. i. 11)—

"Magnum est nomen meum in gentibus et in omni loco sacrificatur, et offertur nomini meo oblatio munda."

In the line above these,

Abel sacrificing has round him the words (Gen. iv. 4)—

"Abel obtulit de primogenitis gregis sui, et de adipibus eorum : et respexit Dominus ad Abel, et ad munera ejus."

Salomon Rex, holding in his hand a model to represent the Temple, is saying (Prov. ix. 1, 2, 5)—

"Sapientia immolavit victimas suas, miscuit vinum, et proposuit mensam suam. Venite, comedite panem meum, et bibite vinum quod ego miscui vobis."

Melchizedech brings forth bread and wine, and blesses Abram ; and around them are the words (Heb. i. 1 ; Genesis xiv. 18, 19)—

"Melchisedech, rex Salem, Sacerdos Dei Summi, obviavit Abrahæ et benedixit ei. Proferens panem et vinum ait, Benedictus Abram Deo excelso."

David Rex holds his harp, and prophesies (Psalm lxviii. 19, 18)—

"Ascendisti in altum, cepisti captivitatem, accepisti dona in hominibus : etenim non credentes inhabitare Dominum Deum, Dominum in eis in Sinai in sancto."

The sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham has round it Isaac's question and Abraham's answer (Gen. xxii. 7, 8)—

"Ecce ignis et ligna, ubi est victima holocausti ? Deus providebit sibi victimam holocausti."

There are also on this second pace, at the north side, figures of *Theologia* and *Philosophia* ; and at the south, figures of *Geometria* and *Poesis*.

On this pace in the south wall are four Sedilia.

The third pace has the same marbles and tiles as the

first and second, and has figures representing, in order from north to south—

Justice, Temperance, Faith, Charity, Hope, Humility, Fortitude.

On this third pace in the south wall is the Piscina above mentioned.

The fourth pace is laid with Sicilian marbles and tiles, with a border of Devonshire marble round the base of the walls.

A fifth and a sixth step lead up to the pace on which stands the Altar.

The Altar is of oak with a single slab of Belgian marble for its top.

The front has three deeply carved panels, of which that in the centre represents the Lamb with the Banner; that at the north side of it the Lion, as the Evangelistic emblem of St. Mark, and that on the south the Eagle as the emblem of St. John. The north end of the Altar has a panel with the Angel for the emblem of St. Matthew, and the south end a panel with the Ox for the emblem of St. Luke.

Round the whole of the sacrarium, which is divided in blind arcading in pairs of smaller arches within a larger, are shafts of Devonshire, Irish, and Serpentine marbles. The abaci are of the red marble, known as the Duke of Devonshire's marble, and were the gift of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University.

Within each of the larger arches and above the two included smaller, is a quatrefoil with an angel carved in stone, appearing from an encircling cloud, and playing an instrument of music.

The spandrels of the larger arches are carved in diaper work.

The five Painted Windows of the Apse are the gift of the Earl of Powis, LL.D., of St. John's College, High Steward of the University. Taken round the apse in order, beginning on the north side, they have for their subjects—

I. Christ the Light of the World.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Patriarchs looking upwards in contemplation. | 1. Kings looking upwards in contemplation. |
| 2. Our Lord washing the Disciples' feet. S. JOHN xiii. 4... | 2. The Agony. |
| 3. Mary washing the feet of Jesus. S. JOHN xii. 3. | 3. The Betrayal. |

II. Christ the True Manna.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Prophets looking upwards in contemplation. | 1. Priests of Old Dispensation looking upwards in contemplation. |
| 2. Jesus before Caiaphas. | 2. 'Behold your King!' S. JOHN xix. 14. |
| 3. Jesus captive. S. JOHN xviii. 12. | 3. Jesus scourged. S. JOHN xix. 1. |

III. Christ the Spotless Lamb. S. JOHN i. 29; REV. v. 6.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Apostles looking upwards in contemplation. | 1. Apostolic men looking upwards in contemplation. |
| 2. The Crucifixion. | 2. Descent from the Cross. |
| 3. Bearing the Cross. S. JOHN xix. 17. | 3. St. John taking the Blessed Virgin to his own home. S. JOHN xix. 27. |

IV. Christ in Apocalyptic Vision. REV. i. 12....

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Martyrs (Men) looking upwards in contemplation. | 1. Martyrs (Women) looking upwards in contemplation. |
| 2. Lament over our Lord's Body. | 2. Entombment. S. JOHN xix. 38-42. |
| 3. Joseph begging the Body of Jesus. S. JOHN xix. 38. | 3. Nicodemus bringing spices. S. JOHN xix. 39. |

V. Christ the Good Shepherd.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Bishops and Doctors looking upwards in contemplation. | 1. Priests and Deacons looking upwards in contemplation. |
| 2. The Resurrection. | 2. 'Noli metangere.' S. JOHN xx. 16, 17. |
| 3. St. Peter and St. John at the Sepulchre. S. JOHN xx. 3. | 3. St. Mary Magdalene at the Sepulchre. S. JOHN xx. 11, 12. |

Painted glass for the following side windows of the Choir has been provided for:—

- (1) For a window on the North side next to the Apse, in memory of the late Rev. A. V. Hadley, Fellow and Tutor, by his friends.
- (2) For a window on the South side next to the Apse, in memory of Sir Ralph Hare, by Hare Exhibitioners.
- (3) For a window on the South side, next west of (2), by C. Bamford, Esq., M.A., St. John's College.
- (4) For a window on the South side, next west of (3), by F. S. Powell, Esq., M.A., formerly Fellow.
- (5) For a window on the South side, next west of (4), by the Rev. A. C. Haviland, M.A., late Fellow.
- (6) For a side window by the Rev. S. Parkinson, D.D., Senior Fellow, President, and Tutor.

(7) For a window on the North side next west of the Organ Chamber, by the Rev. Canon Selwyn, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and formerly Fellow.

(8) For the Westernmost window on the North side, by William Cunliffe Brooks, Esq., M.A., St. John's College.

The Subject of (1) is to be The Last Supper.

„ (2)....."Peace be unto you."

„ (3).....The Ascension.

„ (4).....The Descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost.

„ (5).....The Healing at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

The great West Window in the Tower has been filled with painted glass by Bachelors and Undergraduates of the College. The subject is The Last Judgement.

The beautiful, though fragmentary, painted glass which was in the east window of the old Chapel has been placed in the middle of the three windows in the west face of the lantern-stage of the tower.

The painted glass which was placed in a window of the old Chapel in memory of the late Rev. John James Blunt, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and formerly Fellow, by his widow and family, has been adapted to the window in the east face of the north transept of the new Chapel. In the three lights of the window respectively it represents St. John as the writer of his Gospel, his Epistles, and the Apocalypse.

The painted glass which was placed in a window in the old Chapel in memory of the Rev. Dr. Tatham, late Master of the College, by his brother and sister, will be replaced by glass for the two windows in the north face of the north transept. The subjects will be from the Apocalypse.

The Ceiling of the Choir is vaulted in oak in nineteen bays decorated by a continuous line of figures in full length, and by scroll work in polychrome.

In the central bay at the east end is a representation of OUR LORD IN MAJESTY.

The other eighteen bays contain figures of *illustrious* of the eighteen Christian centuries after the first, each bay being appropriated to a century. The

centuries proceed in order from east to west, those of even number on the north side, and those of odd on the south.

In the *Second Century* is

ST. IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, martyred in the persecution under Trajan. In accordance with his appellation of Christophorus, he holds in his hand his emblem, a heart with the sacred monogram IHS. With him is

ST. POLYCARP, Bishop of Smyrna, martyred under Aurelius. He holds a burning stake, indicating the manner of his martyrdom.

In the *Third Century* is

ORIGEN, head of the great Catechetical School of Alexandria, and

ST. CYPRIAN, Bishop of Carthage, martyred under Valerian.

The *Fourth Century* is represented by

ST. ATHANASIUS, Patriarch of Alexandria, and

ST. AMBROSE, Archbishop of Milan. The scourge, the emblem of penance, commemorates his resolute excommunication of the emperor Theodosius, till he had performed public penance for his indiscriminate slaughter of inhabitants of Thessalonica.

In the *Fifth Century* is

ST. CHRYSOSTOM, Patriarch of Constantinople, and

ST. AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hippo. He carries his emblem of a burning heart, indicating the intensity of his repentance, or the ardour of his devotion.

The *Sixth Century* commences with

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, Bishop of Rome. The dove at his ear is an emblem of the Holy Spirit inspiring his writings. Next to St. Gregory is

ST. AUGUSTINE, who was sent by him on a mission to England for the conversion of the Saxons, and was consecrated first Archbishop of Canterbury. He is attired as a Benedictine monk, and carries a picture of the banner representing the crucifixion of Our Lord,

which he and his company bore as they came in procession, chanting a litany, to their first interview with Ethelbert, king of Kent. St. Augustine is followed by

ST. ETHELBERT, his convert, and founder of the see of Canterbury. Next after Ethelbert is

ST. COLUMBA, Abbot of Iona, called after him Icolmkill, which became under him, and continued to be for many long years of barbarism, the school of learning, and the centre of evangelization, for all western Europe. The century closes with

ST. BENEDICT, the founder of the Benedictine order.

The *Seventh Century* is represented, first by

ST. PAULINUS, one of St. Augustine's companions, and sent as domestic chaplain with Ethelbert's daughter Ethelburga, when she was given in marriage to Edwin, king of Northumbria. He was consecrated first Archbishop of York. Next is

ST. EDWIN himself, converted by Paulinus, and founder of the see of York, the adoption of whose name for a common English Christian name, was a memorial of the veneration in which he was held for the justice and the beneficence of his reign.

ST. ETHELDREDA follows, foundress and first Abbess of the monastery of Ely. Her staff, which budded, and grew into an overshadowing tree, is an emblem of Divine protection. Next is a prince commemorated by the University in its Catalogue of Benefactors as "that most famous and renowned prince

SIGEBERT, king of the East Angles," who founded the first school known in England for the instruction of boys in letters. The flattering tradition, which placed it at Cambridge, has unhappily been disturbed: the school is thought to have been at Dunwich on the coast of Suffolk. A purse, indicating his bounty, hangs from his arm, and he holds a charter of foundation. The last in this century is

ST. THEODORE, Archbishop of Canterbury, and first Primate of England, who originated the division of the

country into Parishes, and, by the impulse which he gave to Greek and Latin learning among the Anglo-Saxon clergy, laid the foundation of an English school of theology and literature.

First in the *Eighth Century* is

WINFRID, of Crediton, in Devonshire, the ST. BONIFACE, to whose devoted missionary labours great part of Germany owed its conversion. The book pierced with a sword represents his treasured *De Bono Mortis* of St. Ambrose, which, stained with his blood when he was murdered by pagan Frieslanders, was long exhibited as a relic at the Abbey of Fulda which he founded. Next is

BEDE, the diligent and learned monk of Jarrow, in Northumberland, to whom mainly the Church of England is indebted for its early history.

ST. FRIDESWIDE follows, the Patron Saint of the City of Oxford, and, as such, having an ox at her feet. At Oxford she founded a nunnery, to which, after several intermediate changes, the foundation of Christ Church succeeded. Next is

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, one of the first writers of systematic theology, and famous in the Greek Church, as Peter Lombard and Thomas Aquinas in the Latin. From his hand hangs a string of beads, such as was afterwards called a rosary; and, in accordance with a received representation of him, he holds a vase.*

* A string of beads, for counting the number of prayers recited, involves no error in art, as the use of it was of Eastern origin. Traces are found of the use of it in the Latin Church in the Tenth Century to count the number of repetitions of the Lord's Prayer, and of *Ave Maria*. After the time of St. Dominic in the Thirteenth Century, this use of it in the Latin Church became general.

The Vase may perhaps mean the physician's vase of healing ointment, which is sometimes placed in the hands of sainted physicians. St John of Damascus has been confounded, probably by reason of his Arabic name of *Mansour*, with John Mesue, also of Damascus, a celebrated writer on medicine. See Bayle's *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*, DAMASCENE (JEAN), note E: but the correction of the mistake by the chronology is erroneous; see *Biographie Universelle*, MESUE.

The century closes with the learned and judicious

ALCUIN, of York, the foremost scholar of his age, the valued friend and counsellor of the Emperor Charlemagne, and the preceptor of his sons.

The *Ninth Century* begins with

KING ALFRED, as great as the greatest of its ornaments, famous as king and scholar and patron of learning; and, for his settlement of learned foreigners in a seminary at Oxford, regarded as the founder of the University. Next, the Greek Church contributes one of the most prominent persons in the history of its relations to the Latin in the learned

PHOTIUS, Patriarch of Constantinople. After him is

ST. ADELARD, Abbot of Corbie, who was probably a pupil of ALCUIN, and, as uniting the characteristics of St. Augustine and St. Antony, was called the Augustine and the Antony of his age. He stands, as at the gate of his abbey, distributing bread from a basket of loaves. St. Adelard is followed by

BERTRAM (= BEATUS RATRAMNUS), whose treatise on the Eucharist is said to have been the cause, first of Ridley's, and then of Cranmer's, abandonment of the Roman doctrine of Transubstantiation, and so to have left its impress on the Church of England. Next is

ST. EDMUND, king of East Anglia, who surrendered himself to invading Danes, in order to save his subjects from their ferocity, and, having been bound to a tree, was shot to death with arrows. He holds an arrow and cords.

The *Tenth Century* has

OTHO THE GREAT, Emperor of Germany, active in promoting Christianity, as yet but imperfectly established among his rude subjects, by the foundation of bishoprics, convents, and schools. As having reunited Lombardy to the empire, he holds its iron crown.

ST. DUNSTAN, Archbishop of Canterbury, perhaps the most influential man of his day in England. He was a zealous patron of monasticism, and founded or

refounded many religious houses and schools, repairing the ravages of the Danes, and extending and establishing the Benedictine system throughout England.

ST. VLADIMIR, sovereign of Russia, who, after his own conversion to Christianity, laboured to promote it among his subjects by founding schools of Christian teaching throughout his dominions.

OLGA, his grandmother, who governed before him with consummate prudence and skill, and, converted at an advanced age, prepared the way by influence and example for the subsequent exertions of her grandson.

ST. EDWARD THE MARTYR, king of England, whose youthful promise of a good reign was cut short by the dagger of an assassin, that he might make way for his stepmother's son, Ethelred the Unready. Stabbed whilst drinking a cup of wine, he bears a cup and a dagger.*

The *Eleventh Century* follows with

ST. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, last of the Anglo-Saxon Kings of England, founder of Westminster Abbey; in which, ever since the Norman conquest, the sovereigns of England have been crowned. He was the patron saint of England till St. George was acknowledged as such in the thirteenth century. The purse which hangs from his arm, indicates his liberality in almsgiving. The ring in his left hand represents the ring which, according to the legend, he gave to a stranger who asked alms for the love of God and St. John; and which, after twenty-four years, was sent back to him through two pilgrims returning from the Holy Land, with a message that soon after receiving it he should depart the world. The stranger was St. John.*

* Of the Churches in England dedicated in the name of St. Edward, that at Corfe Castle, where St. Edward the Martyr was murdered, is said to be the only one known to bear the name of the Martyr, and that at Cambridge the only one known to bear the name of the Confessor. In Mr. Goodknap's deed of indenture giving tenements in St. Edward's Parish, Cambridge, to found a Fellowship at Trinity Hall, A.D. 1508, the parish is called *parochia Sti. Edwardi Martyris*.

PETER THE HERMIT, whose preaching aroused Europe to the first Crusade.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON, its principal leader, saluted at the taking of Jerusalem as its king, though he would not accept the title, nor wear a crown. He carries on his shield the Jerusalem Cross. In his hand he holds an apple, having 'died, it is said, of poisoned fruit brought to him as a present of honour by the Emir of Cæsarea.

LANFRANC, called, though an Italian, the first Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, as having been chosen for the see by William the Conqueror. He was reputed the ablest dialectician of his age; and, as Prior of the monastery of Bec, in Normandy, had founded the great school of Bec, which became the most famous in Europe. Under him the arrangement of the Offices of Divine Service made by Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, and known afterwards as the Use of Sarum, was generally adopted throughout the south of England.

ST. ANSELM, Lanfranc's successor, celebrated for his resistance to the unscrupulous seizures of Church property by William Rufus, and to Henry I.'s claim to investitures. He is regarded as the first of the scholastic theologians, and is considered to have been the author of the argument called the Cartesian, which seeks to prove the existence of God from an innate idea, or from the conception of an All-perfect Being implanted in the mind of man. He carries a ship, in accordance with the legend that a ship in which he was embarked started a plank, but no water could enter.

The *Twelfth Century* commences with

Pope ADRIAN IV., Nicolas Breakspear, the only Englishman that ever filled the Papal throne. Next to him is

ST. THOMAS à BECKET, Archbishop of Canterbury. His murder is indicated by the sword across his mitre. He is followed by

ST. BERNARD, Abbot of Clairvaux, called *Doctor*

Mellifluus, and accounted as the last of the Fathers, one of the most influential men of his day in Christendom, from the respect entertained for his genius, sanctity, and learning. From him the Cistercian monks took their name of Bernardins. Next is

ST. HUGH, Bishop of Lincoln, and founder of the present cathedral, held in such honour that at his funeral John, king of England, and William the Lion, king of Scotland, held up the pall. His shrine at Lincoln was scarcely less thronged with pilgrims than that of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. He has by his side a swan, the emblem of peaceful solitude, perhaps because his fame was known when he was still in the seclusion of the monastery of Chartreuse. Last in the century is

MATILDA, Queen of Henry I., a supreme favourite with the English nation, as being niece of the Saxon Edgar Atheling, and as a Queen that used her influence in promotion of deeds of gentleness and mercy.

The *Thirteenth Century* opens with

ST. LOUIS IX., king of France, the Crusader.

"Years roll away: again the tide of crime
Has swept Thy footsteps from the favour'd clime.

Where shall the holy Cross find rest?

On a crown'd monarch's mailed breast:

Like some bright angel o'er the darkling scene

Through court and camp he holds his heavenward course serene."

(Keble's *Christian Year*—Advent Sunday).

Historians agree in the high character which they give of this prince, and in their estimate of the benefits which he conferred on his people by his administration. He promulgated the feudal laws called the Establishments of St. Louis. The chapel afterwards called La Sainte Chapelle was built by him to receive what was believed to be the true Crown of Thorns, which he had obtained from Baldwin II., Emperor of Constantinople, and other relics which he had collected in the Holy Land. He holds a sceptre and a staff of

justice;* the nails from the Cross are in his right hand which is encircled by the Crown of Thorns, and on his sleeve is the red cross of the Crusader.

ROGER BACON follows, the Franciscan Friar of Oxford, the *Doctor Admirabilis*, a man of transcendent genius, and far in advance of his age in learning of all kinds. For his skill in physical science he was esteemed a magician, and confined as such for many years to a monastery. Next is

HUGH DE BALSHAM, Bishop of Ely. He had placed some secular scholars in St. John's Hospital, but transferred them to *hospicia juxta ecclesiam Sancti Petri* (now called St. Mary's the Less), thus founding *Domus Sancti Petri*.

ROBERT GROSTETE, Bishop of Lincoln, is next in order, the intrepid reformer of abuses of Ecclesiastical patronage, Regal, Papal, and Monastic, alike.

STEPHEN LANGTON, Archbishop of Canterbury, asserted the rights of the Church against King John, and the liberties of England, first against the King, and, when the King had made his peace with the Pope, against the Pope. It was mainly to his courage and prudence that England was indebted for Magna Charta. He was a diligent preacher and commentator on the Bible, which he is said to have first divided into chapters.

Next is the *Fourteenth Century* with

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, Bishop of Winchester, founder of New College, Oxford, and of Winchester College and School.

King EDWARD II., the reputed founder of Oriel College, Oxford.†

* Called a *Main de Justice*, "espèce de sceptre que le Roi portoit le jour de son sacre, au bout duquel est la figure d'une main."—*Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*.

† The College was founded by Adam de Brom, Edw. II.'s almoner, who, to secure for it protection and patronage, made it over to the King with the name and the rights of Founder.

MARIA DE VALENCE, Countess of Pembroke, foundress of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

WILLIAM BATEMAN, Bishop of Norwich, founder of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

THOMAS BRADWARDINE, celebrated as *Doctor Profundus*, an acute theologian and mathematician, and for a short time (June to August) until his death, Archbishop of Canterbury. He holds in his hand his treatise *De Causa Dei contra Pelagianos*.

The representatives of the *Fifteenth Century* are

HENRY CHICHELE, for 29 years Archbishop of Canterbury, founder of All Souls' College, Oxford, and of St. Bernard's College, Oxford, which was succeeded in 1555 by the College of St. John the Baptist.

MARGARET OF ANJOU, the queen of Henry VI., who began the foundation of a college in Cambridge which was completed by Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., and bears memorial of its two foundresses in its name of "the Queens' College of St. Margaret and St. Bernard."

THOMAS à KEMPIS, the reputed author, but probably only one of many transcribers, of the *De Imitatione Christi*, a treatise which has been translated into every language in Christendom, and prized as a heritage of the Church in all lands.

King HENRY VI., founder of Eton College, and of "the King's College of our Lady and St. Nicholas in Cambridge."

JOHN ALCOCK, Bishop of Ely, founder of Jesus College, Cambridge.

Of the *Sixteenth Century* the central figure is

The LADY MARGARET, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of king Henry VII, foundress of Christ's and St. John's Colleges, and of the Lady Margaret's Professorships of Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge. A memoir of this noble lady is given in Nos. XIX., XX., XXII., XXIII., of the *Eagle*, of dates March and June, 1864, and March and June, 1865. She wears, in

accordance with the usual representation of her, the habit of a nun,* and carries in her hand a model of a building, as foundress of our College. On the left of the Lady Margaret is the able and courageous

JOHN FISHER, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal, the Lady Margaret's Confessor, and, after her death, one of her executors. As it was owing to his advice that our College was founded, so it was owing to his exertions that, notwithstanding the rapacity of her dependants and of king Henry VIII., endowments were secured for it. He himself founded four fellowships and two scholarships, gave to the College plate and vestments for the Chapel, and bequeathed to it, besides other property, his noble library. "It was thought the like was not to be found again in the possession of any one private man in Christendom."† He had built the Fisher Chantry in the old Chapel for his own burial. But he was sent to the Tower by Henry VIII. and beheaded, on the charge of denial of the king's supremacy. His bequests were all lost to the College. He framed statutes for the College, and holds a book of *Statuta* in his hand. On the Lady Margaret's right is

NICOLAS METCALFE, chaplain to Bishop Fisher, and appointed, in 1518, master of the recently opened College.‡ During the twenty years of his mastership he administered the revenues with great care, and trained up a succession of scholars equal to any in Europe. On the left of Bishop Fisher is

SIR JOHN CHEKE, fellow of the College, the first Regius Professor of Greek in the University, and Public Orator, afterwards tutor to Henry VIII's son, Prince Edward. Amongst his pupils at St. John's were

* See Hymers' edition of Bishop Fisher's Funeral Sermon on the Lady Margaret, Baker's Preface, p. 16.

† Baily's *Life and Death of That Renowned John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester*, p. 186.

‡ He was the third Master. The College was formally opened on July 29, 1516; see Hymers' edition of Bishop Fisher's Funeral Sermon on the Lady Margaret, Appendix, p. 256.

William Cecil, who became Lord Burghley, and Roger Ascham. At a time when very few scholars were acquainted with Greek, he did incalculable service in promoting the study, as well of Classical Greek authors, as of the New Testament. His translation of St. Matthew's Gospel, and of the 1st chapter of St. Mark, from the original Greek into English, was one of the most important publications of his day. The figure is taken from a copy of the original engraving in Holland's *Heroologia Anglica*. On the right of Nicolas Metcalfe is

ROGER ASCHAM, fellow of the College, and Cheke's pupil and successor as Public Orator, afterwards tutor to the Princess Elizabeth, and her highly esteemed Latin secretary when she was queen. The figure is from a scarce print in the British Museum.

The *Seventeenth Century* commences with

GEORGE HERBERT, another Public Orator, afterwards Rector of Bemerton, still known as a household friend by his *Temple*, and his *Country Parson*. Next is

Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR.* He is followed by

THOMAS KEN, Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower by king James II. for refusing to read what was insidiously called a declaration for liberty of conscience.† After-

* "There are two old houses in Cambridge, which tradition points out as claimants for the honour of having been the place of Taylor's birth. The preference seems to rest with that which is now [1822] the Bull inn, opposite Trinity Church. The rival tenement, known by the sign of the Wrestlers, in the Petty Cury, is, as I am assured, beyond the limits of the parish [Holy Trinity], where Jeremy Taylor and his brothers were baptized, where his parents were married, and where his father served the office of churchwarden."—Heber's *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, Note (A).

"The Bull inn, opposite Trinity Church" cannot well mean the Red Bull, which was in Sidney Street, and was separated from Trinity Church by a range of houses. It is perhaps an error for the Black Bear, access to which was opposite to the north porch of the Church. The Wrestlers is in the parish of St. Andrew the Great.

† Three of the seven were of St. John's College; Lake, of Chichester; White, of Peterborough; Turner, of Ely. Their arms are in the middle part of the new bay window in the Hall. With them are the arms of Lloyd,

wards, under William III., he was deprived as a non-juror. He was the author of the Morning Hymn, beginning—

‘Awake, my soul, and with the sun’,

and of the Evening Hymn, beginning—

‘Glory to Thee, my God, this night’;

composing them, and a Midnight Hymn,—

‘Lord, now my sleep does me forsake,’

“for the use of the Scholars of Winchester College.”

Next to Ken is

ROBERT LEIGHTON, Bishop of Dunblane, and subsequently appointed Archbishop of Glasgow, as being the only man competent to deal with the religious discords of the times in the west of Scotland. And last in the century is

BLAISE PASCAL, eminent in his youth as a mathematician; afterwards the unsparing castigator of the principles and practices of Jesuits in his *Provincial Letters*.

Of the *Eighteenth Century*, the first is the learned

WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, one of our own *alumni*, no less laborious as a minister than as a student, and called in his day the Reviver and Restorer of Primitive Piety. He refused the Bishopric of Bath and Wells on Ken’s deprivation. In 1704 he was made Bishop of St. Asaph. To him succeeds

JOSEPH BUTLER, Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, and author of *The Analogy*. Next is

Bishop of Norwich. Owing to neglect at a post-office, he had not the opportunity of joining the bishops in their petition to the King; but, together with other bishops, he expressed his concurrence by subscribing it after it had been presented (see the facsimile of the signatures in Cardwell’s *Docum. Annals*, at No. clxiv.); and, whilst the seven were in the Tower, he served them “as their Solicitor, conveying to them those advices of the Nobility, Lawyers, and other friends, by which they governed their conduct through the whole course of this affair; and this his assiduity was so much taken notice of, that he was more than once threatened to be sent to keep company with those, whose cause he so diligently solicited.”—*Life of Dr. Humphrey Prideaux*., pp. 40, 41.

Under William III. they were all deprived.

FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray, who divided with Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, the attention of France, whilst the two, renowned as they were for genius and power of writing, carried on their controversy respecting the doctrines of what were called *Mystics* and *Quietists*.

SCHWARZ follows, the Danish missionary to the south of India. And westernmost is

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

The *Nineteenth Century* is all our own. It is represented by

HENRY MARTYN, fellow, the devoted missionary to India, to whom the editor of his Journals and Letters well applies words from the *De Imitatione Christi*,

‘Nemo ditior eo est, qui scit sese et omnia relinquere.’

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, who, as a member of the House of Commons, toiled for years for the abolition of Slavery. He holds in his hand a Bill for the Abolition of Slavery, and is trampling upon the chains struck off from the negro.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Poet Laureate, “the pure and guileless minstrel, who in his latter days spoke so earnestly of the dignity of the poet’s mission, and the deep responsibility of those who can pour forth Verse that charms the ear and hangs on the lips of men, and flies from land to land, from age to age, bearing with it either a blessing or a curse.”*

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, fellow, who went to New Zealand to be chaplain to its first bishop, but died within a few months after his arrival, leaving as a legacy to his beloved and loving New Zealanders a translation into Maori of part of Ken’s Evening Hymn which they delighted to sing as “the sick minister’s hymn.” To the College he gave the Eagle from which

* *The New Chapel of St. John’s College, Cambridge: a word spoken at the Annual Commemoration of Benefactors, May 6, 1861, by William Selwyn, Lady Margaret’s Reader in Theology, and now Lithographed by the College.*

the lessons are read in Chapel, and bequeathed his library. And last is

JAMES WOOD, successively fellow, tutor, and for twenty-four years master, who repaid to the College a thousand-fold its care of him as an Undergraduate, by his zeal for its interests, and his princely benefactions.

On the Outside of the Chapel,

The Great Door has in its inner arch a representation of Our Lord in Majesty, attended on either side by an angel swinging a censer. At the springs of its outer arch are heads of King Henry VIII. and Queen Victoria, indicating respectively the date of the Foundation of the College, and the date of the erection of the New Chapel.

Round the whole of the Choir runs a blind arcading, with small and exquisitely carved heads at the springs of the arches, and also a series of niches to receive statues. Some of these are provided for.

The Roof is covered with Colly Weston slate.

In each face of the Tower are two niches containing statues, representing, one a founder of a building dedicated to religion, carrying a model, and the other a minister of religion as if receiving it at his hands. In the West face are Moses and Aaron; in the East, Solomon and the first High-Priest of the Temple; in the North, Henry Frost, a burgess of Cambridge, founder of St. John's hospital, and the Bishop of Ely of the date of the foundation; in the South, the Lady Margaret and Bishop Fisher.

THE CONSECRATION.

Invitations to the Consecration had been issued by the Master and Fellows two months beforehand to all non-resident members of the College whose names were on the boards and addresses known, and to all subscribers to the Chapel Fund. To each of those who accepted the invitation, 600 in number, was sent a card of admission to the Consecration, and also a card of

invitation and admission to a collation. Some, as was to be expected amongst so many, were, at the last, prevented from coming; but, as far as could be ascertained, there were present at the Consecration, residents included, some 900 members of our own body. Many non-residents arrived before the day. The Musical Society of the College had provided for them a hearty welcome in a Concert, which they gave in the large room of the Guildhall on the evening of May 11th, Dr. Garrett conducting. To all who had accepted the College invitation to the Consecration, invitations to the Concert had been sent for themselves and for any number of friends. The response shewed how well the greeting was appreciated, and the delight of the audience, which filled the room, how much the musical treat was enjoyed.

The weather on the 12th, the day of Consecration, was genial in its sunshine and temperature. A special train from London brought large numbers in the morning: a return special train had been provided for the evening also.

Morning Prayer and Litany were said in the Old Chapel as usual, at 7 A.M., a throng of old members of the College being present to join in the last service that would be held within its walls.

After the service in the Old Chapel, the day was a Surplice Day. 11.15 A.M. was the time appointed for the service of Consecration; but the Great Door of the New Chapel was opened half an hour beforehand to admit the Vice-Chancellor, the Members of Parliament for the University, Heads of Houses, Proctors, the Mayor of Cambridge, and any others that desired to take their places before the entrance of the procession; Fellows of the College being in attendance to marshal to their places both those who entered before the procession, and those who entered in it.

The Choir for the day consisted, men and boys included, of 48 persons.

Twelve were Undergraduates of the College :

Carver, T. G.

Cook, C. H. H.

Drew, C. E.

Evans, L. H.

Hanbury, W. F. J.

Macmeikan, J. A.

Madge, F. T.

Norris, L. C. C. R.

Pate, H. W.

Pierson, C. H.

Roberts, F. P.

Savage, F.

To Dr. Garrett, who conducted, and to all who composed, the Choir, the College is very greatly indebted for careful preparation, and effective and reverential execution of the musical part of the day's services. Dr. Garrett had practised the Choir with his accustomed painstaking and skill, seconded by the able and heartily rendered assistance of Mr. Frederic Smith, one of the permanent College Choir, and master of the Choir-boys' school. Of the effect of the New Organ in the Chapel nothing more needs be said, than that the acoustic properties of the Chapel are good, that the instrument is magnificent, and that Dr. Garrett played it.

The order of the Procession was as follows :

1. The Choir, led by Dr. Garrett, the Organist of the College.

2. Undergraduate Members of the Foundation.

3. Scholars, B.A.

4. Fellows.

5. The Master, accompanied by the Bishop of Ely, who was to consecrate the Chapel ; Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield, Honorary Fellow and formerly Fellow, who was to be the preacher for the day ; Dr. Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, formerly Fellow ; Dr. Atlay, Bishop of Hereford, formerly Fellow and Tutor ; and the Bishops of Oxford and Rochester, both of the University of Oxford ; His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University ; the Earl of Powis, High Steward ; the Dean of Hereford ; Hon. R. C. Herbert ; Sir Thomas Watson, Honorary Fellow and formerly Fellow ; and many old members of the College.

The Bishop of Ely was attended by his chaplain the Rev. S. G. Phear, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Emmanuel College.

6. Graduates above the degree of B.A.

7. B.A.'s.

8. Undergraduates in order of seniority.

The Choir and the members of the Foundation assembled within the old Chapel, and the Procession passed, two in each line, along the South side of the old Chapel, then towards the College gates, down the middle of the first court, through the Hall screens, along the South half of the East side of the second court, along its South and West sides and the West half of its North side, then through the North side of the second court to the North side of the New Chapel, along this North side, round the Apse, and down the South side, to the Great Door.

The processional hymn was Ps. 84, New Version, sung to the tune of "Winchester." It was conducted by Dr. Garrett till he arrived at the door under the Organ Chamber, and from that point by Mr. Smith. With the long procession of surpliced hundreds, it was one of the most thrilling parts of the day's solemnity. As the procession wound its way, the hymn was, by those within and those without the Chapel, sometimes heard, sometimes lost, sometimes faintly caught in the distance, till, as the Choir entered at the Great Door, the burst of sound filled the Ante-Chapel, and all that had assembled within the Chapel rose, and a volume of voices joined in the hymn. The hymn was continued, whilst those that preceded the Bishop of Ely in the procession were taking their places, the Scholars on the basement of the Choir on each side, below the stalls of the Master and the President, and eastward. When the Bishop entered within the screen, the Organ pealed, and Psalm xxiv was chanted, as the Bishop advanced to the East end of the Chapel. The Bishops of Ely, Oxford, and Rochester, took their places on the

North side of the Altar; the Bishops of Lichfield, Gloucester, and Hereford, on the South. Chairs placed in the sacarium were occupied by clergy. There had been placed, in addition to the permanent accommodation in the Chapel, four lines of forms extending, from west to east, from the screen to the places provided next to the sacarium for the Choir: and the Ante-Chapel was filled with lines of chairs. The Bishops being seated, Dr. Reyner, Bursar of the College, presented to the Bishop of Ely the Petition for Consecration, from the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, under the College Seal, and from the Incumbents of the parishes of All Saints, St. Clement, and the Holy Sepulchre, within which the New Chapel is situated, under their hands. The Bishop received the Petition, and delivered it to H. R. Evans, Esq., Deputy Registrar of the Diocese, to be read. The Bishop then proceeded with the service, according to the form used in the Diocese of Ely. After the prayers of Consecration, the Rev. Canon Sparke, M.A., of St. John's College, Canon of Ely, acting for the Chancellor of the Diocese, read the Sentence of Consecration, which the Bishop signed, and delivered to H. R. Evans, Esq., Deputy Registrar of the Diocese, commanding it to be recorded and registered, together with the Petition, among the muniments of the Diocese of Ely. Then followed Psalm 100., New Version, sung by the whole congregation; the Lesson, 1 King's viii. 22-62 inclusive, read by Professor Selwyn, from a stall in the middle of the South side of the Choir; and the *Te Deum* sung to a service in A, composed by Mr. E. J. Hopkins, organist of the Temple Church, London. The Bishop of Ely then commenced the office for Holy Communion, the Bishop of Hereford reading the Commandments. The *Kyrie* was from Dr. Garrett's service in D. Dr. Reyner, Senior Fellow, read the Epistle, and Dr. Parkinson, Senior Fellow and President, the Gospel. The *Credo* was from Dr. Garrett's service in D. After the Creed, the Bishop of Lich-

field was conducted to a stall in the middle of the north side of the Choir, and preached the Sermon, taking for his text St. John xxi., 22, 23. An Anthem followed, composed for the Consecration by Dr. Sterndale Bennett, of St. John's College, Professor of Music in the University. The following were the words:

Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place.

Arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting place, Thou and the ark of Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness.

2 CHRON. vi. 40, 41.

So we Thy people and sheep of Thy pasture will give Thee thanks for ever: we will shew forth Thy praise to all generations.

PSALM lxxix. 13.

And I heard a voice out of heaven, saying,

Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them. And they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God.

REV. xxi. 3.

The Bishop of Gloucester read the Offertory Sentences; and the Alms, for the further decoration of the Chapel, were placed upon the Altar by the Bishop of Ely, who proceeded with the office, assisted by the Master. The *Ter Sanctus* was from the late Professor Walmisley's service in B flat. In the administration all the Bishops present took part. The *Gloria in Excelsis* was from Dr. Garrett's service in D. Handel's Hallelujah Chorus was sung before the Bishop of Ely gave the final blessing.

And so ended this spirit-stirring service, with which we have set apart our beautiful and now holy House for Almighty God, to be His dwelling place amongst us in our College.

A COLLATION

was served at 4 P.M., in the Hall, the Combination Room, and the two Racket Courts which had been kindly placed by the Managers at the disposal of the

College; B.A.'s. and Undergraduates being in the Racket Courts. There were four lines of tables in the Hall below the table on the dais, two lines in the Combination Room, and four in each Racket Court. The accommodation in the Hall was for 302 persons; in the Combination Room for 180; and in the Racket Courts for 416. Doctors were in scarlet. The Master presided in the Hall, supported by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University; the Earl of Powis, High Steward; the Bishops of Ely, Lichfield, Gloucester, Rochester, and Hereford; Lord Lyttelton; the Right Hon. S. H. Walpole, and A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, Esq., M.P.'s for the University; Sir Thomas Watson; the Master of Clare College, Vice-Chancellor; the Masters of Sidney, and St Peter's; the Mayor of Cambridge; Dr. Parkinson, President of the College; Dr. Reyner, Senior Fellow.

Fellows presided over the tables below the dais, and over those in the Combination Room, and in the Racket Courts.

Places in the Hall and in the Combination Room had been so assigned that guests of the same Academic standing were near each other: and many were the recognitions, and cordial the greetings, between old friends who had not met for twenty, thirty, and forty years, and now lived their College days over again.

It had been arranged by the Master and Seniors that there should be but one toast proposed, "Prosperity to St. John's College." But in the Hall the enthusiasm could not be restrained; and speech followed speech nearly till the time of the Evening Service.

EVENING PRAYER

was said at 7.30., the Chapel being completely filled, and the Choir being lighted with the lines of gas jets within the sill of each window, the effect of which was very beautiful. The Anthem of the morning was repeated.

And thus this happy day was brought to its close.

The Architect of the New Chapel was George Gilbert Scott, Esq., R.A.

The Contractors were: Messrs. Jackson and Shaw, Westminster.

The Stone Carvers: Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, London.

The Wood Carvers: Messrs. Rattee and Kett, Cambridge.

The Glass Painters:

Of the Apse windows, the Great West window, and the side windows in the Choir; Messrs. Clayton and Bell, London.

Of the window in the North Transept of the Antechapel in memory of Professor Blunt; Messrs. John Hardman and Co., Birmingham.

Of two windows to be placed in the North Transept of the Antechapel, in memory of Dr. Tatham late Master; Mr. Wailes, Newcastle.

The Organ Builders: Messrs. William Hill and Son, London.

The Clerk of the Works: Mr. W. M. Cooper.

The following is the specification of the Organ:

GREAT ORGAN; COMPASS CC TO G. 56 NOTES; 16 STOPS.

1	Double Open Diapason	metal	16	feet.....	56 pipes
2	Open Diapason	"	8	"	56 "
3	Open Diapason, No. 2.....	"	8	"	56 "
4	Stopped Diapason.....	wood	8	" tone	56 "
5	Cone Gamba	metal	8	"	56 "
6	Clarabella (tenor C)	wood	8	"	44 "
7	Quint	metal	6	"	56 "
8	Gemshorn	"	4	"	56 "
9	Harmonic Flute.....	"	4	"	56 "

10	Principal	metal	4 feet.....	56 pipes
11	Twelfth	"	3 "	56 "
12	Fifteenth	"	2 "	56 "
13	Full Mixture	"	3 Ranks.....	168 "
14	Sharp Mixture.....	"	4 "	224 "
15	Posaune	"	8 feet.....	56 "
16	Clarion	"	4 "	56 "

SWELL ORGAN; COMPASS CC TO G. 56 NOTES; 13 STOPS.

1	Lieblich Gedacht	wood	16 feet tone.....	56 pipes
2	Open Diapason	metal	8 "	56 "
3	Stopped Diapason.....	wood	8 " tone	56 "
4	Pierced Gamba (Tenor C)	metal	8 "	44 "
5	Voix Celeste (Tenor C).....	"	8 "	88 "
6	Suabe Flute (Tenor C).....	wood	4 "	44 "
7	Principal	metal	4 "	56 "
8	Fifteenth	"	2 "	56 "
9	Sesquialtera	"	4 Ranks.....	224 "
10	Double Trumpet	"	16 feet	56 "
11	Hautboy	"	8 "	56 "
12	Horn	"	8 "	56 "
13	Clarion	"	4 "	56 "

CHOIR ORGAN; COMPASS CC TO G. 56 NOTES; 10 STOPS.

1	Double Dulciana (Tenor C).....	metal	16 feet.....	44 pipes
2	Open Diapason	"	8 "	56 "
3	Stopped Diapason	wood	8 feet tone.....	56 "
4	Dulciana	metal	8 "	56 "
5	Flute	wood	4 " tone	56 "
6	Gedacht	"	4 " "	56 "
7	Viol di Gamba (Tenor C).....	metal	8 "	44 "
8	Cremona	"	8 "	56 "
9	Principal	"	4 "	56 "
10	Flageolet.....	"	2 "	56 "

PEDAL ORGAN; COMPASS CCC TO F. 30 NOTES; 9 STOPS.

1	Great Stopped Bass	wood	32 feet tone.....	30 pipes
2	Great Bass	"	16 "	30 "
3	Violon	"	16 "	30 "
4	Principal	metal	8 "	30 "
5	Flute Bass	wood	8 " tone	30 "
6	Fifteenth	"	4 "	30 "
7	Mixture	metal	3 Ranks.....	90 "
8	Great Trombone	wood	16 feet.....	30 "
9	Trumpet	"	8 "	30 "

COUPLERS, &c.

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|-----------------|
| 1 | Swell Octave. | 4 | Great to Pedal. |
| 2 | Swell to Great. | 5 | Swell to Pedal. |
| 3 | Swell to Choir. | 6 | Choir to Pedal. |
| | 7 Tremulant to Swell. | | |
| | Four Composition Pedals to Great Organ. | | |
| | Two do. to Swell Organ. | | |
| | Two do. to Pedal Organ. | | |
-

Hoc in templo Summe Deus
 Exoratus adveni,
 Et clemente bonitate
 Precum vota suscipe,
 Largam benedictionem
 Hic infunde jugiter.

Te mane laudum carmine,
 Te deprecemur vespere,
 Te nostra supplex gloria
 In cuncta laudet sæcula.

Hymnale Eccles. Sarisb.

ERRATA.

Page 353, *for* last line *read* Under William III., Lloyd, White, and Turner, were deprived, 1 Feb., 1689-90; Lake had been suspended, but died 30 Aug., 1689.

Page 355, line 6 from bottom, *for* two months *read* three months.



THE STREAM OF TEARS.

"Mother, what makes our father *weep*?
Sure 'twere the manlier part to keep
The heart from overflowing—
Mother, I cannot bear to see
Yon form that like the rock should be
Bent like the rushes blowing."

"Thou art but young," my mother said,
And laid her hand upon my head,
"The heart that fount embedding—
Why doth it store the bitter well?"
"Mother, indeed I cannot tell,
Unless it be for shedding."



OUR CHRONICLE.

ANOTHER May Term has passed away, and its gaieties are numbered with the things that are not. But to the members of our College the expiring Term has bequeathed a memory more precious than the recollection of some transitory pleasures. In the midst of cold ungenial weather, the 12th of May shone without a cloud upon the consecration of our New Chapel. Those who were present will not soon forget the events which marked the gathering of that day. Those who were not so fortunate will find in the earlier part of this number an exhaustive description of the Chapel itself, accompanied by a full account of the ceremony which solemnized its opening.

The completion of another volume of our College magazine has suggested some serious reflections to its Editors. It is true that, when certain enthusiastic Johnnians called *The Eagle* into existence 12 years ago, few who had any experience of the difficulties which attend the rearing of so delicate a charge, would have ventured to predict that the years of its life would ever reach a double figure. But the youthful vigour which inspired the early efforts of the new-fledged bird has all but disappeared with its advancing age. In less figurative language, contributions from any but the Editors are becoming rarities; and it cannot be expected that the Editors themselves will long be content to bear all the odium of the unpunctual appearance of *The Eagle*, while they are yet contributing to each successive number a much larger proportion of its articles than is either just or desirable. We foresee in this, and not in financial difficulties, the greatest danger to *The Eagle*. Its financial position is now comparatively satisfactory; but the dearth of contributions is a serious and growing evil—an evil which we entreat all well-wishers of *The Eagle* to do their best to correct.

The following is the list of the First Class in the Voluntary Classical Examination at Easter :

Baker	Haslam	Powell	Whitaker
Collins	Heitland	Saward	Welldon
Dymock	Macmeikan	Saxton	Wood, W. S.
Haskins	Marklove	Watson	

Examination, Easter Term, 1869 :

Third Year. First Class.

Pendlebury	Noon	Haslam, W. A.	Bridges
Greenhill	Hilary	Baynes	Wheatcroft
Levett	Hathornthwaite	Griffith	

Second Year. First Class.

Cruickshank	Bourne	Bishop	Carpmael, E.
Carver	Wood, W. S.	Genese	

First Year. First Class.

Johnson, J. M.	Fowell	Smale	Oliver
Webb	Harries	Southam	Case
Cook	Madge	Stokes, A. S.	Clark, W. J.
Rushbrooke	Foote	Atkinson	Bradberry
Benson	Morshead	Wood, H. T.	Reid, F. A. S.
Lake	Clayton	Reynolds	Teasdale
Shuker	Cowie	Neville	
Gooch	Andrew, G.	Harper	
Sibley	Evans, A.	Pierson	

Greek Testament Prizes.—1 Foster ; 2 Whitaker.

Reading Prizes.—Hanbury and Whittington.

Essay Prizes.—1st Year : Boyes. 2nd Year : Burder and Foxwell.

3rd Year : none adjudged.

Moral Philosophy Prizes.—Bachelors : Ibbetson.

Undergraduates : Burder.

Hebrew Prizes.—Watson, Fred. ; Obbard.

The following were elected to Minor Scholarships and Open Exhibitions at Easter last :

Minor Scholarships of £70.—Gurney ; Page.

Minor Scholarships of £50.—Hoare, A. ; Sutton.

Open Exhibitions.—Adams ; Allnutt ; Haslam, A. B. ; Hicks ; Lees ; Roughton ; Whitfield ; Wills.

Natural Science Exhibition of £50.—Garnett

The Chancellor's Medal for English Verse has been awarded to Mr. F. H. Wood of St. John's College.

The officers of the L. M. B. C. for the May Term were :

President : Rev. E. M. Bowling.

Treasurer : J. Noon.

Secretary : W. A. Jones.

1st Captain : F. Baynes.

2nd Captain : J. H. D. Goldie.

3rd Captain : E. S. Saxton.

4th Captain : H. Latham.

The crew of the first boat, May 1869, were the following:

		st.	lbs.
1	W. A. Jones	11	0
2	J. Noon	12	0
3	A. J. C. Gwatkin	11	12
4	J. Watkins	11	10
5	J. W. Dale	12	8
6	J. H. D. Goldie	12	3
7	F. Baynes (<i>capt.</i>)	11	2
	A. J. Finch (<i>stroke</i>)	11	0
	H. B. Adams (<i>cox.</i>)	8	6

The distance between the stern of one boat and bow of the boat behind was doubled during these races: and owing to this, the L. M. B. C. failed to go head of the river, which position they have not held since 1868.

On the first night, the L. M. crew, which started second on the river, gained all but half a length on First Trinity 1st.

On the second night, they got within 8 feet.

On the remaining nights they gained enough each time to have bumped First, under the old regulations.

We may notice that Dale, 5, and Goldie, 6, rowed 3 and stroke respectively of the Cambridge 'Varsity Boat.

The crew of the second boat during the May Term were the following:

1	W. Hoare	6	E. S. Saxton
2	C. H. James	7	F. S. Bishop
3	J. Collins		H. Latham (<i>stroke</i>)
4	J. W. Bakewell		H. Murphy (<i>cox.</i>)
5	Ed. Carpmael		

This boat rowed over the first and last nights, but was bumped the other four nights.

The Freshman's Sculls came off on June 3rd. There were three entries, who started in the following order: James, Laing, Dymes. Laing won easily by 200 yards.

The Pearson and Wright Sculls were put off until the October Term.

On June 1st a meeting of the Club was held for the purpose of sending a boat to Henley.

It was decided to enter an eight for the Grand Challenge and Ladies' Plate, and a four for the Visitors' Plate.

£100 was guaranteed by the Club towards the expenses: the crew having to pay anything over and above that sum.

The crew of the May Term, with one or two alterations, immediately commenced practice together.

On June 9th, the following crew went to Henley to train for the Regatta, which came off on June 17th and 18th.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 J. W. Bakewell | 6 J. H. D. Goldie |
| 2 J. Noon | 7 F. Baynes (<i>capt.</i>) |
| 3 Ernest Carpmael | A. J. Finch (<i>stroke</i>) |
| 4 J. Watkins | H. B. Adams (<i>cox.</i>) |
| 5 A. J. C. Gwatkin | W. A. Jones (<i>odd man</i>). |

This crew was entered for the Ladies' Plate and the Grand Challenge, for the latter of which they scratched.

On the 17th they beat the Radley boys in their heat for the Ladies', but in the final heat were beaten by the Eton boys by two lengths.

The Club also sent in a four oar for the Visitors' Plate.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 F. Baynes | A. J. Finch (<i>stroke</i>) |
| 2 J. H. D. Goldie | H. B. Adams (<i>cox.</i>) |
| 3 A. J. C. Gwatkin | |

This crew was beaten by the four from University College, Oxford, which has won the Oxford University Fours during the last two years.

On August 4th, the Lady Margaret Long Vacation Scratch Fours were rowed. The races were rowed abreast up the Long Reach. Five boats entered; there were two heats and a final heat.

The following was the winning crew :

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 W. J. Clark | T. B. Spencer (<i>stroke</i>) |
| 2 J. M. Johnson | L. H. Evans (<i>cox.</i>) |
| 3 E. Carpmael | |

The following is the plan of the late May Races. The brackets denote the bumps :

THURSDAY, MAY 20. *First Division.*

1 1st Trinity	6 Christ's	11 Magdalen
2 Lady Margaret	7 1st Trinity 2nd	12 Trinity Hall 2nd }
3 2nd Trinity	8 Sidney	13 Jesus
4 Emmanuel }	9 Corpus	14 Pembroke
5 Trinity Hall }	10 Clare	15 1st Trinity 3rd

Second Division.

1 1st Trinity 3rd
2 Caius }
3 King's
4 2nd Trinity
5 Peterhouse
6 3rd Trinity 2nd

7 Corpus 2nd
8 Lady Margaret 2nd
9 1st Trinity 4th }
10 Christ's 2nd }
11 Sidney 2nd
12 Emmanuel 2nd

13 Jesus 2nd }
14 Caius 2nd }
15 Trinity Hall 2nd }
16 St. Catharine }
17 Queens'
18 Downing

FRIDAY, MAY 21. First Division.

1 1st Trinity
2 Lady Margaret
3 3rd Trinity
4 Trinity Hall
5 Emmanuel }
6 Christ's }

7 1st Trinity 2nd
8 Sidney
9 Corpus
10 Clare
11 Trinity Hall 2nd

12 Magdalene }
13 Jesus }
14 Pembroke }
15 King's }

Second Division.

1 1st Trinity 3rd }
2 King's }
3 Caius }
4 2nd Trinity
5 Peterhouse
6 3rd Trinity 2nd
7 Corpus 2nd

8 Lady Margaret 2nd }
9 Christ's 2nd }
10 1st Trinity 4th }
11 Sidney 2nd }
12 Emmanuel 2nd }
13 Caius 2nd }

14 Jesus 2nd }
15 St. Catharine }
16 Trinity Hall 3rd }
17 Queens'
18 Downing

SATURDAY, MAY 22. First Division.

1 1st Trinity
2 Lady Margaret
3 3rd Trinity
4 Trinity Hall
5 Christ's

6 Emmanuel
7 1st Trinity 2nd }
8 Sidney
9 Corpus
10 Clare

11 Trinity Hall 2nd }
12 Jesus }
13 Magdalene }
14 Kings }
15 Pembroke }

Second Division.

1 Pembroke
2 1st Trinity 3rd
3 Caius
4 2nd Trinity
5 Peterhouse
6 3rd Trinity 2nd

7 Corpus 2nd
8 Christ's 2nd
9 Lady Margaret 2nd }
10 Sidney 2nd }
11 1st Trinity 4th }
12 Caius 2nd }

13 Emmanuel 2nd }
14 St. Catharine }
15 Jesus 2nd }
16 Queens' }
17 Trinity Hall
18 Downing

MONDAY, MAY 24. First Division.

1 1st Trinity
2 Lady Margaret
3 3rd Trinity
4 Trinity Hall
5 Christ's
6 1st Trinity 2nd

7 Emmanuel }
8 Sidney }
9 Corpus
10 Clare }
11 Jesus }

12 Trinity Hall 2nd
13 Kings
14 Magdalene
15 Pembroke

Second Division.

1 Pembroke
2 1st Trinity 3rd
3 Caius
4 2nd Trinity
5 Peterhouse
6 3rd Trinity 2nd
7 Corpus 2nd

8 Christ's 2nd
9 Sidney 2nd
10 Lady Margaret 2nd }
11 Caius 2nd }
12 1st Trinity 4th }
13 St. Catharine }

14 Emmanuel 2nd
15 Queens'
16 Jesus 2nd
17 Trinity Hall 3rd
18 Downing

TUESDAY, MAY 25. First Division.

1 1st Trinity
2 Lady Margaret
3 3rd Trinity
4 Trinity Hall
5 Christ's

6 1st Trinity 2nd
7 Sidney
8 Emmanuel }
9 Corpus }
10 Jesus }

11 Clare
12 Trinity Hall 2nd }
13 King's }
14 Magdalene
15 Pembroke

Second Division.

1 Pembroke
2 1st Trinity 3rd
3 Caius
4 2nd Trinity
5 Peterhouse
6 3rd Trinity 2nd

7 Corpus 2nd
8 Christ's 2nd
9 Sidney 2nd
10 Caius 2nd }
11 Lady Margaret 2nd }
12 St. Catharine }

13 1st Trinity 4th }
14 Emmanuel 2nd }
15 Queens'
16 Jesus 2nd
17 Trinity Hall 3rd
18 Downing

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26. *First Division.*

1 1st Trinity	6 1st Trinity 2nd	11 Clare
2 Lady Margaret	7 Sidney	12 Trinity Hall 2nd }
3 3rd Trinity	8 Emmanuel	13 King's
4 Trinity Hall	9 Corpus	14 Magdalen
5 Christ's	10 Jesus	15 Pembroke

Second Division.

1 Pembroke	7 Corpus 2nd	13 Emmanuel 2nd
2 1st Trinity 3rd	8 Christ's 2nd	14 1st Trinity 4th }
3 Caius	9 Sidney 2nd }	15 Queens'
4 2nd Trinity }	10 Caius 2nd	16 Jesus 2nd
5 Peterhouse	11 St. Catharine's	17 Trinity Hall 2nd
6 3rd Trinity 2nd	12 Lady Margaret 2nd	18 Downing

C. U. R. V. B Company. The Company Challenge Cup was won for the May Term by Corp. C. Carpmael, and the Small Cup for the winners of Challenge Cups during the year by Captain Wace. Corp. Carpmael also won the Cup open to extra efficient of the Company for 1868.

A match was shot against Winchester College Corps, on Friday, May 21st; 12 on each side: B Company being successful by 2 points.

The Cricket Club has held its own as well as usual.

The College Eleven won every match that was played out; and the finances are satisfactory.

The officers are:

Captain: J. T. Welldon. *Secretary:* A. A. Bourne. *Treasurer:* W. Hoare. *Sub-Treasurers:* J. Wilkes and F. Tobin. *Captain of Second Eleven:* W. Hoare.

The College was represented in the Seniors' Match at Fenner's by J. W. Dale, J. T. Welldon, F. A. Mackinnon, A. A. Bourne, and J. Wilkes; and in the Freshmen's Match by F. Tobin, H. P. Stedman, H. T. Wood, and A. Shuker.

The first match was between the College Eleven and 16 Freshmen. The Eleven made 127; J. W. Dale 12, R. E. Whittington 17, J. Wilkes 12, A. C. D. Ryder 34, A. A. Bourne 12. H. Stedman took 6 wickets.

The Freshmen made 169 for 10 wickets, of which A. A. Bourne took 6. A. Shuker 13, F. Tobin 45, H. T. Wood 64, A. E. Coates 17.

April 28th. St. John's *v.* Quidnuncs. The Quids made 365. The College 35 for 3 wickets; F. Tobin 13, F. A. Mackinnon (not out) 16. Bourne took all the wickets.

May 5th. St. John's *v.* Caius. Caius 118. St. John's scored 132, with the loss of only 2 wickets; Welldon 56,

Mackinnon 45, Whittington (not out) 18. Bourne 6 wickets.

May 10th and 11th. St. John's *v.* Etceteras. The College won in an innings. Etceteras 77 and 66. St. John's 172; J. T. Welldon 30, F. Tobin 33, A. E. Coates 40, A. Shuker 13. 12 of the Ecetera wickets fell to A. A. Bourne.

May 15th. St. John's *v.* Clare. Clare made 58. St. John's 375 (with 8 wickets down); Tobin 38, Hoare 28, Wilkes 81, Whittington 67, J. Taylor 30, A. Shuker 21, F. Savage (not out) 28, H. B. Cotterill 33.

May 17th and 18th. St. John's *v.* Trinity. Trinity 255. Rain stopped the play. St. John's did not go in.

St. John's *v.* Christ's. St. John's 183; of which Musgrave made 19, Ryder 34, Whittington 35, Chamberlain 30, Norris 24. Christ's 41 for 6 wickets.

St. John's *v.* Perambulators. St. John's 143; Dale 36, Tobin 20, Wilkes 24. Perambulators 111 (for 5 wickets).

St. John's *v.* Trinity Hall. Trinity Hall 62; Musgrave took 8 wickets. St. John's made 230 for 3 wickets; Dale 22, Musgrave 119, Tobin 63.

St. John's *v.* Jesus. Jesus 162. St. John's 192 for 8 wickets down; F. Savage 36, R. S. Whittington 27, F. A. Mackinnon (not out) 44, J. Wilkes 24, A. Shuker 21. A. A. Bourne took 8 wickets.

STAINED GLASS WINDOW FUND.

At a meeting of the Committee of the above fund, held in Mr. Sandys' rooms, the Balance Sheet hereinafter printed was received from the Treasurer, and the following resolutions were carried, *nem. con.* :

I. Proposed by Mr. Sandys and seconded by Mr. William Hoare, that the Subscription List of the Stained Glass Window Fund remain open until further notice.

And II. Proposed by Mr. W. Hoare and seconded by Mr. Cordeaux, that Mr. F. C. Wace be appointed Treasurer of the Fund in place of Mr. Charles Hoare (resigned).

The Committee on behalf of the general body of Subscribers, embrace this opportunity of recording the thanks that are due to Mr. Charles Hoare, for the highly efficient manner in which he has discharged the duties of the Treasurership.

At the beginning of the Easter term, Mr. Alfred Hoare was appointed Sub-Treasurer in place of Mr.

William Hoare, and the following names were added to the Committee:

W. CORDEAUX.
C. E. CUMMINGS.

P. H. LAING.
H. T. WOOD.

It is proposed, that the surplus remaining after the payment of Messrs. Clayton and Bell for the Great West Window, be devoted to filling with stained glass (in patterns, not in figures) one or more of the smaller windows in the Tower. At present these windows impair the effect of the West Window: the two East Windows (containing together about 112 square feet) are the most injurious; next in degree are the two on the South (containing together about 144 square feet): next the North Windows of the same dimensions, and lastly the two West Windows, not already filled, containing 151 square feet. The cost may be roughly placed at 30 shillings per square foot.

This proposal will be reduced to a definite estimate and finally voted upon at the next meeting of the Committee.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE CHAPEL WINDOW FUND, BALANCE SHEET.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
To Postage, Printing, &c.	12	4	3	By Subscriptions	- 1470	2	6
To Balance	- 1675	10	9	By Interest on Investments	- 156	12	8
				By Profit on ditto	- 60	19	10
	<u>£1687</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>		<u>£1687</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>0</u>

Since the above balance sheet was prepared, further Subscriptions to the amount of £14. 9s. have been received.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Adams, G. H.	- 3	3	0	Barnes, W. S.	- 1	1	0
Alexander, J.	- 3	3	0	Barnett, J. W.	- 6	6	0
Alford, W. G.	- 0	10	0	Barratt, W. F.	- 2	2	0
Allen, C. F. E.	- 3	3	0	Bayley, E. K.	- 10	0	0
Allhusen, W. H.	- 1	1	0	Baynes, F.	- 1	1	0
Allott, H. H.	- 5	5	0	Beadon, H. S.	- 3	3	0
Almack, W.	- 4	4	0	Beaumont, E.	- 6	6	0
Andrews, F.	- 6	6	0	Beebee, H. M. L.	- 15	15	0
Atkinson, R. C.	- 2	2	0	Bennett, J. R. S.	- 6	6	0
				Bennett, H. R.	- 3	3	0
Bagnall, H. H.	- 10	0	0	Benson, R.	- 2	2	0
Baker, H.	- 2	0	0	Benson, T.	- 6	6	0
Bakewell, J. W.	- 3	3	0	Beor, H. R.	- 2	2	0
Barlow, S. B.	- 9	9	0	Bethell, J. F. H.	- 1	1	0

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Bishop, F. S.	1	1	0	Covington, W.	9	9	0
Bloxam, G. W.	3	3	0	Cowie, D. L.	4	4	0
Blunn, J. H.	2	2	0	Cox, W. A.	6	6	0
Bonney, A.	3	3	0	Cruikshank, G. E.	2	2	0
Bonsey, W.	6	6	0	Cummings, C. E.	2	2	0
Bourne, A. A.	2	2	0	Cust, A.	6	6	0
Bourne, C. W.	6	6	0				
Bousfield, H. T.	0	10	0	Dashwood, G. F. L.	5	5	0
Boutflower, W. N.	3	3	0	Davies, R. P.	3	3	0
Bower, R.	4	4	0	Davies, W.	4	4	0
Boyd, J. G.	3	3	0	De La Rue, T. A.	1	1	0
Boyes, D. L.	3	3	0	Dewick, E. S.	3	3	0
Boys, W. O.	2	2	0	Dockray, R. H.	6	6	0
Bradbury, T. C.	0	10	0	Drew, C. E.	6	6	0
Bradshaw, W. H.	6	6	0	Durieu, W.	5	5	0
Bray, E.	6	0	0	Dymock, H. M.	2	2	0
Bridges, T. C. L.	6	6	0				
Brogden, T. W.	6	6	0	Edmunds, W.	2	2	0
Bros, A. F. O.	3	3	0	Ellis, R. J.	3	3	0
Bros, J. R. W.	2	2	0	Elliott, J.	6	6	0
Browne, W. H.	2	2	0	Evans, L. H.	3	3	0
Buckley, A.	3	3	0				
Bulmer, G. F.	6	6	0	Fagan, C. C. G.	2	2	0
Burnett, F. G.	5	0	0	Fallow, T. M.	4	4	0
Burnside, F.	2	2	0	Farbrother, A.	3	3	0
Burwell, G.	2	0	0	Fear, J. S.	1	1	0
				Finch, A. J.	4	4	0
Cane, A. G.	5	5	0	Fisher, W. R.	1	1	0
Cann, J. P.	3	3	0	Fitzgerald, E. M.	1	0	0
Cargill, E.	1	11	6	Fitz-Herbert, R.	6	6	0
Carpmael, C.	6	6	0	Fitz-Herbert, R. H. C.	2	2	0
Carpmael, E.	6	6	0	Foote, F. A.	2	2	0
Carver, H. J.	1	1	0	Forbes, A.	6	6	0
Cassells, J. W.	2	2	0	Forrest, G. W. D. S.	2	2	0
Casson, E. V.	0	10	0	Foster, A.	3	3	0
Chabot, H.	1	1	0	Fox, J. K.	1	0	0
Chamberlain, J. S. ff.	6	6	0	Foxwell, H. S.	1	1	0
Channer, E. C.	3	3	0				
Chaplin, W. H.	3	3	0	Gaches, L. B.	6	6	0
Chapman, Rev. W. A.	5	0	0	Gardom, B. W.	1	10	0
Charnley, W.	3	3	0	Gatenby, A. G.	2	2	0
Chaytor, E. C.	3	3	0	Genge, E. H.	3	3	0
Child, W. H.	3	3	0	George, J.	3	3	0
Clare, O. L.	15	15	0	Gilderdale, F. G.	2	12	6
Clark, W. T.	3	3	0	Giles, R.	3	3	0
Clark, D.	1	0	0	Gillespie, R. A.	6	6	0
Clarke, A. D.	5	5	0	Gordon, T. W. W.	2	2	0
Clinton, E. F.	2	2	0	Green, W. H.	3	3	0
Coape-Arnold, H. F. J.	10	0	0	Greenhill, A. G.	2	2	0
Cochrane, H. H.	6	6	0	Gretton, F. G.	2	1	0
Coleby, F.	1	1	0	Griffith, C. H.	6	6	0
Collard, J. M.	6	6	0	Griffith, H.	1	1	0
Collins, J.	1	1	0	Griffith, W.	6	6	0
Congreve, J. E.	1	1	0	Guest, E. J.	2	2	0
Coote, A. C. P.	1	1	0				
Cope, S. W.	9	9	0	Hallam, G. H.	6	6	0
Cordeaux, W.	2	2	0	Hamond, P. F.	10	10	0
Cotes, M. C. R.	2	2	0	Hart, H. G.	9	9	0
Cotterill, C. C.	6	6	0	Hart, W. E.	6	6	0
Cotterill, H. B.	6	6	0	Hart, W. E., Jun.,	6	6	0

	s.	s.	d.		s.	s.	d.		
Haskins, C. E.	-	2	2	0	Luck, E. T.	-	10	0	0
Haslam, C. E.	-	1	1	0	Lyman, F.	-	3	3	0
Haslam, F. W. C.	-	2	2	0					
Haslam, J. B.	-	6	6	0	Mackinnon, F. A.	-	6	6	0
Haslam, S.	-	6	6	0	Mansfield, H. M.	-	1	0	0
Haslam, W. A.	-	2	0	0	Mant, N. W. J.	-	1	0	0
Hathornthwaite, J. F.	-	3	3	0	Maples, F. G.	-	6	6	0
Haviland, J.	-	1	1	0	Margerison, J. B.	-	1	1	0
Haviland, A. M.	-	2	2	0	Markham, H. W. K.	-	2	2	0
Hebb, R. G.	-	1	1	0	Marklove, M. W. C.	-	3	3	0
Hewison, J. E.	-	3	3	0	Marrack, R. G.	-	6	6	0
Hey, R.	-	1	1	0	Marsden, M. H.	-	6	6	0
Hibbert, H.	-	10	10	0	Marsden, R. G.	-	3	3	0
Hill, E.	-	6	6	0	Marshall, A.	-	9	9	0
Hoare, C.	-	31	10	0	Marshall, F.	-	2	2	0
Hoare, H.	-	31	10	0	Martyn, R. J.	-	1	1	0
Hoare, W.	-	10	10	0	Masefield, R. B.	-	6	6	0
Hockin, A. P.	-	2	2	0	Mason, H. G.	-	1	1	0
Hockin, C.	-	20	0	0	Massie, J.	-	2	2	0
Hodges, T.	-	1	10	6	Maxwell, F. C.	-	1	1	0
Hodgson, J. W.	-	2	2	0	Miller, E.	-	3	3	0
Hogg, A.	-	5	5	0	Miller, E. F.	-	2	2	0
Hogg, C.	-	3	3	0	Mills, W.	-	9	9	0
Hope, C. A.	-	6	6	0	Mitchison, W. A.	-	1	1	0
Hooke, D.	-	3	3	0	McKee, R. A.	-	1	1	0
Horne, J. W.	-	3	3	0	Morgan, R. H.	-	3	10	0
Howell, T. J.	-	1	1	0	Morice, C.	-	1	0	0
Howlett, H.	-	1	1	0	Moss, H. W.	-	31	10	0
Hudson, C. T.	-	1	0	0	Moss, T.	-	2	2	0
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					Murphy,, H. H.	-	2	2	0
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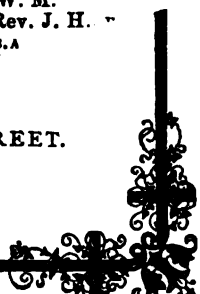
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St. John's College, March, 1868.

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1868.

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St. John's College, June, 1868.

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St. John's College, December, 1868.

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St. John's College, March, 1869.

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